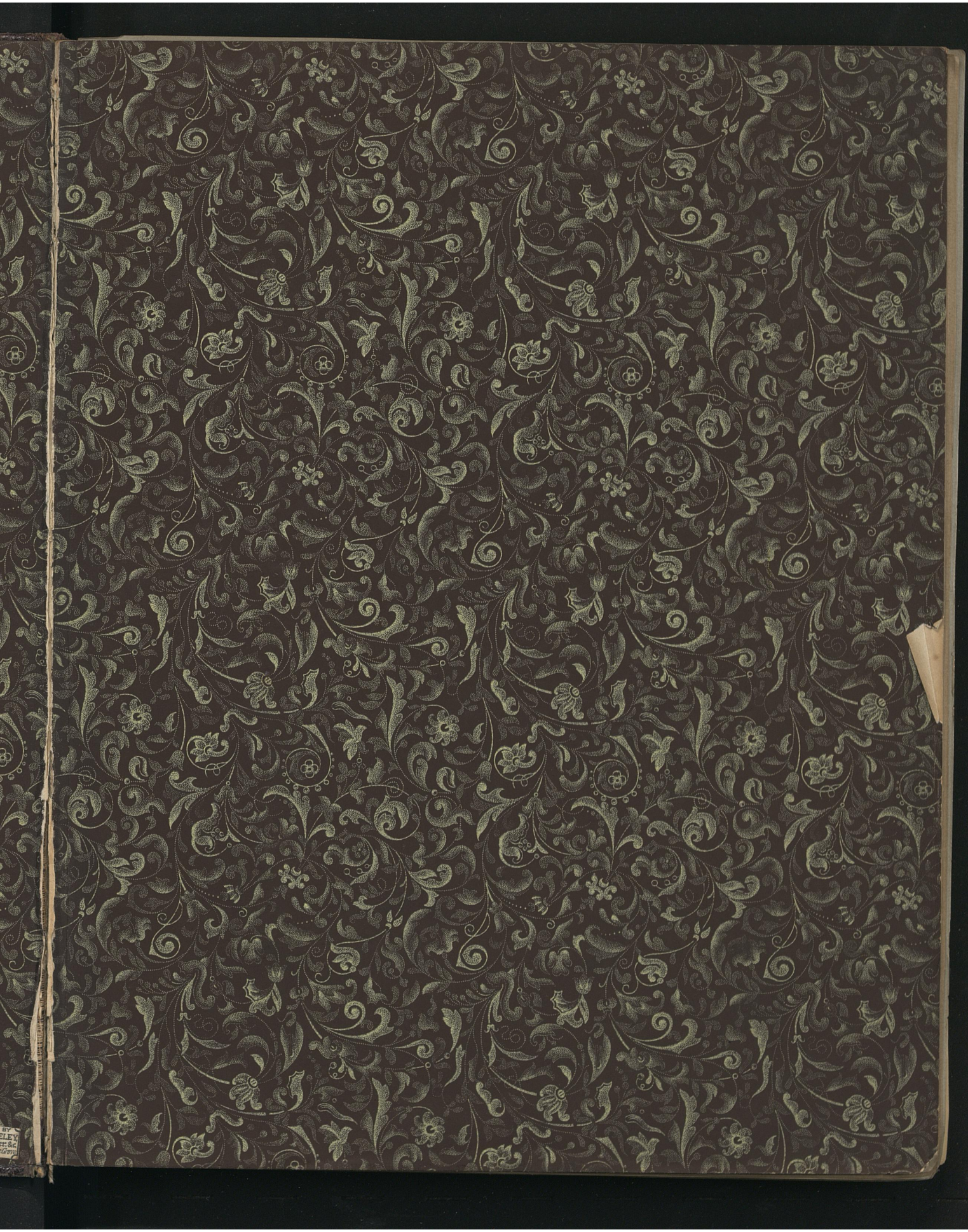
ALBUM



Collection Formed By
Lilian Kate Rowland-Brown
Novelist, Poet and Journalist
Vol. 2 - About 42 Pieces

Selborne

Lord Selborne

17th March 1923

TEL. FARNDON.
TELEGRAMS, PARCELS,
NEWARK.

FARNDON,
NEWARK-ON-TRENT.

Dear Mrs Rowland Gray -

I am enclosing letters which I hope will be a little help to you - Please take care of them for me.

I shall be in London on the 24th April for a fortnight. My Club is the "Ladies Army & Navy" Burlington Gardens. Any letters there will always reach me. Yours very sincerely

Jessie Rawsome

Lebrun

Lord Selborne

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Jessie Rawsome

24 Oct 1902.

22, HOLLAND STREET,
KENSINGTON.

Tuesday.

My dear Lilian,

I have been reading "Myself When Young Again" and like it better than ever. I knew it was a success & that I was right. Peg is contemplating a letter. I feel she will enjoy the book. On my honour 't is a charming piece of work. The enclosed announcement from "the Spectator" is true.

Please accept my warm congratulations. I am wondering what the critics will say, but unless it find many appreciative readers

I shall be painfully surprised. The book is a real piece of literature.

Please give my love to your dear people. I am up to my eyes in work, but "Myself" caught me up & bore me away & now the work must be done.

Connie has gone to the play but sends her love – & sent it before she started. Yours most sincerely,

Percy White

What a lovely day it has been!

John Bright
Mar 2. 1888

"The Nineteenth Century & After."

1, New Street Square,
Fetter Lane,
E.C.4.

Oct 4. '19

Dear Miss Brown

I have read your George Eliot article, like it much, & am hoping to print it in Nov. issue. I am amazed that so good a man as Stopford Brooke should have made such a fatuous remark. You probably know Lord Acton's views as to George Eliot. He set her above Shakespeare in certain respects. That may not be, but she was a very consummate genius.

Yours sincerely,

George G. B. Dawson.

Miss Rowland Brown.

Thomas Hardy

4

Thomas Hardy

Max Gate,
Dorchester.

30th. October '22

Dear Rowland Grey:

I do not object at all to your quoting the first paragraph of my letter, if you wish to do so, to Mr Courtney, though I fear he will think commendation (if it was that) from an interested party is not of much value.

I should like to answer your present letter more fully, but life is too short. I forget if I said in my last that I wondered you had not taken up my verse in preference to my prose.

Yours very truly,

4

For when within God's house I stand,
Too sad for worshipping,
My angel brother sings for me
The songs I cannot sing.

And when in lone untravelled paths
My heart is cold with care,
He frames the words I cannot frame
In utterance of prayer.

And God, who knows our fellowship,
Hears, in the Home of Love,
A single voice of separate souls,
One here – and one above.

August 4. 1889:
Engelberg:

Edwin Hatch.

We lived ~~our~~ the earthly life as one,
The happy years were spent
In perfectness of sympathy
& mutual content.

We thought one thought, we prayed one prayer,
We dreamt one dream of life,
And struggled upwards on one road
Of spiritual strife.

And then there came the sundering,
Body from spirit torn:
I lived awhile but half my life,
Maimed, widowed, & forlorn.

'Twas only that my soul's dull sense
Was all too blind to see
That Death is Life, and did but bring
His spirit nearer me.

15, Waterloo Place,
London. S.W.

27th December

Dear Ross and Grey,

As I thank you for your letter, I am afraid I must stand to the Cornhill gods. In these days when the Magazine is so closely bound as it is, near to perhaps have the Reviews you mention, I cannot commission a Brontë article, however skilful and well known to me the pen. All I can promise is an interested consideration. And that shall be upon the lookout and effective strong "Pale Cheek I return:" it is I fear too slight for the Magazine. Try it as a "Temporal" in the Westminster Gazette? I shall pass the steps of Westminster Hospital with a kind interest now.

I am sorry to write with so much cold water in my pen,

yours sincerely

Reginald Smith

There will be an unpublished poem of Charlotte Brontë's in my August number.

11 - 9 . 98

Dear Mr Bowen

To day — the first spare moment I have had since I got your letter of the 23d. ult. — I have read your daughter's delightful story "The Craftsman" & have enjoyed it immensely. It is altogether good, sound work & I shall now look out for all her others. I have enjoyed it all the more because I was much in want of a good book to rest after my hard work — I have been following the manœuvres near Salisbury with all the keenness of an old veteran & also as "special" for the Times. Hard physical work all the forenoon, hard

mental or at any rate manual work till late in the evening.
And I am taking the rest ~~[illegible]~~
I think I descr, or hence my delight in the craftsman was all the greater.

I shall be in town again towards the end of the month when I hope I may have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance -

With kind regards
Yours sincerely
A. G. Pitt Rivers

Dear Sir

I received your note a few weeks ago and am very sorry that I am unable to comfortably comply your request. I write two detached pieces of verse, but if you choose to exhaust any passages from "Atlantis", and these are true I think

in the prayer, in one
of the earlier stanzas
not inappropriate
upon the piety or
indulgence to the M.
I have already
contributed to
Mad River & Wish
my open proposed
work there need
before we always
very sincerely yours

Roland Brown Jr

8

St Fumicali Ter
Dec 15. 18[illegible]

Sir

I hope the enclosed
Ballad will serve a
charitable purpose. I have
no time just now to
write an original one.

Jmes. Hay

Hon. Monkbury

9

The Sally from Coventry

"Passion o' me!" cried Sir Richard Tyrone
Spurning the sparks from the road facing
"Better turn nurse & rock children to sleep,
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry keep.
No! by my halidame, no one shall say
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city away:
"Passion o' me! ~~cried~~ Lord he pulled on his boots
Fretting & chafing if any one sneered.
clapping a his breastplate & poking his pots
fixing his grizzly moustachios a twist
Running the protocol through with his steel
grinding the letter to mud with his heel
Then he roared out for a bottle of sack
claps the old trumpeter twice on his back

2/ Leaped on his bay with a dash & a swing
Bade all the bells in the city to ring
And when the red flag from the steeple went down
Open they flung every gate in the town
To foot & to horse! & away like a flood
A fire in their eyes & a ~~thing~~ in their blood!
Hurrying out with a flash & a flare
A wave of lost souls, & a loud trumpet's blare
And first sitting there as a king on his throne
On the head of them all dashed Hugh Richard Tyrone
Crimson & yellow & purple & dun
Fluttering scarf flowing bright in the sun
Steel like a mirror on brow & on breast.

3/ Scarlet & White on their feather & crest
Banner then flew in a torrent of red
Borne by Sir Richard who rode as their head
Nothing saddles were empty, the horses turned
with fine Puritan blood then the steeds then
Curses & oaths & a gnashing of teeth
& grapple & hack on the slippery heath
and Sir Richard leaped up on the foes
then which down
Bound as a conqueror dashing his crown
They broke them a way through a flooding of fire
Trampling the best blood of London to mire
When suddenly riding a smoke & a Rage
(~~[illegible]~~)

Made all the "Dragon's sons" stare in
amaze

"O Lo!" quoth Sir Richard "my city pour-
ton

doe lefe its rents paid to the villainous
Scots"

Walter. Rombury.

Fonthill = Wilts.
Dec. 15. 18[illegible].

TELEGRAPH STATION,
HAREFIELD.

June 8/87

BREAKSPEARS,
UXBRIDGE.

Dear Sir

In reply to your letter
I very much regret that
I cannot give you
hopes concerning
"Madame Rebelle" I
have been author enough
for a very considerable time
& never there the matter
has escaped me. I take
"Madame Rebelle" to say
much & therefore it is a
wonderful & interesting
play but I see no

John Gare

expectations of being able
to produce it & therefore
should not think of strongly
urging upon the
authorities any measures
for our policy — Please
tell them so & also that
I fully believe that
if prudence played the
game against Spain
most [redacted]

Yours faithfully
J Hare

John Hare

11

12, PARK CRESCENT,
PORTLAND PLACE.

10th Dec. 1884

Dear Professor Roy,

Thanks for your letter. I should be glad to contribute five guineas to the Cohnheim Memorial Fund, & will send you a cheque for that amount whenever you desire it.

Believe me
yours very truly
Joseph Lister

W. S. Gilbert.

Yours very truly —

On the Committee } J. Mower Cox

Geo. Ohr Mumin

Lincoln Lambermen

Alfred Parsons,

William Black.

Edwin D. Abbey.

Austen Guthrie Esq —

13, Regent's Park Terrace,
Gloucester Gate,
N.W.

July 29 1909.

Dear Miss Grey,

I send the Sprouts as promised. There were two or three editions published and this is my only copy of one of them. They can always be had I think through the second hand booksellers at a slight increase on the original cost.

I do not know that any great poet has particularly influenced me unless we are to class Carlyle as one, as I think we should, and Emerson as another. These two were I think the making of me so far as I am made. A later influence of another kind, and here of course we come to a poet, was Whitman, the only man to my thinking with a true sense of the democratic aspirations of the race, and the democratic significance of all the world history present and past.

Very sincerely yours,

Richard Whiteing

Alexandra Hotel
Sept 2

My dear Sir,

Thank you very much for "In Sunny Switzerland", which I hope to have the pleasure of reading in a day or two. I would have acknowledged the receipt of it before, but that yesterday we were away over the hills in pursuit of a few lochs. trout.

Yours very faithfully
William Black.

11, WALBROOK, E.C.,
(NEAR THE MANSION HOUSE,)

London, 15 Dec 1862.

My dear Sir,

I really fear I can send nothing of my own worth Your Acceptance — however chuse what you will

The Enigma is only remarkable for the prophecy, which has too nearly been fulfilled —

Wishing You success & tendering my services

I remain
Yours truly
Rowland Brown Esq

16

Consolation

There is a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm,
A joy for every moistened eye
For every storm a calm.

Each sigh is sent a smile to light
Each wound in mercy given
Each moistened eye will yet be bright
Each storm subside in Heaven

Wm. Ed. Rock

An Enigma

published A.D. 1834 "Philosophical Enigmas, Cotton"

'Twas in the sunny Ind I had my birth,
But soon was banished from my native earth.
Chiefly in England there can be no doubt
The thread of my existence was spun out,
Tho' to my native land, in hopes of gain,
Warped, twisted, changed, I travel back again.
I'm fond of balls, in reels I much excel;
Yet I perform my housewife duties well
Useful when gaudily bedecked by art
But in my simplest form most near your heart
One parting word - If ever it can be said
That England's greatness hangs upon a thread
In that sad struggle of her destiny
Her fate most surely will depend on me!

W. Fred. Rock

T. B. Macaulay
Bath. Dec.r 4

Sir

I have no talent for the composition of short, occasional pieces; but I will cheerfully transcribe a passage from one of my published poems. You have seen Lays. This is, I suppose, to be the extreme

Edwin Atherstone

space allowed to each passage. Do not
contributors. I do not
wish for more, since I do
the act of reading the
has lately become
a somewhat fatiguing
– almost painful task
to me: but I may
perhaps require more
unless I injure the
passage selected, by
curtailment: or, unless
I select some very

entitled yourself to reply,
unless you
purpose to take me that
the 7 pages are not
the extreme measure.
I write now,
however, chiefly to drop
a hint. There is a very
recent discovery of means
by which photographs
may be printed, I, I
believe, at a cheap rate.
Would it not, in the
estimation of the public,

From The Plague of Darkness.
"Israel in Egypt".

1

No warning now
For the false king vouchsafed, — to Moses thus
Came the command. "Stretch out thine hand toward Heaven,
That darkness over all the land may be, —
Darkness that may be felt".
Trembling he heard,
And worshipped: then, when from the ground he rose,
Toward Heaven his hand stretched out.
Air knew the sign,
And instantly gan thicken. Cloud was none,
Distinct of shape; but the whole cope of sky
Seemed cloud becoming. Motion of the air
Was none; but great stagnation, — as the winds
Were dead, & stiffening; life-blood growing thick.
Deep silence fell on all things. In mid song,
The bird paused, fluttering: voice of man, & beast,
Sank as in fear. The eagle from his height
Dropped rapidly, & to his aerie fled.
The wild beast of the desert, in his den
Sleeping, bestirred himself, waked by the gloom,
And oped his fiery eyes, thinking 'twas night.
In one same moment, over all the land,
Save in the happy Goshen, fell the shade.
. . . . . .

Encloudmed by darkness inconceivable,
As neath a coal-black ocean, Egypt lay,
A blot on face of earth. So thick the night,
That the hand felt it, & the breath was clogged.
All sounds, as though through piles of wool came deadled:
Noise, close at hand, seemed distant: tones of man,
Weak were as woman's: even his own voice,

20

To each seemed that of stranger. From the place
Whereon he had stood when the last ponderous wave
Of darkness fell, — aided by touch alone
Of hand & foot, dared any man to stir.

. . . . . .

Over the whole land
At length was midnight stillness: bird nor beast,
Uttered a sound, or dared to stir at all.
Thronged cities silent were as sepulchres:
No man spake word; none from his place arose:
But every living thing throughout the realm —
The Chosen people except, — such horror was,
As if, alive entombed.

Edwin Atherstone

Yours very truly

P. Kropotkin

22

53 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

3 Nov: 1904.

My dear Lilian,

Many thanks for "An Divorce". Read it with great interest, but ~~like~~ as in all books written with a purpose the situations seem forced. Had Bourget a flicker of humour he would never have given us so many characters all formed in the same hysterical mould. All his men & women strike me as sickly & unwholesome, but of course the workmanship is admirable & the results of the data which he accepts at the outset logical. I am tempted to exclaim "thank Heaven for the Reformation"!

We are still here and still uncertain as to our movements. I am trying to get to work again. Our love to you all!

Yours very sincerely

Percy Which.

28 Blenheim Road NW
June 6th 1890

Dear Rowland Brown

Thanks for the Bees cuttings they are splendid.

Everything going as well as can be at the Shaplesbury.

Hoped to have come down to day but am suffering from a "raging tooth" & must keep

the dentist early

'I must seek the dentist early,
very early, brother dear.
'For a vile decaying molar
sends a pain from jaw
to ear.
'Such a pain from jaw to ear
brother that the maddest,
merriest day,
'Would be full of gloom
for me brother and
that's why I stopped
away (Forgive me, I am
not often thus)

Perhaps later on you
will be able to give us
another opportunity of
smelling the fresh air
of Bexley.

A beautiful rain
is falling here

Our united kind
regards. Oh! this cough.

Yours faithfully

Ellis Williams

BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

April 16th. 1889

Dear Sir

My dress for "Pickwick" was made by Messrs. Nathan 17 Coventry Street, Piccadilly, and the wig by Rickards 37 Russell St, Covent Garden.

Yours faithfully

Arthur Cecil.

Yours very sincerely
T. Anstey Guthrie

26

the decision in the Times case though so far
consonant with common sense & rather
a blow to Fiction; it is no doubt quite right
that the statement of a convicted criminal as
against other people,
even after he is condemned to execution, should
not be held of the same weight as one
made by an ordinary person upon his death bed.
Nevertheless we sometimes feel at all

like other people; they do not feel "bound
~~to~~ much in their mind," as they do,
but it is a
greater effort to do harm to somebody they
have a grudge against than to forbear be-
cause of pity. ~~In fact~~ Once they take hold
found them in despite, towards the end of
the third volume, in drawing the character
of the hero & ~~then~~ pointing out with trembling
finger" the real culprit; and now, it
seems, they are so large to be heard;
this is my hand — upon the novelists.

James Payn, Novelist.

Bit of copy.

5 Clifford St
Mar 15
1886

Dear Prof. Roy

I shall be happy to see you here on Wednesday at 3.30.

Yours very

W Denman

Richard Ulickstow

29

1, Harewood Place,
Hanover Square, W.

London

Jan.y 12. 1885.

My dear Violet

It is very good of you and of all of you to send me so kind and earnest wishes for the happiness of my birthday – They were quite fulfilled; for, except in that our party was very small, there was nothing wanting, and I completely enjoyed myself –

I am amused at your teaching dancing – It is an excellent change from the grave humanities of yourself

and other of young ladies in this
town — Your father and I were
taught by a special professor; but
I suppose there are none for young
gentlemen of the present day, and
it may be for this reason that, as I
hear, they are generally very bad
dancers and dancing, altogether
having to be either active or graceful.
So, you may be engaged in a useful form
and I heartily wish you success.

Affectionately yours
James Paget.

Richard Whitehouse

8 Weymouth Street,
Portland Place.

Dear Miss Payne,

I enclose a photo. signed – I feel so very author-like – like unto the theatrical wig-maker on the first night of a new comedy – "Was it a success?" "Never saw a piece go better – you" "couldn't see a joint!"!.

Yours sincerely,

R. Corney Grain.

June 16. 1893.

MAMORE,
THURLOW PARK ROAD,
WEST DULWICH.

June 20 –

Dear Mrs Rowland Brown.

It is most kind of you to give me that copy of your deeply interesting & clever book – I had not an idea you were going to be so good – I shall value it – & when you can get so far as here you must do me

the further pleasure of
seeing my name in it.
I did not realize that
you lived so far away
or would not have
asked you to come here
so late in the day —
I think it would be
best now to ask you
to postpone your visit
until the days are
longer — but then you
must come & be introduced
to my young people — for
I can see that you
understand children by
your book. In the
mean time if I can
help you in any way
about the 'Short Story'

22, HOLLAND STREET,
KENSINGTON.

21. Oct. '98

Dear Miss Rowland Brown

"Your better part of Valour" is capital – a head and shoulders above the average "Truth" short story. I was so glad you avoided the plunge into pure farce which (spurred by the idea) too many writers would have taken. I was particularly

struck of the poets' test of love – the beer-tankard, "endured with repugnance and not actual aversion". The idea is so true and consequently so funny!

We were so sorry we couldn't arrange a day for lunch, but it will be for another time –

If you come across "Tony Drum" by Pugh it is worth reading – but not for pleasure. I found it quite harrowing to review for "Literature" the other day.

With kindest regards

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Percy White

P.S. I am eagerly looking

Prologue.

Four strolling Players at a Wayside Inn
Of strangest meetings, found themselves one day
In friendly talk, discussing how to win
Profit and Pleasure from an hour of Play—

The Dent du Midi ~~crowned~~ capped with pale ~~shadow~~ frost
Frowned darker shadows in the Lake below;
The singing pines pressed the gathering storms
The mountain-wraiths crept forth with weird-like forms,
Leman's dark ~~depths~~ waves with wrathful foam were stirred
As if its depths the rolling thunder heard,
And up the far-off valley of the Rhone
Prowl'd the wild-wind with fierce howling tone:
~~The~~ of flower and tree, a tremor touch'd each leaf
The Earth seem'd breaking into tears of grief.
For Chillon's dungeons, Bonivard's stern chain
Kept closer prisoners than the drenching Rain
Dashing with countless drops assaying hopes
Of scaling for a day the mountain slopes:
Destinting glances glinted everywhere
Rousing the Spectre "Ennui" from his lair!

Then spoke meseemed the Vagues. Should we be
the willing slaves of tyrants such as he?
We who at midnight scaled the alpine steep,
disdaining dreamy luxuries of sleep:
"Rocher de ~~Ma~~ Haye" to find Aurora crowned
and Heaven to Earth by rosy splendours bound:
Forview the Sun ~~up from~~ from silent snow-field ~~Alpines~~ rise
Scattering his ~~first gems~~ jewels from the Eastern skies.
~~to the Lake below~~
We who have ~~felt~~ shared the glory of that hour
Dare we succumb to Ennui's deadly power?
Strong Effort surely should be made to chase
Wishtaffol spirits from Gloom's farmed place.
What say you? Shall we charm his spells away
By Music's aid and Thespian art to-day?"
"How without stage accessories?" said one
Shall we withdraw from Comedy its fun?
Good-humoured Critics sin with each of these
With smile content if we but strive to please.
This woke the pleasant thought. Dramatic art
Depends far less on paint than well-felt part.
Thus all objections overruled, now came
The choice of drama: "Sweethearts" had a name
None cared resist, and so it came to be
"Sweethearts" was chosen with approving glee.

And. happy thought, to aid deserving cause
("Sweethearts" make hero with (parentheses laws)
It was agreed, the patrons of our play
Should in a Lottery be asked to pay;
and while they prizes drew, (we trust few blanks)
Will, such pay for, and from the Children thanks —
The Children — for whose tender sakes we plead
That none may lack the powers of thought to read,
To sew, to write, and to their duty, when
Sweethearts grow Wives, and lassies boys grow men.
"First Victoria," "Regli Vandois" hail!
We ask indulgence for our Lorna's tale:
Sure of your strong support, we scarce can fail!

LONDON, W.C.

Prologue.

Four strolling players at a Wayside Inn
of strangest meetings, found themselves one day
In friendly talk, discussing how to win
Profit and Pleasure from an hour of Play —

The Dent du Midi capped with fresh-fallen snow
Frowned darker shadows in the Lake below;
The singing pines presaged the gathering storm
The Mountain-wrinkles crept forth with weird-like form
Leman's dark waves with wrathful foam were shod
As if its depths the rolling thunder heard,
and up the far-off valley of the Rhone
Passed the wild-wind with fierce resistless tone:
of flower and tree, a tremor touched each leaf
All Earth seemed breathing into tones of grief.
In Chillon's dungeons, Bonivard's slow chain
Kept closer prisoners than the drenching Rain
Dashing with countless drops aspiring hopes
of scaling for a day the mountain slopes:
Desponding glances glinted everywhere
Rousing the Spectre "Ennui" from his lair!

6 Carth St. Nov. 4.

Dear Mr Stewart,

I am staying till Wed^y, perhaps till Thurs^y. – I have had very busy days. The library day, under Mr Aldis' auspices, & a most interesting visit to Peterhouse, I could not have had a more interesting cicerone there & was delighted. Mr J. W. Clark I found a host in himself – on Camb. matters – yesterday I lunched at the Kennedys the day before with him & Mrs Gaster –

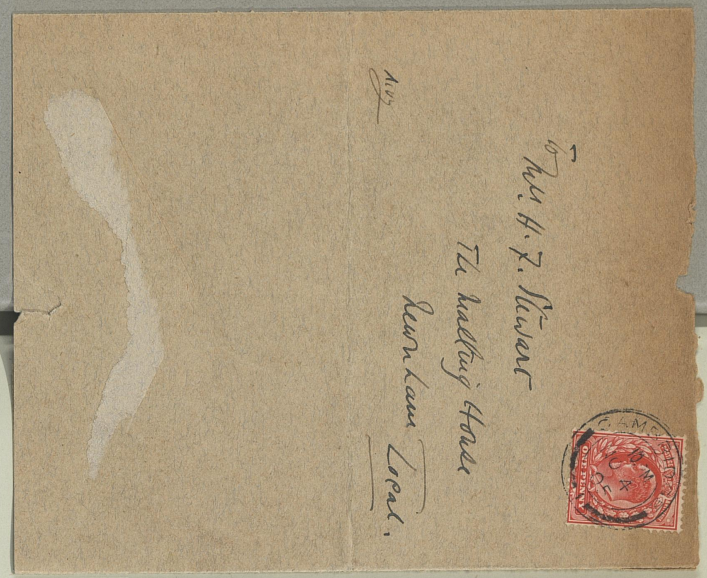
If it is fine to-morrow, I hope to take a walk down about noon, & should like to call on the chance of finding you.

With kind remembrances to Mr Stewart –

Yours sincerely M. R. James.

From Col Clark

Believe me
Yours very truly
de Ros



To
Mrs H. F. Stewart
The Malting House
Dunham Massey
Altrincham

ete on the Piano & he
s great pleasure in his
music, he also plays at
Billiards most evenings
& spends his days in walking

Dearest Vernon

These few lines will be brought you by a charming acquaintance of mine, a friend of all my family and of half your friends, Mrs Halsey, the sister of Mrs Barrington and of Mrs Greg whom you know well. She and her pretty daughter are in Florence for a while and greatly wish to

know me. Show them your lovely lawns & your green garden, talk to them a little and give them news of me to bring to me.

As for me, dear, I am tired to death, out of bed to day for the first time this week. My head goes round when I write & I feel lazy - but not ill . . .

Samuel (Haliburton) is in Venice. He is going on to Florence for a month - & rather to Fiesole - & looks forward to calling on me. You know how fond he is of me, your house & your mountain. He is developing an uncommon literary talent.

Be kind to the Halseys who are themselves some of the kindest and most intelligent people in kind, intelligent London -

Ever your affectionate old friend
Mary James Darmesteter.

C. is she Mme Dubarry
in 1911
writing "The French Ideal"

36

Madame Linda Villari.

MADAME LINDA VILLARI.

THE wife of Professor Pasquale Villari, D.C.L., Hon. Oxon, and daughter of Mr. James White, M.P., was born in London on June 27th, 1836. Her first husband was Signor Vincenzo Mazini. She has written two books for children, six novels, two volumes of travel sketches and a monograph on Oswald von Wolkenstein, last of the Minnesingers. She has written English translations of all Professor Villari's historical works, also numerous reviews and literary articles in English and Italian magazines. Gardening is Madame Villari's hobby.

RICHMOND,
LIMERICK.

Mar. 11th 1915

Dear Lady Barrington

I am having an Ambulance tournament here on Sat. 20th & hope you will play. Perhaps you could make up a table & let me know the players if you can come. best &c.

Yours Sincerely

Thos Cooper

OUR PORTRAITS.

MISS ADELINE SERGEANT.

MISS SERGEANT must have been quite as much amused as gratified by the result of her latest literary experiment. In publishing "The Story of a Penitent Soul" anonymously, Miss Sergeant has won for herself a brand-new reputation. But the awkward part of the affair is that the new reputation is won from a different public than the old, and at the time present the two publics are barely on speaking terms! The old reputation was a very high and (both in the adjective's material and nobler sense) a very valuable one. It was the reputation of a novelist who has a story of thrilling and sometimes melodramatic interest to tell, who tells it in good vigorous English, who permits herself no intervals of dulness or padding, who chooses her characters from types well approved and quite unambiguous. The public which gave Miss Sergeant this reputation, gave her likewise many hours of its prosperous middle-class leisure, gave her whole shelves reserved for her books at its circulating libraries; gave her indirectly a handsome proportion of its Mudie guineas. But it could not give her the dearest tribute of all—appreciation of her best work. It noticed once in a while that, asking for "another of Miss Adeline Sergeant's," it received something that was not quite up to sample; something that dealt with the complexities, not of family relationship, but of the human mind; something to be vaguely condemned as "not exciting." Either because these lapses were few, or more plausibly, because a literary reputation once fixed cannot be altered, the smaller public which appreciates the best kinds of work did not dispute the possession of Miss Sergeant with the larger public which appreciates good work of its kind.

But with the anonymous publication of her last book the position of affairs is altered. The smaller public has eagerly laid hold of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," and now makes good its deferred claim upon the author of "No Saint" and "Esther Denison." The question is, which party will conquer?

In effect this was the question which I put to Miss Sergeant the other day, after congratulating her upon her profoundly impressive work. Her answer was an explanation. "A book such as my last," she said, "cannot be written at frequent intervals; it might be five years before I should be able to write another." Meantime, she implied, novelists must live, and it was needful, considering the exhausting character of their work, that they should do so in moderate comfort. When Miss Sergeant presently mentioned that the exhaustion of mind ensuing upon the completion of her work has necessitated a sojourn in Egypt of many months, I began to realise that the best work may be too dear when its creator has to pay for it with brain and nerves. Miss Sergeant told me that nearly all her stories had been written to order, and that she never thoroughly enjoyed commission work, [illegible] fying the three I have already named; "and then I [illegible] indulged myself by writing them on hand-made paper, and I have blissfully disregarded all conventions about length." "The Story of a Penitent Soul" threw the printers into positive dismay by reason of its awkward size. When the type had been set up, it revealed itself to be too long for one volume and not quite long enough for two; but, by the time the discovery was made, the novelist was safely away in Egypt, so the book had to be produced without sacrificing artistic unity to ink and paper.

It was chance which first led Miss Sergeant to write a "novel of incident," as it is technically called. Mr Bentley offered a prize of £100 in 1881 for the best story which should be sent in. Miss Sergeant, stimulated by the example of a literary friend who was competing, wrote a tale of a highly spiced character entitled "Jacobi's Wife," and won the £100 therewith. Mr Bentley recognised at once the popular merits of the tale, and asked Miss Sergeant to furnish him with a second in a similar style. She then wrote "Beyond Recall." Miss Sergeant naturally continued for a time to pursue the lines on which her success had been made, and wrote, at short intervals, "An Open Foe," "Deveril's Diamond," and "Under False Pretences." After the writing of "No Saint," in 1885, Miss Sergeant never returned quite to her earliest and most sensational method. She began to write much more to please her own high literary taste. Miss Sergeant would under no circumstances cut adrift altogether from plot. She does not admire novels which give us mere strips of human life with raw edges. A story must, to satisfy her, have a proper rise, development, culmination, and conclusion. In her best works, therefore, we find, and shall expect to find, the lives of persons interwoven in a more symmetrical pattern than they are in this haphazardly organised world of ours. The point may not be argued here, for at a step further we should find ourselves struggling out of our depth in the terrible quicksands of the Art and Nature controversy.

It will be better, then, that I return to solid facts, and say a few words about Miss Sergeant's life. To any sympathetic reader of "Esther Denison" and "No Saint" it is manifest that Miss Sergeant writes of Nonconformist life with intimate knowledge. Her father was, indeed, a Wesleyan minister, and it was Miss Sergeant's fate to flit from one house to another every three years in the manner which she has described. This custom probably interfered a good deal with her regular education as a child; but it gave her leisure for reading, of which she amply availed herself. Both her parents possessed considerable literary gifts, and at the age of eight Miss Adeline Sergeant had already written some little poems and concocted all sorts of stories. A few years later she began to keep a diary, which she tells me would have rivalled Marie Bashkirtseff's for the extraordinary sentiments, hopes, and fears which she confided to its pages. In spite of a childhood interrupted by constant removals, a feeling of family tradition always made Miss Sergeant look upon Lincolnshire as her home. Her family—to make up, perhaps, for the migratory habits of their descendants—had lived in the county for generations past, and there is a quiet Lincolnshire churchyard where the graves of the Sergeant family may be seen dating back to the sixteenth century. At the age of sixteen schooling began regularly. Miss Sergeant became a pupil of Miss Pipe's, at Clapham Park, and two years' later, on winning a scholarship, went to Queen's College, Harley-street. Then within a short space of time both parents died, and Miss Sergeant took for a good many years to teaching. Then, in 1881, Miss Sergeant made her first successful venture into literature; and from that date, although she continued for a time to give lessons, literature became more and more evidently her true profession. Since 1887 Miss Sergeant has made her permanent home in London, where she now inhabits a pleasant flat in Chenies-street Chambers; but she is extremely fond of [illegible] these amongst whom the novelist passed her childhood. The Calvinistic doctrine of the eternal punishment of sin preached in the ears of an imaginative child may never be forgotten. It robs the child of its innocent gladness; the world of its beauty. Upon our literature the influences of that doctrine have been reflected in darkest shadows. What is more remarkable is that a belief which a writer may have long since abandoned as a part of a religious creed gains a new authority by being set before us in the guise of a scientific truth. "The Story of a Penitent Soul" owes its tragic intensity to the fact that an awful retribution to begin after death is exchanged for an immediate punishment to the sinner during his life, nor during his life only, but throughout the life of his descendants.

"Disease is curable," says the scientific man in the book, "you can't get rid of inheritance. You might as well try

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[illegible] ve! With kindest regards

I am

Very sincerely yours,

Adeline Sergeant.

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to eradicate the skin marks on a young tiger, or the bad strain in a mongrel. What has been done remains; nobody can alter the result of natural laws." Aye, but what are natural laws, Miss Sergeant? There remains much more to know about heredity than is dreamed of in the nightmare of Dr Ibsen's philosophy. May it not be that there is a quality of mercy in natural laws as well as in religion? M. B.

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No. 3. FRENCH BLOUSES.

Fig. 1. Plum-coloured de laine, opening on a gr
bouffonné in pongee silk, and trimmed with gol
tinsel cloth, and a cluster of drooping loops and
Fig. 2. White Surah silk, fastened with a
buttons matching the colour of the silk frill b
the cuffs, collar, and necktie.

h she could execute a publisher's order to the letter,
the kind of tale most in demand, measured to the precise
of chapters and words desired. "I have only written
three novels for my own pleasure," she added, specifying the three I have already named; "and then I have indulged myself by writing them on hand-made paper, and I have blissfully disregarded all conventions about length." "The Story of a Penitent Soul" threw the printers into positive dismay by reason of its awkward size. When the type had been set up, it revealed itself to be too long for one volume and not quite long enough for two; but, by the time the discovery was made, the novelist was safely away in Egypt, so the book had to be produced without sacrificing artistic unity to ink and paper.

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I must say a word or two more about Miss Sergeant's finest literary achievements, because they can only be understood when we realise the tenets which were held by nearly all those amongst whom the novelist passed her childhood. The Calvinistic doctrine of the eternal punishment of sin preached in the ears of an imaginative child may never be forgotten. It robs the child of its innocent gladness; the world of its beauty. Upon our literature the influences of that doctrine have been reflected in darkest shadows. What is more remarkable is that a belief which a writer may have long since abandoned as a part of a religious creed gains a new authority by being set before us in the guise of a scientific truth. "The Story of a Penitent Soul" owes its tragic intensity to the fact that an awful retribution to begin after death is exchanged for an immediate punishment to the sinner during his life, nor during his life only, but throughout the life of his descendants.

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Death of Mrs Hillhouse
nee Miss Beatrice Butt
Daughter of Col. J. Broomhead Butt, of Highfield
and authoress of "Mary Moth & other stories" "Ingelheim" "Karlo" &c &c
"Theatricals (of 1894) is perhaps the most perfectly finished & artistic piece of work she ever produced — It took over verses of comparatively recent date, called "April Mood", shows her at a poet of no mean attainment, & contains many fine thoughts happily expressed.
"To those beyond" & "To the Pathway", the latter published in leaflet form last Dec., stand easily the highest note in her poetical achievement, not, from its mystical quality of that which is felt rather than seen, but by its sheer merit & happy choice of those "fittest words" each of which contributes to convey the illusion of the sound of running water. The beautiful little poem "In the Desert" is the most haunting:—

"In that forgotten land from whence I came
Life must have prospered in a world of dreams,
For when I sink in sleep a happy hour,
The sound of running water haunts my dream"

T. O.

[illegible] Yet summoned again my soul
And fills the echo of that journal song
That murmuring thread — accordless, silver flow
Dividing silence from a calm profound
The aviel land meets me on every side;
Lost is the memory of that long ago,
Only remains a longing for the place
Where, in my dreams, the running waters flow.

Her work was always careful, anything she published or which could offend literary taste, was never allowed to stand. Without in any way detracting from the artistic quality of her prose work, it may truthfully be noted that none of these were of a nature to suggest the vivid charm & unique personality of the author. She was a brilliant & able talker & possessed that very rare art of drawing out the best from even the most reserved men of letters or of action, before they became themselves aware of how greatly their interest had been aroused. It was always something of a surprise to her friends that, with her unusual originality of mind & vastness of thought, she should so constantly have employed her gifts in describing only the usual & familiar in every day life, charming as these studies invariably were..

etc etc — .....

The Times
August 19 — 1915.

It was so pleasant to see you again & to hear of old times. Remember me to y. daughter please & believe me

Y. very sincerely

Janet Roff.

Yours faithfully,

Henry Stiedt

Yours very truly,

Sydney C. Grier.

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