The complimentary letter of Mr. J. T. Blyth, reminded me of a little circumstance in connection with the poem of Wordsworth, and the favourite word which may not be uninteresting. I owe a debt of gratitude to him for having brought me into contact with an unknown poet.

The poem was written by the late Mr. T. B. Mitford, one of the most distinguished sons of London, and who was one of the literary men of his time. It was very friendly, and I was able to read it many times after its publication. George Gordon, the great poet, who was often in London, produced it for me. The manuscript of the poem, which I received, was written by Sir Walter Scott, and was accompanied by a letter expressing his opinion of the poet. I cannot say how much I owe to him for his encouragement, which led me to the conclusion that I was a good poet. I asked him if he would allow me to read it to him, and he was pleased to hear me read it.
Mississippi. Some time after this, I used to be strongly impressed with the beauty of the poem and its fitness for recitation. I recited it on the occasion referred to your correspondent. I had the manuscript for some years but it was the course of a long bachelor life with more than one change. I neglected it. I came across it, and, as I did so, at the same time, the manuscript of \'Rose Lorraine\' "coming away\" by Rodolpho - got this present.

I hope this communication will not be taken as a desire to thrust myself upon the notice of your readers, though the accident of an incident connected with it is such that I think that kingly nobility of privilege of being one of the few who living who had personal knowledge and real intimate knowledge instead of one of those "very rare treasures."

Miss Kendall, who used to visits his house as they lived...
...it might be interesting by remanding my memory to tell of what manner of men they were as they came under my observation.

I may say of one of them, Mr. Clarke, was one of the most interesting and fascinating men I have seen. As a father of this kind he stood alone and was a companion, and I had many trips with him on the river. He was without a rival. All day long his conversations would flow and what premeditated it from boisterous was— it was never egregious. It may not be without interest to say that it was the means of selling, relating, treating the Natural Life of "A Term of His Natural Life." When Clarke was narrating his Natural Life, and enlarge it into a book, "Harry, from the Coast," it appeared in The Australasian; Monthly published by The Late W.M. H. Ascension. He called it "My Brother's Ghost" as his death was without dignity.
This was then in practice in London. At the Welth Hospital. I come
some time after dinner. However, I went out for a stroll. It was a
beautiful moonlit night and we got up and went walk. We
in part the Welth just as you down
here with occasional intervals
into the Carlton Garden, for several
hours. Marcus discovered with me
the chronic chapter of his book in
which he had determined to take
Anfas Daines back to England.
I was strongly opposed to this
Convention bidding. I argued with
her that he should
have the death of Daines
I said that his life could not
but be terrible and with those
cruel memories. But though
he was the enemy willing-
ly to
her degradation he had suffered
yet it would estray his memory
of the past and that as e.
A narrative can be charging a long chain of events. These claims are supported by evidence. Black had faith, but he was not interested and as it is, and Charles Drake was killed at all! He had only after much turmoil of thought. Finally, so Blake agreed to go. Blake was finally agreed. His words had much effect on him. He returned to my brother. Blake said, "Blacks. Finally, my words had much effect on me."

The question before him was: he took my part, and 20 Blake agreed. Finally, my words had much effect on me. I cannot help thinking that those cups read on the table of fortune. I cannot help thinking that those cups read on the table of fortune. I cannot help thinking that those cups read on the table of fortune.
He wrote to Clarke offering him two or three months' employment if he would come to London and be one of the staff. Clarke had done some writing for him and from his letter Darwin appears to have a very high opinion of Clarke's literary ability. Indeed it was a very strongly worded letter of mutual esteem. If Clarke had taken that step into the literary atmosphere of London and the St. Edwards, he would have found there two famous literary agents. I think he would have been a great success and have done high-class work. London in the literary market of the world and in those times anything coming from Australia in the way of literary work would have been looked at as home by the literary people of the time.

It has often surprised me that the publication during his death has appeared.
that he left some unfinished works and a half-finished novel. I had the pleasure of seeing his last and I thought the 'literary' and mania of his was transmuted in anything he had written. I remember well how, as of an older generation, we passed without much regret the philosophy of
as we did the 'mocking' dramatic criticisms of D. W. Howie and how I found
the morning for the Australasian
the other for the Argus. What fine food for thought! And discussion they afforded their audience.
Dramatic criticism has unfortunately passed as the food for it is no
longer a well of us or is occasionally
not as so but slightly refreshed.
You will find now a column or two
of our best papers devoted to display
of theatrical art and the dress of
the ladies occupies the larger part
of the lady, the comedian, who can say
she has no dressers makes no charge
to a part so fine for the public wear.
Take the heart instead of the action:

The plot of our tears, and

stirred our deepest emotions fifty years ago.

James Mollon

In this long stringfast heart

and brain with their emotional value

here the equipment of the actor

reaches and it appears.