

Album

Collection formed by
Lillian Kate Rowland Brown
Newspaper Clerk and Journalist
Vol. 1 - About 60 Pieces

Inverleigh. etc.
Sept. 19. 1941

My dear E. C. C.

I hope the Post will get this off to
you in time to wish you many happy Returns of
your birthday. Can you imagine a greater
contrast than that between today and any
day in the '90's? But I know you are compensa-
ting nobly in your nursing work and that
you do that work with heroic determination
and implicitly.

Here less looks as well looked
after, and is comfort, and manages to do her share
of what is called ~~the~~ War Work as well.

Anthony's marriage is a joy to us. The
girl is charming.

We all wish you Peace and the satis-
faction of moving that your duties—including those
self-imposed—be done in the true Peace and Blessing

return, which means to the utmost and
with complete faith and trust.

With lovely and grateful memories of
Okey from and with my love and best
wishes to yourself, believe me always

Yours affectionately

Louis W.

Darling when looking on this silver token
When far away clasping your loving arms,
Think of our prayers to day so fondly spoken.
May each new Birthday bring you new charms.
Graces of soul and mind that will impart,
Blessing and joy and love wher'er thou art.

Sept 22nd. 1879.

Russell Brown

Vases, picked up not 100 miles
from Rugby.

1.

I am taking upon me to write,
To wish you a happy new year;
May your Christmas be cheerful & bright,
May your board be filled with good cheer.

2.

Though the snow-flakes fall thick on the pane,
Though the streamlets are frozen with frost,
May at Oxford all merriment reign,
Be no portion of jollity lost.

3.

Let the turkey be plump and well-fed,
Let the pudding be fragrant with spice,
Round the fire may the novel be read;
Now despise all plain Ecclesié rice.

P. D. O.

4.

May your dancing-card ever be fill'd,
May the chaperone stay far away,
May you jolke as much as you're will'd,
And dance till the dawning of day.

5.

Once more I conclude with the ^{rhyme} ~~note~~
That Christmas may please you & them
Who are with you at ^{this} ~~other~~ Xmas time,
And I sign myself, W. M.

S^t. Jean-de-Luz
June 18-1891

By express train we came last night
To land of sun and azure seas
A pleasant land of pure delight
Swept by a murmuring summer breeze.

No court today: we go to Spain
At half past one, this afternoon
Returning to S^t. Jean again
What time the mellow summer noon

Bathes all the bay in silver ^{light} sheen,
And through the odorous evening gloom
The scent from the acacias white
Steals sweet into my seaward room.

At San Sebastian they say
On Sunday there will be a fête
The Cors gather for the fray
And dark eyed maidens congregate

To see the gallant bull go down
Before the mounted picador.
But if I be cut off the mail to town
I cannot write you any more. (H.R.B.)



à Lilian

Sonnet

Après avoir lu son article dans le journal de
Nottingham

Merci, chère Lila, d'avoir, dans ta tendresse,
Défendu contre tous mes rares cheveux blancs,
Même d'avoir compris que, même à soixante ans,
Tout le bien et le beau toujours m'intéresse.

Faudrait-il, en effet, au seuil de la vieillesse,
Etouffer en sa cage les plus purs sentiments,
Renoncer au bonheur, et dire qu'il est temps
De fléchir sous le poids d'une amère tristesse.

Non, à toi le printemps et ses vives couleurs,
À toi les longs espoirs, le sourire et les fleurs,
Les vastes horizons inondés de lumière;

À moi l'automne, à moi ton amitié sincère,
Sans regrets, sans remords, et les rêves heureux
Qui font souvent germer des larmes dans mes yeux.

L. M.

21 novembre 1864



Hamm

August 2.

Dear Sunny,

Thank you for your charming letter. I am glad that you are pleased with Sainte-Beuve; I thought you would; he is certainly the most accomplished literary critic France has ever had for a long time, and his power of psychological analysis is wonderful. I have all his works in my library, and I must lend them to you; I know that you will enjoy them. I used to know Louis Breue myself; unfortunately his mind was not equal to his literary one, and Rel. 1^{re}, I fear, is to be taken of the majority of homme 2^e lettre; they are a queer lot, so put the expression in its milder form.

I am looking forward to the delight of reading your new book; Sandwich-man-like, I have already announced it verbally to the Blawites, and recommended their procuring it at once.

Yesterday there was an at home at the Fortnum's; I went and saw a good many people. Although a goodly number of visitors strolled in the grounds, it was not a regular garden party. There was delightful music, both vocal and instrumental excursions, ~~the~~ flirtations, from which I scrupulously abstained.

Gustave Mason.
Harrow Master forty years
author of many books.

you have no idea how quiet this place is. They are people
as you, and the rest seem perfectly as content of themselves for
being so unfortunately as to stay in a deserted village. I
asked you, dear, did I make myself quite happy; I work
here in the morning and walk here in the afternoon. I
have just finished my volume on Algeria which, as you know,
is to be dedicated to your dear father, and I shall deposit the ms.
in the hands of the publisher after to-morrow. There was due long
articles to write which I hope to finish before I go abroad. I forgot
to tell you that I had an invitation to spend a week at
Vincennes in Jersey; I suppose starting about the 15th, and
from there I shall probably go off to my dear old friend at
Vincennes, but of course I shall let you know my plans when
the time comes.

How you will enjoy your trip to Hamptons, the bathing
will be your food, and the society of your favourite cousin will
be a great source of happiness to you.

Last evening I was looking at a number of letters which have
accumulated in my drawer and portfolio for years and
years. It was so sad! Many of the writers were those

known away by the land of France - that is gloomy enough;
but alas! many more who used to be loved in the expressions
of friendship and attachment would scarcely recognize me now!

"Oubli, c'est infini, et une chose effrayante; c'est l'oubli de
l'ami!"

I think I am safe on that subject with you and your mother, am I not?
You talk kindly of the pleasure I have been long enough to give
you sometimes. Ah! if you only knew what a world of happiness
I owe to Orléans! Happiness of the purest kind, without the
slightest arrière-pensée!.... But I must stop, for you will
very reasonably bring against me a charge of gossiping, and
I would not like to be blamed by you even for that.

You do not tell me in your last letter anything about the
American scheme or the health of your dear father. Please enlighten
me on the subject when you next write. Did I tell you that
Miss Brewster is going to Switzerland with M. and Mrs. Brewster
and Bertha. They start to-morrow. Ah! I should never be
puzzled but understand with a baby which (as well as the
mother) is doing beautifully.

Does any intelligence ever reach you about or concerning

Gustave Mason.
Harrow Master forty years
author of many books.

the nonpareil Roberts! I would indeed be far at last named his
name: and has been deemed qualified to teach religion and morality?
I wouldn't ^{be surprised} ~~wonder~~ if he takes to chronic Buddhism yet all

I have been rummaging over all my papers to try and find an
autograph letter of Saint Beuve which you might have in your volume,
and thereby enhance its value. I know I had one of these of them, but
there is not one of them left. I gave them away to autograph-collectors. Faute
de mieux I enclose a note from my old friend M. Charles de
Riménil, son of Madame de Riménil whose memoirs have just
been published, and to whom St. Beuve devoted an article in the
Portrait de femme. You might like to put it in the volume.

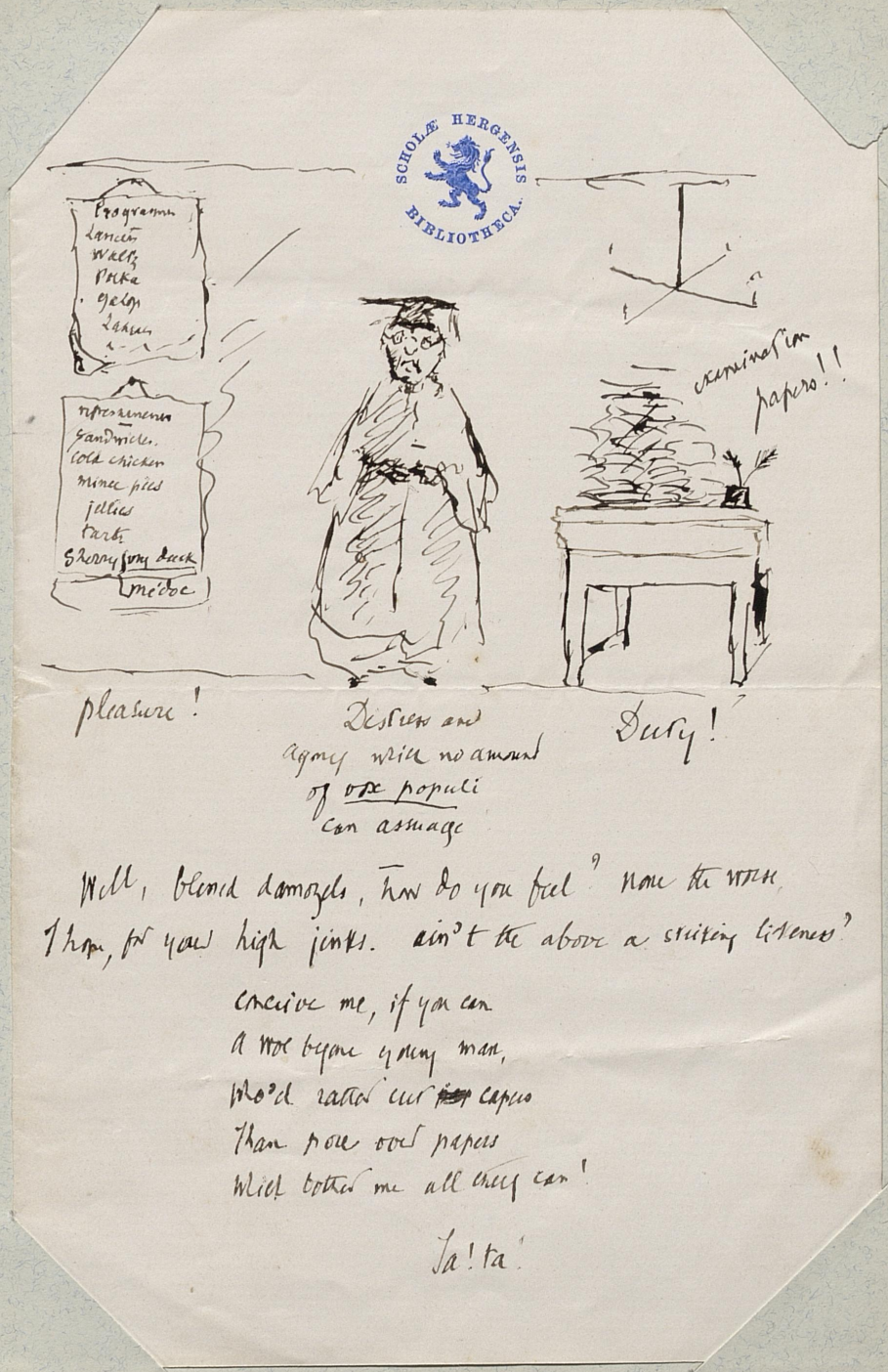
And now, dear, I must leave you to date, so I
shall close this letter; enjoy yourself. go on with the novel,
chat, sing and have as much fun as is compatible with your
health. Best love to all the rest of you.

Miss Clara Davis to be remembered

Love to most of you

Gustave Masson

Gustave Masson.
Harrow Master forty years
author of many books.



Dedication to the Play of
Madame Rebelle

Where the troubled Moselle flows into the Rhine,
The crystal Rhine by Coblenz Town
For a mile from the Point where the Rivers join
The one flows blue and the other brown.
And so, Fair Authors, in this Play
There's Crystal and Mud, and the Mud is mine;
The Crystal is due to Rowland Grey
The Mud to a name I dare hardly sign.

S.M.P.

Jan. 29. 1887

OVERVALE,
SHERBORNE,
DORSET.

Dec. 18. 91.

My dear Miss Rowland Brown.

I cannot let an unnecessary moment pass without thanking you for your book. It came this morning. I had to go off to Geovil to finish up the business of a concert which I gave there yesterday. As soon as lunch was over, however, I drew the big chair round to the fire, and, for the first time since the last holidays, I settled to a real good steady read.

I began with anxiety. I think there is always something of that feeling in taking up a new book. Will the author be equal to himself? Or shall we close the volume with

Louis H. Parker.

a sigh of disappointment? - And then you had said the book would not be popular and other things which made me afraid.

Now I will speak out frankly and honestly. If I had not known who the author was I should never have guessed it was Rowland Grey. Here is a new strength, a new vigour both of humour and pathos. Here is an altogether new insight into character and the inner meanings of things. Life has become serious and Rowland Grey has grasped the fact that it is, when the best is said, a tragedy. Compared with your

Louis H. Parker

other books I consider this an eagle's swoop. One could like the others and admire the delicacy of their art, the love of nature displayed in them, the love of children, of flowers, of all things pretty and graceful. But one was conscious all the time that they were the work of a highly gifted girl who had not yet any intuition, or not more than an intuition of things we she had not herself seen. Now the sight has come. I think that in its small compass this is a great book. The tragedy of it is poignant although it is expressed with such artistic reserve - perhaps for that very reason. And the art is miles and miles ahead of anything you have ever done. You have taken

Louis H. Parker

a group of ordinary people and you have made each of them a character. Your merest sketch, such as Lady Rosina, is all alive. Uncle Tom is beautiful, and his is the only instance in which I recognize any ~~a~~ portrait. But indeed the book is all a-quiver with life and I found no page in it unequal to the rest.

I venture to prophesy that you will find yourself quite mistaken about its future. Unless I am entirely wrong this book will bring you more solid success than any of its predecessors.

I shall be in town soon and I hope we shall have many opportunities of talking about The Story of Chris intimately. I rejoice in your new strength and nobody will rejoice more than I in the success it will bring you.

With our united kindest regards

Louis H. Parker

7, BEAUMONT CRESCENT,
WEST KENSINGTON.W.

June 3. 97

Oh, my dear Miss Lilian
How am you!

I have been working against
time to get The Happy
Life done while Dan'l was
here. I read him the rough
draft last Friday. What
pride is there in that? He
accepted it. What pride is
there in that? I am now
doing my usual revision copy,
What pride is there in that?
Chease Alley is now to George

THEOGERO THOMAS L.
WEST KENSINGTON W.

Alexander, What pride is there
in that? My dear Lady,
What pride is there in
anything? I would give
all I have ever written to
be the author of one of
Omar's quatrains. I would
really. What pride is there in that?

Sister to the name of,
them:

A book of Verses underneath a bough
A jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread, and Thore
Make me singing in the wilderness
Oh, wilderness were Paradise now!

The book was a revelation. I am
billy-mad-crazy about it.

The Happy Life is a problem
play. Yuss!

I'll read you the rotten old thing
Whenever you like. Pot boiler.

Unwrite your card, please,
instantly.

And when once more, O Sister, you
shall see
Among the guests, star-scattered in
the grass,

And in your joyous and reach
the shot

Where I want one - I am down
an empty glass.

It is Shakespeare's music.
Don't you see how akin it
is to the Sonnets?

With utter humility

Yours more than ever

but sore

Louis N. Parker.

7, BEAUMONT CRESCENT,
WEST KENSINGTON.W.

June 11. 97.

My dear Friend -

The craftsman has just come and I have eagerly devoured it at once. Never mind the pictures - one does not think of them. The story is exquisite by told as ever and I am very very proud of the dedication, the annotation, and the contents, and the inscription.

I was going to fall upon

THEOGERO THOMAS L.
WEST KENSINGTON W.

you tomorrow with "The
Happy Life" but I will
take your warning. Let us
book the 27th definitely
for an old time bout, and I
will take care that nothing
intervenes. I sent the Happy
Life to the type-writer quite
day and I have had to
begin "Treasure-trove" today.
It's a day's life. But a merry

day's.

I am gasping for fresh air.
Went Warrandy, & we are going
to Sheborne for the Communion.
Saturday my father-in-law is
coming up, with my banker
(Haha!) to stay with us for
the jub - No, I won't tell
you what they're coming for.
Sunday week we have an
engagement. Sunday the
27th let me come unless you

have something going on.

With our kindest love to all

Yours always most sincerely

Louis H. Parker.

Vépuscule d'été

Le soleil a plongé par delà l'horizon,
Le ciel est parsemé de fins nuages roses,
Et, dans le parc immense, au milieu du gazon.
L'ombre envahit déjà les corbeilles de roses;

Une grâce indicible enveloppe les choses;
Aucun vent n'agite plus la haute frondaison;
Les insectes captifs dans les fleurs demi-closes
S'endorment amoureux d'une telle prison.

Une odeur de jasmin flotte partout, caquise,
Et passant sur mon front m'assoupit et me gâte
Et je voudrais ainsi vivre éternellement...

L'air se calme se fait dans mon âme oppressée,
La nature a versé l'oubli sur ma pensée
Et du ciel obscurci descend l'apaisement.

Aug. Blondel

Titit Lamy - 19 Septembre

Mille fois merci, chère Mademoiselle, pour votre aimable envoi. Le Shakespeare est tout simplement un petit bijou. Quant à la photographie de votre frère je vous confesserai que je lui préfère beaucoup celle que vous nous avez montrée, et où il posait dans l'exercice de ses fonctions. La perruque lui allait à ravir. Mais, comme dit le proverbe "Tant de grines on mange des merles" et nous sommes très heureux de posséder une effigie, même imparfaite, de notre ami. Depuis votre départ le temps s'est mis tout à fait au beau, et nous avons eu des journées d'une

Aug. Bleudel.

Author of *Prés du Nêve* and other books
crowned by the French Academy.

splendeur incomparable; les rochers sont de nouveau
couverts de fleurs, et Emilie peut orner le salon d'acem-
pleries qui vous rendraient jalouse. Le Mont-Blanc s'est
aussi piqué de coquetterie, et il se dresse majestueusement
sa tête blanche sur un ciel de saphir. - Les enfants ont
recommencé leurs leçons, et vous pouvez vous représenter
notre petit ami Louis, remontant l'Arêne à midi par
un soleil tropical, d'un pas résigné. Nous pensons souvent
à nos chers visiteurs d'Angleterre, nous parlons d'eux, et
nous leur souhaitons tous les bonheurs imaginables. Ne
nous oubliez pas trop de votre côté, et recevez ici l'assurance
de notre sincère et profonde affection. Aug. Blondel

Aug. Bleudel.

Author of *Prés du Nièvre* and other books
crowned by the French Academy.

Lake of Lucerne:
August 7. 1889

I have only a postcard at hand
but as you may be leaving England
will not delay to tell you what a
delightful morning Howland Grey
has given me. The great scenery of
the road has been all in keeping with
the book. The bright patches on a grey
life can easily be counted: & this is one
of them.

E.H.

Professor of Pastoral Theology. Oxford

IDB 5 2 13287 8 10

— Carte postale. —

Kitzman

Union postale universelle. — Weltpostverein. — Unione postale universale.

SUISSE. SCHWEIZ. SVIZZERA.

Nur für die Adresse.

Côté réservé à l'adresse.



69



Howland Brown &:

Hotel Sonnenberg



Engelberg

Indirizzo.

I wonder if you ~~could~~ call & see me
tomorrow & I will give you
the large photograph. Also, if
I may, I will look at your
report of me!

S. Macaunghtau
I want go out the 11.30.



Savage Club

Just a line - You got
word of the very man. I am
grateful of the A. L. Merrill
council is W. Brandon Thomas
address Jerry's Meats. Strand
Yours truly
George Brown

I have just received a refusal from
Mr. Helledow. Will you kindly
settle yourself on someone else
& give him the ticket

G. A. Steel

STATION, PINNER, L. & N.W.R.
TELEGRAMS, HATCH END.

OXHEY GROVE,
HARROW WEALD,
MIDDLESEX.

Thursday

My Dearest Brother,

It seems to me that in
this great and terrible year
I must put my hand
in yours upon the morning
of this strange birthday.

May it see happier returns,
but returns there as when
the loftier and more starry
ideals assume their true
importance in our eyes.

My deep love for you is
part of the very fabric of my life
and it makes it sweet
to accept from you dear
lands all the help and
kindness our wide pendant

spirit like mine would
feel a heavy weight of obligation
from any others.

Yesterday I read the great bundle
of Antoinette's letters including
many to you - I should like
to show you one or two passages
regarding this love of mine
which might have been written
this morning.

Be of good cheer, and believe
that our dark clouds have
their silver lining - you
are clearing your ship and
let French or Pellicore come to meet
and you are rich in love
and friendship at heart;
rich in the things that matter
such as the regard of heretic.
Musting to see you tomorrow
Over your devoted

Sister



Friedrichsborn

3^d. Sept. 88.

Count Loeckendorff presents
his compliments to Miss D.
Grey and begs leave
to say that Her Majesty
The Empress Frederick
has graciously accepted
the three little volumes,
which Miss R. Grey

has been kind
enough to send the other
day to the Schloss at
Homburg. Her Majesty
thanks Miss R. Gray
very much and Count
Seckendorff is desirous to
add that it will give
Her Majesty great
pleasure to read these



books. -

The
Miss Rowland Gray

Homburg.

22, Royal Avenue,

Chelsea, S.W.

June 29th /89

Dear Miss Rowland-Brown

I scarcely know how
to sufficiently thank you, for
your polite attention in sending
me a Copy of your Book - -

If it gives me the same
pleasure that the reading of
"By Virtue of his Office" did, I
have indeed a treat in store.

I am a great Reader of all
Books that come in my way,
and such recreation is most
acceptable to my great age,
when more active pleasures
are not easy to accomplish -

Fanny Brough

21

Mother of Robert Brough the Radical Poet
Aged 90 and upwards when these letters were written.

Your kind praises
of my dear Grandson
Arthur Chilton, were very
pleasing to me, and I have
frequently heard from him
of the frequent hospitable and
delightful meetings, he has
enjoyed at your home.

We are at present personally
strangers to each other, but
many meetings come about
in this "big world" which we
hardly expect - so I do not
despair of some day meeting
you - which would be a
great pleasure to me - I
am getting so very far on

in years that I can offer
but little inducement to
attract visitors, but still
a merciful Providence, has
left me the power to feel
glad of all kindness received
and most sincerely do I
again thank you for yours.

Believe me Yours very
sincerely and faithfully
Fanny Brough.

30 Danbigh Place
Warwick Square - S.W.
Dec^r 28th /90.

Dear Miss Rowland Brown.

How can I thank
you sufficiently for your
pleasant remembrance of
me in this gift-giving
season, by sending me
another of your charming
Books? Surely we shall
meet some day and then
perhaps you may feel
how much I value such
gifts - The little story is

lovely, and reads like a
reality - perhaps it is -
for I fully believe in such
sisterly devotion having
met with it more than
once in my long life - -

Alas! it is not always
appreciated - but the great
love that prompts it
must ever find a solace
even in its unacknowledged
good - and our Saviour's
sweet words once uttered of
"She has done what she
could" - will at such times

be remembered with much
thankfulness -

Our young people are
full of present pleasures
in their holiday time, and
of course I am much at
home - for at 87. one does
not go far away from
the fireside - Arthur Chilton
my Grandson that you so
well know, is at present
at Worthing on a visit
to some old Friends -

I hope some day to be
able to tell you all about

my dear ones, still left
to me - but I believe I
should really tire you in
telling you of all my
pains in them - I will
not however try your
patience with a longer
letter - only once more I
thank you for your most
acceptable present, and
Believe me yours gratefully
and Sincerely.

Fanny Broughton.

Oct^{br} 31st 193.

Thanks - many thanks
My Dear Friends, for your
sweet remembrance of
my Birthday - Yes! I have
passed my 90th year and
am yet left among dear
loving hearts upon earth -

And your little welcome
Book - of "While the Days
are going by" - well reminds
me of my length of days,
with some reproaches of
many wasted -

Still my days are full
of hope, and gratitude,

for I have received so many mercies, from that source, from whence all goodness comes - that it would be wrong to let any thought but faithful trust in God's mercies occupy my mind "while the days are going by" - - -

I had a most happy Birthday! such a number of dear ones around me - and I kept up in a wonderful way - for I am not quite strong since my illness in August but such Love as has

been shewn me ought to strengthen the weakest.

I have many loving letters to answer - so I know you will excuse the brevity of this one.

Will you thank your Kind Circle for their good wishes, and remembrance of my Birthday.

It is a great recompence for the toils of a long life to find so many loving thoughts from all friends in our latter days - -

With much Love to you
Dear Friend - Ever Yours
Sincerely - Fanny Beough

15, CHIVALRY ROAD,
WANDSWORTH COMMON,
S.W.

Nov^{6th} 30^d

My dear Kind Friend

I ought to have
written long before this
to thank you for your
great gift in sending me
your charming Book - but
really it took me some
time to get over the very
many great Kindnesses of
my Birthday indeed I
began to think one might
be really "killed by kindness"
so much have I received.

I feel better this morn^g and am going to try and write you my hearty thanks for sending me so sweet a Birthday Gift - I cannot tell you in a letter of all the pleasure it gave me to receive it - but I can glory in your artistic writing of the interesting story - There is so much to admire in all the various characters - that it wants a long talk, instead of what a short letter can convey. It is however full of very

artistic writing and of wonderful grouping of vivid characters - that family at the Rectory is wonderfully nice - and the weak Artist ever struggling is most truly sad - but my dear I am far short in ability to go through remarks of all your well drawn characters, and the few I name are trifling in comparison to the grand whole - As for poor "Kismet" there is too little of him, and I

think it is hard to put
the death of the Artist
to his bite instead of pla-
cing it to the weakness of
the poor Artist - What
nonsense it is of me to
give my opinion of your
writing - which on the
whole is in my estimation
faultless - and I feel proud
of having so talented a
Friend - and your description
of the beauties of nature
as I read them makes me
a better woman - I am
full of headache this Morn^g

and my writing is worse
and worse - but kindly
put it all down to my
having entered my 94th year.

I hope to see you before
long - and I hope your
Book will prove a great
success in every way. Go
on and delight us all with
Jacob Books - but do not
overdo it - never forgetting
how valuable your health
is to so many of us - -
I hope from what I hear
that your dear Parents
have gained much health

in their Summer Holiday
and I pray you, present
my very kindest regards to
them - as well as to your
Brother - and with much
Love to your dear self and
hopes that I have not
wearyed you with this
idle scrawl - I must now
bring it to an end, and say
only God Bless you and
ever have you in His Care.

Believe me Sincerely and
truly your affectionate Friend
and "Glanvie"

Fanny Broughton

10th Feb 1892

Orchard Pople,
Taplow,
Maidenhead.

Dear Miss Rowland Brown

I have been waiting to write to you till I could come across some of your works which through I sent for them regularly from Mudie I could not succeed in. But last Saturday I saw in the "Speaker" a notice which pleased me exceedingly and I said to myself "I will do for me to write to the author about and I will get the Story of Chris" as soon as I can. The real truth was that I ^{had been} wanted to express to you how I had felt your last letter and what a delightful sense of sympathy ran through me as I read your kind and feeling expressions.

"Jacob's Letter" has also just arrived and now I can have a double pleasure. I have really nothing to add to the eulogies of the difference

9. Everett and King Philip - tho' perhaps in humour and specialise the Exeter of Saint Catherine are the best. You must ^{in your short life} have travelled and resided in the places ^{and} countries you speak of a great deal. What particularly strikes me in your work is its delicacy and simplicity, due felicitous brevity and charming truth of your word pictures and of your analysis of feeling. There is sunshine in your pages.

me and not require an answer till I am stronger. - I hope your anxiety about your father is by this time relieved. I should like much to hear about your cousin "Madge Seward" the name by which I am so accustomed to hear her called - she was married I know at Singapore, some time ago, but that is all I know.

And so with all best wishes I am yours
gratefully and sincerely Arabella Shore

In this sort of half life I am condemned
to I shall find great recreation in your
extremely pretty & clever tales.

19 CHARLOTTE SQUARE

EDINBURGH

Nov. 4th 1889

Dear Miss Rowland Trey,

I must send you a little
private note to tell you with
what pleasure I have read your
most recent book. I do not know
which of the stories I have most
enjoyed. but preferring as I
do the delicately accurate de-
lineation of character. I should
wish (if I may take the liberty
of so frankly expressing myself)
to give the palm to the story
of Mark P. Everett. In that

you have continued with a few
touches to make quite as
number of character stand
out as clear & definite as
John Beech's drawings. What
more could I say?

We enjoyed your brother's
short visit greatly & only re-
gretted that he could not pro-
long it.

It seems clear that we
shall not be going abroad as
a family during our autumn

for some time to come. So as
we are most anxious to renew
the pleasant intimacy that
sprang up between your family
& ours at Portresina, we hope
that we may next season re-
ceive you to Scotland. And
let you see something of the
more homely delights that
our country affords. So
I hope that you will not fill
up your holiday plans with
regard to this contingency.

Wellsfleet and Selitt
as well as Alexander & the others
who know you only by the
accounts we have given, &
by the perusal of your books
desire to join in kind regards
to the whole I have experienced.

With best regards to Mrs
Mrs Rowland Brown.

I remain

Yours very sincerely
Wm. Wellsfleet

27, Grosvenor Road,
Westminster, S.W.

Dec 11th

Dear Mrs Rowland Brown,
May I be allowed, to come
my bed, and at this late
date, to tell you how
much pleasure I have
had in reading your
"Story of Christ"; it has
such an air of simple
insistent truth about it
that it grips one very
tight indeed.

occupied in nursing
my husband for some
little time this, &
proof correcting have
filled up my time -
also I have been at
Ramsgate & only
had your book on
my return home.

I shall be at the Club
on Thursday night.

Sincerely yours
Henrie Luciel Norman

Pope's Villa,
Twickenham.

June 28.

Dear Mr Grey.

I am much obliged to you for the
book which you have lent me, which I
shall read with great interest. Paris
during the siege was rather like the Kingdom

Fourney 1) août

Mon cher ami.

Je vous remercie d'apprendre que vous
avez reçu de Dinaud: car j'en ai pu être
si sûr que j'en ai informé D. en
le quittant. Maintenant, j'aurais l'air
curieux de savoir à quel point vous
pensez: si vous avez quelque chose de vous

Edna Hall

of Heaven, there was neither marriage nor
giving of marriage - on the contrary, the Popes
commenced that they would grant divorces, &
did a thriving business.

Yours faithfully

Malcolm

172.076.27

Divorce, von non Pörsching a la main
a marriage et la divorce. H. v.

a marriage. vint a par, et a la

Comp

Leur veni d'après par J. un marriage pour
marriage marriage : marriage au marriage marriage, vint
to-jour au marriage.

Edna Hall



Schlau,
Homburg
14^{te} August 89.

Leutnant Seckendorff presents
his compliments to Rowland
Grey, Esq^r and begs leave
to say that he has received
the commands of Her Majesty
The Empress Frederick to
thank him very much for
the copy of his book:
Jacob's Letter & other stories.

Mr. Rev. J. B. Heard
Hulsean Lecturer
at Cambridge
1889

To ~~Miss~~ Ed Brown on her birthday Sep. 21 1876

Maid of the fleeting foot - fawn of the mountain
Maid with the live lock thy shoulders adorning
Blithe & bonny thy steps as the spring of a fountain
With the dew of thy youth from the womb of the morning
"

Maid on thy birthday, we'll clamber together
To the Boniface down where the wishing-well rises
Dip the cup deep in the pool by the heather
Brum up the brail with lives fondest surprises.

III

Peered o'er the wishing well, wait till it glistens
Brightly reflecting the gleam of thine eye
Then whisper thy heart's wish & patiently listen
Till the nymph of the wishing well hear the reply

IV
May each birthday descend
From its home on the hill
Thy life hid with fold
all the springs of that

12. Burlington Place

Dear Miss Brown

If you - or any of
you - are passing our
way this afternoon,

about 4.30, &

Come in for a cup of tea.

We shall be at

home, & as we are
having Southdown in
a few days, it will be
our only chance of
meeting, I fear.

Does J. Baker play

golf? By the way
"playing every day
at present, & they might
arrange a game."

Yours truly
W. H. W. W.

May 13, 1881

W.
Sunday, June 17th, 1902

My Dear Miss Silvan,

You have written a beautiful book,
and created a beautiful character.
"The Unexpected" is altogether lovely
and lovable. Moreover, I hope I may
take the privilege of an old friend and
be impudent enough to add that in
my opinion you have made an immense
stride in your art. Also (to be still
more impudent) you have shown
an amount of humour, as distinct
from wit, which, I am ashamed to con-
fess, I have not hitherto found in your
books. The flavour of the book is
delicious, ripe, satisfying; it shows that
you have acquired complete mastery
over your medium. Charlotte is a real
flesh-and-blood creation. She stands.
One can see all round her. She is hu-

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

man. She is enquisite. And, for those who are healthy enough to ~~use~~ number themselves among your friends, her charm will be none the less that she radiates your own delightful personality.

I congratulate you very cordially and very sincerely on having produced such a book. It may seem to you that in praising this so highly I am not fair to your other children. I do not mean that at all, but I confess that after a first reading I consider this by a long way your best, roundest, most sympathetic work. And I shall be surprised if you do not agree with me.

I was to have taken the family across to the Lido for tea; it is an absolutely ideal afternoon, and all Venice is in festa; but I began your book after lunch and when I was warned it was time to start I packed them off by themselves.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

3. I am expecting to be in town for four days on the 19th. I wish I could, think I should have time to run down and tell you all I think, and let you see how real my enthusiasm is; but I fear I shall not have a moment to myself. I am going to leave the family on the Sido. They are looking forward to living in a thatched hut (with a first-class hotel behind them, however, to eat and sleep in) and bathing and digging all day. Where we shall go when I come back I don't know.

By the way. May I point out a slip on p. 239.

"Browning, safe in Arcadio, on the sun-warmed sand—"

The place is Arso, and it is a hill-town up here, in the ~~hills~~ Alps behind Venice. You give the impression of a sea-side town.

This is nothing. Your other sketches are exquisite.

I have finished the scaffolding of my play; but I doubt whether
Smith will be pleased. I tell you, not from reading your
book, I glow with pride that I, too, call myself some kind
of an author.

I thank you for The Unexpected. We all thank you for it.
Your dear Father and Mother are, I am sure, very proud of you.
But should break into song over it.

All our loves to you all.

I wish you were all here in this room and could look out of
the windows with me and see how fast the world goes on.

Your truly
Fried

Louis N. Parker

Looks
This is ~~so~~ terribly cool on re-reading. I am absolutely bursting with
delight over the book.

Kilby House,
Great Yarmouth.

Fate I defy.
And so, howe'er it ends,
Till now you'll find no firmer friends
Than Fate and I!

N. Burdett-Coutts.

Oct. 22. 92.

Great Yarmouth,
England.

Feb. 3/44

Inverleigh

Bishops Scigton

Friday, 27 Sept 1940

My dear Lilian

Eileen has allowed me to read your very interesting letter of the 24th and I have undertaken to respond as she is at the moment in a transition of preparing for the arrival of friends - women to whom from ultra-combed London.

First, it is delightful to know you are well. I was sure you were up to your neck in work and I feared you might have got into some of the devastation that has been overwhelming some part of the world. I thank God you are safe.

Since August 25 '39 we have, until last February, been nomads. We were, so to speak, housed out of 12 Harley Gardens as every body said we should be housed at once. So we had our very comfy cot into a bazaar and tickled to Siston, where I had my only remaining sister-in-law and her two daughters as a nucleus of companionship. After a fortnight there we went on to a charming inn near Padstow, kept by my godson & his wife. When that closed we came back to Siston where a nice lady had a bungalow for us. My sister-in-law, aged over 80 died. In that bungalow we spent the next 6 months in the most miserable discomfort (foggy, smothered out, and dreary). So Eileen and I made up our minds we would go in for a permanent home somewhere in this neighborhood, and permanently. I went my friend Gordon where there was nothing that our old codger of 88 could do. I was apparently not fit even to take a shower in '41, so that

This little house
is had from
could I be

L. Vahnen Park

could I be fit for it. So Glen killed her coats and about a. hanties! It had been here for a holiday or three years ago. So she came here, and found this little house on the brow of a hill, over looking the Tigris valley - a gorgeous view. I came to see it, and saw it in the worst of light I have ever experienced and, Gosh, here we are. Then I laboriously and very submissively got rid of Harley's idea by sacrificing the last I had bought, and paying for what the owner calls dilapidations, then being the invention of a second Calverton, the rectification of drains and other little things of that sort.

This is a charming minute village. The house is delightful and solid, and we have a large garden, and the roads, as I said just now, are wonderful, stretching from a glimpse of the sea five miles on our left, to Dardanoos, 5 miles on our right, with the two Tigris rivers on our cultivated hills opposite.

Johnny, whose husband was rather dissatisfied, found a little house within five minutes' walk of us, and as soon as they had got into it he was given another of his military jobs somewhere near Chedmoor, so then she is with a man and garden, but she has friends from Ostar with her as p.g.'s, so she's busy.

Anthony joined us at the very beginning and is now a proud 2nd Lieut somewhere in Lincolnshire.

Good one cat, who is the child of our respective ages, fortunately appears of his new quarters and is happy, though rather naughty. His motto is "Scrub up!"

We have very frequent incursions of 'planes high above us, but they are on their way to important objectives and do not trouble us. To tell you the truth, were I not so ancient I should be rather ashamed to write so complacently, but I am now of no use to anybody: only a ~~harmless~~ liability, a ~~the~~ burden, a harmless "left till called for."

To-morrow, as I said, the little house will be full to working, and it is

convulsion to me to be able to offer shelter to some friend. I can only hope and pray, we may not become short of interest to the owners, or despoiling grounds for hole waste forests.

I think London and the Londoners - which includes Brentwood - are admirable and amazing. When you have come out on the other side of this world London will be the most heroic and glorious city in all history. Troy, Carthage, Saragossa and all others will sink into insignificance. The inhabitants of London and its district & vice versa each and all deserve the JC and the Great City should be given the title as a corporate entity.

I can assure you that we poor provincials thrive hugely to the stories we hear and read of what London does and suffers. We thrive, and we console ourselves for our comparative isolation by the thought that if we are not Londoners, at any rate we are English.

When Eliza read to me the passage in your letter about the old days in the library at Oxley, the tears shone to my eyes, and I was not ashamed.

Golden Dicks and Druryhouse and others after him ~~and~~ remembered back, when they said that the bitterest picture of misery was in remembering happier times. Why! It's the greatest moment. I am living on my happy memories, in which you and yours have so great a share.

How you have the humble animals of the North - for I am - we are - very poor now. All good wishes to you and all love from us both. I am very glad to know at least that your birthday is 22 Sept (?) I have wanted to know ever since I knew you, but could not see you. Many, many happy returns!

Yours affectionately

Pup.

Jan. 26, 1900. Chantre Lodge
Altan
Hants

Dear Sir
Prag let me thank
you much for
your kind information
as to the Braughtay.
- I should have
written earlier but
for being up to
the chin in

a tangle of
business.

Yes, Elizabeth
Bennet was more
consistently well-
bred than Emma.

And yet I find
in Emma a
fascination which

Elizabeth, to
my thinking, just
though only just,
misses.

I am so glad that
you appreciate it.

Maitland's and
my brother's joint
work - the Etchingham
Letters - particularly
Walter Pollock's

22, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.

Dear Miss Helen Brown,

I fear it will
be impossible for me to
read a paper to the Pioneer
Club. "The Drama of the last
60 years" took me six weeks
to put up: & between this &
Feb: when I go on a tour,
I have four plays to prepare,
rehearse, & set my copy
together. - I am very flattered
at your proposal, and
should

Forbes Robertson

think much like to
have accepted it, but I
think you will see it is
out of the question for me.

Believe me to be

Yours truly

J. Forbes Robertson.

Dec. 7. 86.

Forbes Robertson.

Morning Post,
346, Strand,
W.C.

22 | VII | 97.

My dear Madam,

I thank you heartily for the copy
of The Craftsman you have been good enough
to send me & I look forward with pleasure
to reading it. I have an impression that
it has been received in The Morning Post,
but I shall endeavour to find out a bit
you know. With best regards I am
ever

Yours faithfully
Jas. P. Munn

Labouchere

In reference to the _____ of "Jacob's Letter"
in 1888 containing a story founded on an _____
anecdote in his Besieged Resident in Paris.

Montbarry
near Bulle - Switzerland

This is to remind you of your promise
to come and see us on your return
to England

Roland L. Vaughan Williams

Aug - 30

97

You are very good to
be interested in Gallia.

She makes her little
debut on Wednesday of
this week; & her sufferings
are little to be more than
those of a young woman
at a drawing room.
Well, one can but live on!

Sincerely yours,
Minnie Muriel Norman

July 21st 1892

PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY,
NEW MUSEUMS,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Miss Rowland-Brown

I shall always be glad
to give you any such information
as I possess as to any points
arising in your writings which
have a biological bearing.

Certainly rabies and its
Pathology contains plenty of
matters which need little
working up to become romantic.

One of the horrors of hydro-
phobia consists in the fact
that the time between the

Professor May.

bite of the dog and the onset of the disease in the bitten person - what is called the latent period - may be any time between one month and a year & a half. Most usually it does not exceed six months.

As to your second question - a dog may be mad and give a bite which may prove fatal without ever showing the acute symptoms usually associated with rabies in that kind of animal. In what

is called dumb rabies the dog is not excited, its throat is swollen and saliva runs away from its mouth. It has at first a hoarse, harsh kind of bark but soon loses the power to bark (hence the name); its muscles become gradually paralyzed and it eventually dies an apparently quiet death from paralysis of its respiratory muscles. In such cases the owners usually

consider [unless the true condition has been recognised] that the dog has died of a bad sore throat. Now, when the dumb madness has fully developed itself the dog cannot bite as the muscles of its jaws are paralysed, but before this stage is reached and when the animal is simply a little queer viz:—restless, with a characteristic mazed look of the eyes, with a harsh bark, usually recognising

its master (whom it seldom bites) but not clearly recognising other people whom it used to know, irritable and snapping at or biting people on little or no provocation. These signs may be overlooked by careless people but during this first stage the dog is capable of transmitting the disease. This stage may pass into ~~that~~ ^{the} ordinary rabid form with fits of rage in which the dog bites every living and even inanimate object within reach,

consider [unless the true condition has been recognised] that the dog has died of a bad sore throat. Now, when the dumb madness has fully developed itself the dog cannot bite as the muscles of its jaws are paralysed, but before this stage is reached and when the animal is simply a little queer viz:—restless, with a characteristic mazed look of the eyes, with a harsh bark, usually recognising

its master (whom it seldom bites) but not clearly recognising other people whom it used to know, irritable and snapping at or biting people on little or no provocation. These signs may be overlooked by careless people but during this first stage the dog is capable of transmitting the disease.

This stage may pass into ~~that~~ the ordinary rabid form with fits of rage in which the dog bites every living and even inanimate object within reach,

or it may develop into dumb
madness as above described. The
disease is now robbed of its worst
terrors by Pasteur's discoveries. I
think you have met here Mr-
now Dr Adami who was infected
with Rabies from a deer in Ickworth
Park and whose life was undoubted-
ly saved by his going to Pasteur's
Laboratory in Paris. I hope the above
will give you the information you
require but if not please re-
member that I shall be glad to
write you again on the subject if
you think it necessary. Vic, I am
glad to say is looking very well but
she is really still weak from the re-
mains of the Influenza. Please give my very
kindest regards to your father & mother as well as
to your brother. I am yours very faithfully
Charles Skyring

Professor Haff.



Sydney Stanleys
The later made
Lieut General
Sir Stanley Maude
K (B: L. G. - D. S. O.
as an I can be
from his order



ALSO
LONDON HARROW OXFORD CAMBRIDGE

Mrs R S Maude
who had charge of
him during his school
life

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING THIS PHOTOGRAPH
TO BE ADDRESSED TO ETON

41

HARROW SCHOOL

Dear Miss Richard Brown

I think it
was understood that
you should wait for
me the fulfilment of
my promise by coming
to see me at Harrow.
Will you come on
Monday the 1st of
March & meet Mr
Watson (Sam Mather?)
at dinner at 7 &
attend my lecture
afterwards?

It is not very easy
for me to be sure

what will be
always will be
full until a Tem
begins as at the
beginning of the Tem
I make my arrange-
ments for it - but
I will try to find
an attorney for the
pioneers

Very faithfully
Yours

J E (Walden)
Feb 13 1897

HARROW SCHOOL

Arthur Richard Brown

I am
very sorry that I
am not free on the
15th. It is so good
of you to ask me
we shall meet on
Thursday, if not
before. Meanwhile I
shall not forget the
kindness of the donors
and especially of their
chairman.

Sincerely Yrs
J. C. Weldon
June 3 1897

HARROW SCHOOL

My dear Mrs Portland Brown,

It is so
good of you to send
me your book. I have
been reading it today
amidst interruptions!
I will praise it to
others, not to you.

Sincerely Yrs
J. C. Wellby
Nov 8 1897

6 Piazza D'Azeglio
Monday

Dear Mrs Barn Muddoch

I shall be delighted
to lunch with you
on Thursday.

Sincerely Yours
E. Lee Hamilton

to the amount you named
yours truly

Portland

VILLA LANDOR,
SAN DOMENICO, FLORENCE.

Saturday

Dear Sir,

I am at home nearly every
afternoon, and especially the afternoon of
Sunday. It will give me great pleasure
to see you.

Very faithfully,

W. Fiske.

Willard Fiske

Professor Fiske.
American Historian.

Pulham Studios,
454a, Pulham Road,
S.W.

March 10th /96

Dear Madam,

I am very pleased by your
notice of my picture :
"Death - of - Love Plant".
There is no legend in
connection with it.

It is one of those perhaps
half-conscious efforts I have
occasionally made to express
a mood I believe common
enough to certain natures.
The fantastic mood - the longing

Henry J. Stock

far strangeness. I do not
illustrate another's thoughts
unless I am obliged. I like
to follow my own bent. I
care very little for old legends.
I love an actual modern
experience.

An allusion to a possible
yet impossible love might
help to elucidate the subject.
This coupled with what might
be called a sumptuous
melancholy. The melancholy
not of flatness & commonplace,
but of fancy & dreams.

Thank you for the enclosed
notices of your book

yours faithfully
Henry J. Stock

Henry J. Stock

P.S. I should of course be most interested to know the story that occurred to you while looking at the picture.

Henry J. Stock

24th Dec: 1891

Orchard Pople,
Taplow,
Maidenhead.

Dear "L. Rowland Brown"

Excuse my use of the only name you have given me, though I believe that I have the pleasure of addressing you a "young lady." I owe you my sincerest thanks for the kindness which prompted you to write to me and to send me those most interesting notices. I think them beautifully written and the language you use and the feelings you express make me feel that there must be an innate sympathy between us. You may imagine what that personality must have been that has lived all these long years in our hearts and is today as fresh and living as when she left us first. I say "our", for the little book

I venture to send you "Elegies and Memorials" which was published a while before the "Journal" will tell you that I have a sister who shares all my remembrances and my feelings.

Nothing gives me more pleasure or more satisfies me as to the step I took in making these records known to the world than the assurance that they are likely to have a good influence on the young generation of this far later day.

I shall assuredly read the works of which you have kindly given me notice - my reading habitually has lain so entirely outside the novel sphere that they have not yet become known to me - but I am now quite sure that they will interest me both on account of their writer and themselves. You appear to have had ample material for good fictions.

I am glad to be addressing the cousin of Miss Seward who had such an attraction for me and interested me so much from my first acquaintance with her some years ago. I was very sorry not to have wished her farewell before she sailed to India to meet her new future destinies in life. May they be as happy as she deserves - and may she come back some not distant day to see us all again.

With repeated thanks I am

Yours faithfully

Abella Shore

I should like to know the name of the paper in which that graceful article appeared.

Apr 25. 1904

11, CHELSEA EMBANKMENT,

S.W.

Dear Miss Wobey London.

How I wish
I could say 'yes' but I am
engaged tomorrow at the
train you mention. We
must be pity!

Believe me

Yours sincerely

M. E. Grant Duff

Thursday is always a

difficult day for me
that other days an
gentle day but this week
I have a whole flock
of engagements at the
other end of London.

Arabella Shore.

Mrs John. M. MacLeod.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1901.

returned 8th Nov



Telephone No
5427.

Telegraphic Address:
"EXHIBITION, GLASGOW."

H. A. HEDLEY,
GENERAL MANAGER.

~~26 St Vincent Place~~
Glasgow Oct 29 1901
4. Park Circus Place

Dear Miss Graham

The end of the Exhibition
draws near - and I shall
feel very grateful if you will
kindly send me a post card
saying to what address you
would like your valuable exhibits
sent.

I hope to return them on
Monday or Tuesday of next week

Believe me to be
yours faithfully
Edith MacLeod.

Perry White

Petit-Lancy - le 20.10.98

Il est bien aimable à vous, chère Mademoiselle,
d'avoir songé à nous envoyer le livre de Monsieur votre
frère. Je comprends à merveille qu'il ait remporté les
suffrages de la presse, car c'est l'œuvre d'un poète déli-
cat et plein de grâce élégante. Nous avons lu avec un
intérêt tout spécial la pièce de vers inspirée par Laas-See.
Nous n'oublions point en effet que c'est en face de ces ado-
rables montagnes que nous nous avons rencontrés pour
la première fois, et que s'est nouée une amitié sincère
et profonde. Cette amitié nous ne cessons de nous la promettre

Aug. Bleudel.

Must keep
Thanking you for
our feelings
Yours truly
M. W. Kingles

9.7.99

par vos aimables lettres et par l'envoi de vos travaux
qui sont autant de succès. Nous sommes fiers du frère
et de la sœur, et nos vœux les plus chaleureux vous sui-
vent dans votre carrière. Il n'y a ici qu'un regret à expri-
mer c'est que l'année 1898 se soit écoulée, sans vous ra-
mener à votre Lancy : nous nous sommes faits de votre
visite une si douce habitude ! Veuillez, je vous prie,
transmettre à votre frère et à nos vénérables parents nos plus
vives félicitations, et me croire, ~~très~~ respectueusement
Véroné

Aug. Blondel

Emilia avec ses meilleures amitiés, me charge de vous
dire que sa jeune cousine a trouvé une place, et que par
conséquent il n'y a pas lieu à de plus longues recherches

Aug. Blondel.

Must keep

Thanking you for

our progress

Your truly

M. W. Kingdon

9. 7. 99

20 BRAIDBURN CRESCENT,
EDINBURGH.

April 11/11.

Dear Miss Van Millingen,

I have just had a
most interesting & valuable
talk with your uncle
about Constantinople. He
has been so kind as to
give me some introduc-
-tions, which will also be
very useful. I feel greatly
obliged to you for your
kindness in this matter.

Yours very much
pleased
Gives nothing
W. Montgomery

to admit myself my estimate
in having had an intro-
-duction to so great an
authority.

I meant to have written
you my thanks long
ago, but the close of
the season & the work
that have followed have
been one long drive,
and I have simply had

to let my indebtedness accumulate
of this kind on the generosity
of friends.

I saw Dr. Sturges just
before I left. He is looking
very well & I hope will
have a good time in
Vancouver.

With kind regards &
renewed thanks,

I am, very truly
D. L. Carson

With much
pleasure
Yours very truly
W. L. Montgomery

August 20. 99.

Preston,

Neobil.

Dear Rowland Fey

Thank you very much
for your kind letter with
copy of the "Whindor". One
of my children had already
discovered the verses and so
I had read your very
charming story. Indeed I
was going to write to thank
you for it before your letter
came. She is very loving
& sweet - your little crippled
story-teller.

I am very glad to hear that
Portland Brown is better. I have
not been in town since February
and so have had no further
opportunity of running down to
see you. I used to go to the
Museum digging lore out of
old ballads &c. but a book
now in hand is entirely modern
and requires no research. I
hope to do the humour of a
sack town with a story of
strong passion in a frivolous
setting. Everything very lightly
treated except a passion of
love & jealousy. I mean to have
a happy ending too. Then if
the British Public will not have
me, I must put my head in
a sack.

I am delighted to find you

like "Two M. & M." I took a lot of pains over it.
It went at first very well indeed, & then settled down
& is still selling steadily. ^{My "No Soul Above Mary"}
comes out on October 15. So between proofs &
original composition my days pass in a whirl. We
are in a most delightful village now. I like it much
better than the town. I have taken to labour of an
afternoon in the fields. The truthfulness of Tolstoi's
descriptions are really wonderful. There is something
fresh to do every day, & I shall never again be able
to pity the son of the soil. The inside of the factory
workshop is of course familiar to me. It seems
lamentable that men should lose so much in their
cognisance to get into towns and as they suppose
be "better off" -

I am still looking forward to coming to Osheey & hope it may be very soon. The next time I come to town I think I must write in advance to know whether you are at home.

When you were in the Isle of Wight you were very near to my father. He is very fond of I stay there often. Had I known you were there most likely I might have been able to call upon you.

With very kind regards to all at Osheey Grove

Believe me

Yours very sincerely

Walter Raymond.

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1841

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Servant.

