London, 36 Nutford Place Bryanston Square
Wednesday March 29th 1837

My dear Mr. Hutton,

If this letter of mine shall reach you while you are (which I apprehend will be the case) within the precincts of your office - pray don't read it there, as it is full of nonsense - full of nothings - in fact, a large empty zero - not unlike our thoughts between the close and the beginning of business - or thoughts that flow sparkling over an unworked streaming bottle, but are welcome only to the ears when the heart is at ease without care. - Don't read it then in the office. Bring it rather under the shadow of an empty hour where no busy hour will intrude, be it from your office - or from the Philosophical Society - or from the British association - or from any Railroadish - or from any newspaperish Company. I a word reproduce that empty Tynemouth hour in which Bachelors were merry without that fountain of pleasure and mirth

"Miss White, miss White, miss White,
"That swears that day is night xe"

And now having done this, let me embrace you with all my strength from the bottom of my soul as my excellent and beloved friend in the north of England

Oh! that north of England "smoky but dear" as the Lowgosfoothian Bride has it now - that north

London, 36 Pratt Place Hampstead Square
Wednesday March 29th 1837

My dear Mr. Hutton,

If this letter of mine shall need you in vain with it's Appendix will be the only written the poor wretch of your office - pray don't read it there as it is full of nonsense - full of nothing! - simply to keep you right too - and satisfy our strong hope between the glory and the beginning of the world - or though that flow gushing as when unrepeated meaning death but as welcome only to the poor wretch who knows it is a real written one - Don't read it there in the office - bring it rather and give the chance of an empty hour when we shall have will enough to go to your office - or phone the Publishing Society or have the Jewish Association - or have any Publishing - or have any manufacturing Company - we need refuges that may be permanent shore in which Israelites may be found without that fountain of pleasure and wisdom

"Thus saith Jehovah Israel's King
and Redeemer Jehovah Sabaoth
I am the first and I am the last
and besides me there is no God"

Read as my accident and beloved friend as the Israelite of England

Oh! that Israel of England "Israel indeed" as the Israelitish Study has it now - that Israel

North of England with hard and black coals but hearts tender and bewitching eyes! At this distance of time I am able to recall to my mind, indeed I have them present before my eyes, every friendly smile, every kind look, I feel every hearty shake of the hand, I hear every word of good Intent uttered at Newcastle during my stay; and there is such a tide of feelings, even at this moment, within my bosom, that it would be very easy for me if you would wish it, to drown you in it as you had drowned me in your never to be forgotten Tynemouth

But I forbid the gentle breezes
To blow into my heart
Let them blow among the heartless
(you remember) — breezes. —

Now to my nothings.

"Our steam up" after we left Newcastle, got into a large condenser, well supplied with cold water, — called Hull. and therefore there was much of the steam condensed at that place; not as at Newcastle where as Mr Adamson observed only a whistle was wanted. A town in all other respects resembling London (one would call it a slice of London) — with a population not lesser than that of Newcastle — a port the most important in the Kingdom — every local and natural advantages — seems to be a body without a particle of human blood in

its veins but daily eaten up by the worms called party spirit. There is no social intercourse between the inhabitants, and therefore no indications of their civilization - which, if contended for, is always highly hypothetical. - Steam navigation and Railroads - two such highly interesting subjects everywhere else - in England - in a town like Hull subsisting chiefly on one and now constructing the other, treated by such a lecturer as you know, appeared to excite no interest at all. Indeed the state of backwardness into which they are plunged is acknowledged by the Inhabitants themselves. A Lady of rank (a Tory) who passes under the name of "a desperate politician" at that place did not hesitate for a moment in hearing of Dr Lardner's lectures and of their ill success to express herself in the words of the Scripture and to say "because it is to throw the pearls before the . . . breezes?" - But our Steamer contending with these natural difficulties at last overcame them and made a triumphant anchorage.

In the picture of Newcastle which my fancy holds out before me, there stands in the front-ground, I can discern her distinctly, that bewitching girl, at the influence of whose powers a withered philosophical heart opened with the ever green buds of love or amity as you like; in whose fascinating but sweet eyes is the salvation & predestination

of man; whose presence was the means of filling the newcastellian lecture-room with all the dainties of mental cookery; whose form divine; whose society a bliss; whose speech a music addressing itself as well to the ears as to the heart; whose totality a beau ideal for the enchanted; whose power of the eye irresisted. The girlish blush on the face captivates your heart – it is Innocence; the rosy sugarish lip makes fly to it a butterfly-kiss – it is Love or voluptuousness as you like; but the power and the majesty of splendour is in the eye – it attracts and seizes your whole when its powerful rays have their full play. It is the seat of our soul – it is the sun of our body; and as every flower on the face of our earth draws its beauty, colour and life from our heavenly sun and only from Him, so our cheek our body and our lip draw their beauty, colour and their life from our eye; and therefore it is the sun on the firmament of our body – and when it sets our beauty, colour and life disappear. – Since such is my estimate of a girlish eye will you be surprised that I bowed before the finest northern one – before an eye that kindled so many and such fires! And besides I am a Pole – and we are the last nation in the old Europe who fight still for the sake of gallantry as did of old the Knights 'Errant' – after this preamble let me come to the matter. Dr Lardner has made a present of his books to the Misses Brandling – bound in the choicest style. Who has merited them more than the Misses Brandling who notwithstanding unpleasant inclement weather, did not miss a single lecture of his? How did the music interest or please them? –

But to be sure, we knew it beforehand that this would be the case, as Miss Fanny told me in answer to my question to that effect, that it was not their intention to attend the lectures that were to follow 'the Steam Engine'. Indeed for a musician's band a place near the Steam Engine is never secure. — But to the books. Since each of the four young and I may safely add inspiring Ladies had to receive a present of four and more books, and not so many copies of the same works but books of as many titles you will know it at once that sorting them — and selecting them with a view to their fitness as regards the character of each individual possessor, and then remembering them for the purpose of inscribing the name of such possessor in them, was not an affair of a moment but required long attention and memory. For that purpose the Donor desired me to put down on a slip of paper the names of the books as he went on in selecting them and assigning the same. The titles were different; Miss F. was the last (as always for the finale the grandest things, may be out of order are reserved but because they are the ~~last~~ grandest) Miss F. was the last who appeared on my slip of paper; and certainly I was not a little interested to know from the titles of the books selected the estimate of her character formed in the mind of him who attracted the Ladies to his lectures, but who, in their turn, attracted him to themselves; and I was not a little edified (but you must always make allowance for my ticklish propensities). When Miss F.'s turn came to have her name re-echoed between

the walls of our learned office, together with the books from that moment hers, - the tone was more solemn, the voice more hesitating. My pen stood ready, my eye was fixed and inquiring, my ear attentive. And my pen fell soon on the paper as the following words were uttered: "Lardner on the Steam Engine" (my neck swelled with a rising laugh); and further "Lardner on the Heat" (my mouth got big with the laugh); and the last "two volumes Italian Lives" (not able to constrain my laugh, I swallowed it since it would be unceremonious at such a solemn moment to let it burst.) May be accindental but in my opinion a happy picture of Italian Life: an excitement to heat - and the working of the Steam on the immediate and chief thing in the Engine. - They returned - all of them individually - their gracious answers and thanks; and to my unspeakable joy they included in their letters their compliments to me. Really, very kind of them. - We hear that the marriage is to take place at the end of april; and after the ceremony is over the happy couple ~~is~~ will go abroad there to enjoy the bridal honey for a year. The interesting and intelligent bride regrets as she says extremely that she will not be present at Dr. L's lectures on Astronomy next Autumn, but to make up for their loss she means to take Phillipps', Lectures on painting with her in the carriage and also a work on Astronomy (from Lardner's Cyclopaedia) recently offered her as she thinks with the assistance of her Betrothed who was a Sailor she will become quite a proficient in that Branch of Science. —

I hardly know of a lecturer whose powers extend so far as to occupy the mind of a young lady just at the time when she is entering upon a new line of life where there is no need of astronomy to find the way; and what is more surprising still that the influence of that power will be felt by a stranger to it - by her betrothed - as he will have to assist her in the prosecution of her study - and I have not the last doubt that they will not fail by the ~~ad~~ aid of such a skillful mariner to discover the star, the elementary star in their study. And now for those fairies who remain though well rigged and provided for, but without the skillful mariners - I was going to say who remain at home ~~to think~~ to arrange the course of lectures for the next Autumn - and so confidently too! - is it not another instance of that potent creative power, when you are well aware how the thing stands! Really I am not far from the mark when I say that if any of you would take ~~he it~~ it into his head to invite D.L. to dine with him at Newcastle at any time I am sure he would feel the strongest motives to accept the invitation And in fact has he not said so when he rose up to deliver a speech at your Dinner to the Bishop of Durham last year? If you will only look into the report of it you will find the very sentiment prefacing his speech; tho' the motives were not half so strong.

Since it so happens that this letter has exceeded the limit which the habit prescribes to it let me sin to the full extent of ex-limitation reminding you however that it is the first in the five months time & that you need not proportionate the length of yours

Now the last. I hope you keep in your remembrance the words and if not the words the meaning of those words which were uttered at one of the celebrated Newcastellian lectures by that attractive star. The subject was the steam navigation to the united States. You recollect I am sure how the lecturer went on ridiculing those wild speculations which to clear-sighted persons appear to have the only probable success - that in failing, but which to the ardent speculators appear as tangible as reality - slumbering only in the time, but on the eve of awake. He had just then received a letter from London enclosing him a prospectus of a Company formed with a view to establish a Steam Communication with India, and they desired even to consult him on the subject. - I return to the lecture. Having dragged the audience with him through the seas and over the seas intersecting the two hemispheres, and having made them to experience all sorts of difficulties and obstacles in their perilous passage, he summed up his case by informing the audience with a well told sneer that there is exists actually a Company who is bent on carrying "the very thing" into effect. "But will you believe" said he "I have actually received a letter just now in which I am informed that there is another such Company forming to establish a Steam Communication with India." The audience shewed, at the end of this sentence, how far they did approve of the view he has taken upon the question by bursting into a good-natured self complacent laughter characteristic of those who think themselves wiser than other people. - Now you will recollect that there were two routes proposed to India: one by the Euphrates which was tried and failed; the other by the Red Sea - with no mark as yet of failure upon it. - The members who compose the above mentioned Company are for the most part India merchants, and they aim at forcing the Government to do "the thing". Their choice fell upon our Doctor to do the work. They range themselves under his leadership to fight successfully the battle. But he is therefore not only chosen champion who will conquer the Government - but he is their Moses who will clear and open the Red Sea for their passage to the land of gold. And I have no doubt he will accomplish it - as the fame will be immortal and the blessings infinite. He has set his hand and heart to it. He never doubted the practicability but he is now to look out for the effectual means to carry it into effect.

All these things are written for my friend by a friend - therefore they have and ought to have no meaning for any third persons. -

I salute very sincerely all my acquaintances and friends, but cannot help naming in particular Mr Biddle who really has something not only winning but bewitching in his character.

Believe me my dear Mr Newton
ever sincerely yours
Leonard Niedzwiecki

To Mr. Newton Esqr.
36 Sand Hill, Newcastle upon Tyne

London, 36 Nutford Place, Bryanston Square
24th June 1837. Saturday

My dear Sir,

I addressed you only once under the old reign, and six months have rolled away since our last interview; but neither the time nor the scarcity of communication did efface from my memory the lively recollection of the reception you have given me and the treatment I have experienced there. nor will it ever do. Now I address you under the auspices of a new reign and I do so with feelings of rejoicing and congratulation. I cannot look with indifference at all the steps which characterise a Great Nation on momentous occasions. Myself a stranger I am not a stranger to its feelings. — We have no King, we have no country at present the years pass, we are growing old, and we have nothing ours before our eyes — and still there is in our bosoms a never dying hope, an unconquerable wish to release that unfortunate country of ours from her mortal enemies and ~~not~~ infuse into her a new life. The prize is worthy, but the task more than difficult: we must form and reform ourselves to answer that high and imperative calling. But the national voice of our assemblies is hushed, whatever constitutes a nation condemned and handed over to oblivion — no speaking examples before our eyes, the bread we eat is not ours, &

strangers indeed are we - but the severe lesson taught us makes us regard with interest how a nation ought to govern itself not to forfeit the land of its fore-fathers. With this view we perusing carefully the Debates of the British House of Commons, we form our judgment upon it, them, we observe the movements and improvements which are perceivable and introduced in the institutions of Gt. Britain - we are forming upon it - and so we are not entire strangers in this blessed land of yours. The accession of a new and ~~new~~ youthful Queen excites as lively a joy in our as it does in the English bosoms. Believe me our feelings are entirely English - Your Queen appears to be ours - your joys are immediately shared by us - and there is more than a brotherhood between us. Don't tax for writing in this strain and so long; it is a disease in a pole to think and to speak of what he thinks - of his country.

There are more than proofs that the people of Newcastle sympatize with us - and take a deep interest in our misfortunes. Therefore I have no hesitation in recommending to your notice a publication recently issued in the world which was got up with all necessary care - and by the poles themselves - relating in a most picturesque manner to the history of Poland. It is an atlas comp consisting of ten coloured

[illegible]

large maps, of Poland - exhibiting the changes which
she underwent scarcely in half a century - shewing
the religion of the inhabitants - the different
languages, at one glance. It has prefixed to it
a Statistical Table - In fact it is a book of
reference, such a one as was wanted, and at
all times must be strongly recommended - no
public library should be without it. Now it
occurred to me that the Library of the Philosophical
Society ought to have a copy of it. The splendid
Library of your town is not an unfit place for
an atlas got up on such scale. The atlas is
dedicated to the Literary association of the Friends
of Poland in London. I have no means of
sending it to you to see it before you recommend
it. But still I hope to hear from you -

My best compliments to Mr. Beddle, to
Dr White - and to all kind friends -

How do you relish in the Dr Lardner's
pamphlet on India - I hope you have received
one We sent it to you -

I forgot to mention you in my former
letter that you may write to me under cover
to Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P.

Believed me Dear Sir,
ever yours sincerely
Leonard Niedzwiecki

Wm Hutton, Esq.
36 Sandhill -
Newcastle upon - Tyne

36 Nutford place, Bryanston Square, London
10th December 1837. Sunday

My dear Hutton,

What a torture to have the will but not the power!; if I had the latter, for I had the first, you would have had, by this time, twenty letters from me; but my thought, tho' under sail and with a fair breeze in its favour, steering its course between the dangerous shores of Business, ~~and~~ every time has been wrecked on them. So you have had no answer, for the space of five months, to your sweet letter whose words were greedily swallowed by me, like so many honeyed pills, because all of them were breathing your inestimable kindness towards me.

What I deplore most is that my temporary absence from London deprived me of the pleasure of meeting Mr Buddle, who had been kind enough to call at my residence and to leave your letter for me. I love him sincerely, and it would be no small gratification for me to see that "true English Gentleman" here.

What you say respecting the poverty of your society - it grieves me. I wish it was over, for I would wish to see, as soon as possible, the atlas which I brought under your notice, on the shelves of your society, and admired and thought of by the excellent members of it. I must tell at the same time, that this atlas was not got up as a speculation; no - it was done by

the Poles themselves whose chief object in doing so was to dispel some false notions formed, in this country, by a great number of persons, which it is the interest of Russia to have perpetuated; and to add to the works to be found in the principal English libraries one of reference on the subject of Poland. You see, therefore, that its sphere of circulation is circumscribed; and the principal sales already effected were made amongst the nobility. It was sent for from the Foreign Office by the Hon.ble W. & T. F. Strangways; it was sent for by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; by Lord Dudley Stuart, and many other Lords and Gentlemen. As a book of reference it is, I assure you, worth having; so pray try again if you can get a copy of it subscribed by your Institution. I will estem it a personal favour.

You say – and, as I see now, probably with truth, that the flowers of Low-Gosforth are the pervading topic of my first letter. How could it have been otherwise? When did I pen it? Just at a time when my excited feelings did not yet subside, when the recollection – a brilliant recollection! – of every object seen, of every incident happened, was fresh of every scene pacted, was green, still fresh in my memory! – How in the name of fresh mortality, with so resient feelings, with the recollection of so many happy moments,

could I fail to speak of the sweet and almost principal subject in those scenes, in those recollections; of the love-breathing and love-inspiring charmer, Fanny the Unspeakable! the rosy child of the North! Surely I could not. But now let the D.v.l have its due. Does not Tom Moore say

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from lips we love,
We are but to make love to the lips we are near.

I am that kind of Butterfly who will repeat it after him not merely in lines. And such occasions are not wanting; for be it known that "this earth of ours, this earth of ours" abounds with rosy lips; and no matter where I find them I am sure to make love "to the lips I am near". And then my heart expands, my eye beams with delight, my mouth is open to praise, and I am soon made a loving creature again, and such a one as would breath the sighs for ever. So it was with me in Lincolnshire now, where I lately was, where — as is the lot of young mortality — I met with young Damsels — and plenty of them — all beaming with beauty and therefore acceptable. Here another of Moore's poetry occurred to me.

The bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.

. . . . . .

But fill the cup where'er, boy,

Our choice may fall, our choice may fall
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! So drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
While some – oh! ne'er believe them –
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way
But fill the cup. &c

My attentions and time, while in the country, were shared among the Ladies & Gentlemen of Lincolnshire: – the latter all farmers – a jovial and hearty race. We were dancing or otherwise amusing ourselves all nights and days; and we were joined in the dance by the gravest personages, of late scarcely ever seen to dance, as for instance – an elderly clergyman, well instructed and pleasing, – and an excellent farmer seventy years old; – all sons and fathers, all daughters and mothers dancing with me – and merry making till midnight. No wonder that, when I returned to town, my head was giddy for three weeks – till Business put a check upon the buoyancy of my spirits. – Damn the business!

Will it be news for you? I think, it will - tho it has appeared in the papers, probably it may have escaped your notice - that Dr Lardner's son has got an appointment under Government as a Clerk in the Commissariat Department; and is already gone to the Cape - the place of his destination. He is a youth, seventeen years old; and owes his appointment entirely to the exertions of his father. So he is more lucky than his father, who has had a cause of dissatisfaction with the Whigs, last year (if you recollect). The Whigs are not so bad this year; and the Doctor is preparing himself to give them his mighty support. The newspapers will teem soon with the advertizements; watch, therefore, the Monthly Chronicle among them. - The Doctor is now at Liverpool - making some experiments on the Railways and lecturing as usual. -

I shall have occasion to send you some few drawings: one representing the procession of the Queen, and another, the Ball at Guildhall, given for the benefit of the Poles, who tho' men of talents and well bred up are pining for the want of language & thousand other obstacles operating upon a foreigner in this country. They are splendidly executed.

Remember me kindly to all our friends, - to Mr Rudge, to Dr White, to Mr Turner & to all

and believe me
yours sincerely
Leonard Niedzwiecki

Wm Hutton Esq.
Heaviside
Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Will it be known for you? I think it will - for it has appeared in the papers, probably it may have reached your mother - the Dr. informed me that he put an opinion upon paper, which I saw, in the Commissioners department, and is already gone to the Office - the Judge of his district on the 1st of August, however you will have seen his opinion yesterday in the morning of his letter. It has not been duly then his letter with the 2 cases of Diphtheria with the Judge of Probate. The Judge has sent to the town, as the Doctor is expected home this day or to-morrow, when he may judge of the necessity of sending them home. It is not in the boundaries of the town, though the Township adjoining is. The Doctor is most in Lincoln - making some enquiries about the Diphtheria in Lincoln, & visiting some families. I think have been in Lincoln some time. No appearance of the Fever, no another, the first suffer that is now for the 3 weeks of the Fever, and the new cases of Diphtheria are well also up to the week of Thursday were 4 children in the town of Lincoln, where for some time in the town. Yours sincerely

Mrs. Lawrence

Andrew Hill
Newark, Ont.

3 Mulford place, Bryanston Square, London
17th December 1837. Sunday

My dear William,

I read your letter with infinite pleasure; your french is fluent and intelligible; and as it appears the hand was not sparing. For such wonderful achievements on your part you deserve high eulogies at my hands; and I give them to you with the full consent of my heart. You are now in full feathers as to french; let your flight be as frequent as you can command - and by the constant exercise of your powers you shall soon discover the straightest direction and shall acquire the necessary strength and agility: so I was delighted with your French.

As to regards Miss Nicholson, whose case is very ably and explicitly stated in your letter, I beg to say that the most prudent step she can take as a lady - by the courtesy of the English vocabulary - still young, - is to marry. Let her take my advice, and marry in spite of the conspiracy whose counsels she regards very properly with suspicion - proceeding as they do from the interested parties themselves. What is her case? Does she not know that the state of the blessed matrimony is pronounced by the Church to be a holy thing? Surely she does. Does she not know that it is never too late to commit a good action? Surely she does. Does she not know that the first impediment on our way to Happiness is Envy? Surely she does, as every body knows.

Does she not know that a husband – oh! mighty name! is a valuable piece of gold to obtain which the ladies strive all their life – and no miner digs more earnestly in the pits of coal for that delightful article – and no merchant thirsts more eagerly for gold – than the ladies fish for their husbands all their lives? Surely she does. Does she not know that the bible teaches us when it pleased the almighty to bless the holy matrimonial state of Abraham? Oh! surely she knows this and knows many other things. And who is arrayed against her? The young ladies? they are the interested parties. The married couples? They envy – they would enjoy only themselves – as we can easily understand. Then with these facts before her – with that knowledge in her heart – is it surprising – is it unintelligible that Miss Nicholson could have begotten a wish to marry! No, surely not. The only question to consider is: Who takes her? Here is "the rub!"

Tell your papa that I have seen here last Monday a cattle show this year – those real descendants and representatives of their famous forefathers whom the sagacious and inspired Noah preserved collected & preserved and the English people chiefly adopted and took most worthy care of, for which they are now famous.

The most ~~an~~ wonderful beast was an ox, two years and seven ~~years~~ months old, big like an elephant, and looked quite a gentleman among the other beasts. —

The chief business of Parliament this week was to provide for the Queen - a dear little creature - not taller nor prettier than my sweet petit oiseau; and would you believe that Parliament tells that the Queen of the dimensions as specified is capable of swallowing per year 190000 lbs of butcher's meat, and of drinking with it 15000 bottles of wine; and eating besides some 20000 loaves of bread. If that be true, if she gets a husband as voracious as herself; then done for the Earl of Spencer's biggest cattle! then find a carriage for them both! find a charger for her. What will "mon petit oiseau" say to that? Could she accomplish so much? Is it not a parliamentary libel on the Queen? ponder & tell me of it.

As you took a ream of letter paper with you, and you have I dare say a greater quantity of it still, tell your dear Mama that she can have it if she wishes; but if she prefers to wait I still hope to have some opportunity of sending it to her.

"The Love-Chase" has already been played for the 60th time at the Haymarket Theatre; when it attained its 50th stage there was some glee among the actors, ~~and~~ their dresses & decorations ~~got~~ renovated. Does not Miss Nicholson wish to see

36 Nutford place, Bryanston Square

[illegible]

I shall be going tomorrow to Paris; and I would [illegible] to give the publisher the information required. — I must beg of you therefore 1st to tell me of the possibility of [illegible]

[illegible] thing. — At all events [illegible] expect an answer from [illegible] in which I [illegible]

given to English [illegible] with this [illegible] that the Publisher has applied here, and so I know [illegible] was never intended to do justice to the [illegible] I have no hesitation in applying to you the moment [illegible] request was made. —

Yours truly

[illegible]

Mr Finden [illegible]

the play or have the book. – I committed a mistake in one of my letters by stating that the Haymarket Theatre is to remain open till July; it should be till January.

Soon I shall have more time, and then I shall address 'mon petit oiseau' whom by the bye embrace for me and affix a mighty kiss on her blue eye. – Remember me, at the same time, most kindly & charmingly – and with good grace and in the best manner – a Mademoiselle Mariane, who I am glad to learn shoots in French so adroitly and so beautifully. – Shake heartily the hand of your brother, make my most respectful and dutiful compliments to your loving parents – and receive the assurance of my sincere friendship – and enjoy yourself

ever yours
Leonard Niedzwiecki

If you write to me before Saturday, enclose your letter under cover to "Philip Henry Howard, Esqre, M.P. 61. New Bond Street, London" who kindly promised to receive all letters to sent to me.

Mons. Guillaume Field
Ulceby Grange
Barrow
Lincolnshire

My dearest,

I have no time now to write fully, since we wonder at it ourselves. But as you are anxious to know what it is, I will tell you briefly. My dear, my residence combined with my friends and relations conspired to keep my movements & motives from you. Fortunately my friends and relations succeeded in doing it. Yet I feel sure you will excuse your letters more equally than my correspondence with all my correspondents, for your letters, since I have received the second one, have been so thoroughly kind, tender & loving. Yet I have no complaint to make, for I know you will not have any right to be angry with me. Yet I must say I have no complaint to make, for I know you will not be angry with me. Yet I must say I have no complaint to make, for I know you will not be angry with me. Yet I must say I have no complaint to make, for I know you will not

William Hutton, Esq.
Newcastle-on-Tyne

7 Clements Inn, London
9th July 1838. Monday.

My dear Sir,

I have no time now to "shipp" to you a "well conditioned and in good order" letter, but I shall take the earliest opportunity of doing so — Meanwhile I embrace you most heartily and wish you all the pleasant thoughts and assistance for doing "the hostess" to the most splendid assembly the modern world ever beheld — in a place where genius, industry and beauty have a simultaneous growth. Dr L is a knowing bird, he has chosen a nest which Envy would make her own. Do you guess?

Mr Brandling called ~~here~~ at ~~the~~ our office at the beginning of last month; and prepares himself together with all his family to be magnitized by Dr L — whose articles on animal magnetism you must I dare say have read in the monthly Chronicle.

Compliments to Mr Biddle, Dr White &c &c

ever sincerely yours, Lionel Riedzwieck.

My dear Hutton,

Hang me! if the "directions for the Office," emanating from Leadner and dated from Low Gosforth, are not in the hand-writing of one of the Misses Brandling! – Yes, it come to that that a Miss Brandling thought it compatible with her rank and propriety to become His Steaming Majesty's amanuensis? – Is it possible that an intercourse has existed between them of a nature to allow any of them to be subject to magnetic influence? – If so, then the devil is abroad and his mischief sure to come.

How could it come to pass that my Reverend Doctor played such an insignificant part at this year's meeting of the British Association? How could it come to pass that he straggled so long behind after it was over? How came it to pass that he forsook his dearest interests in London for the mere pleasure of staying a few moments longer at Low Gosforth? – These and similar queries crowd upon me as I think of it; and the more I think of it the more I am freightened.

In 1836 he used to call one Miss Brandling

Mr. President, I say sir, it is "an act for the relief" of something from nothing and add from [illegible] or not is it has nothing of one of the Divine Creation. Sir, it seems to me that a Divine Creation should be entirely able with his own and depending to become his learning, liberty & consciousness? Is it possible that an intermediate period between state of a nature to other and of them to the judge of impertinence? Why, then the fault is where and the evil lies to work. How can it seem to look that such a Senate Order should and [illegible] at this point meeting of the Divine Creation? How could it come to pass that [illegible] being called when it was not? How came it to pass that the Divine intercede in behalf of the very [illegible] of [illegible] a [illegible] for passing over [illegible] of [illegible]? Sir, I do not think of it the more I feel [illegible]

Sir, I do not wish to call on the [illegible]

"Well" – Sam – in what capacity did he show it to you, the photo in 1838 – he was never Prime Minister, he placed the Imperial Crown on your head, got to the gallows? –

Now tell him you that the Gentleman of Sam's, as said in this interview, by my life and reference, I then cite it, Prime Minister Lord Melbourne, another to Sir Robert in Parliament but by Mr Gladstone, the nation of course a strong Liberal reader) "Mrs Burnett, Edward, say the King Minister "let you have received our instructions to say further the next day with" Did it at your rev's letter already were taken that it was instructions.

Now with regards immediately the Prince commanded Lord Melbourne, to which Lord Melbourne at the letter) "the Sam Gladstone at a Grand-mark a many and kind Lord's and Sir Robert – answer. Then made beautiful and strongly Lord's a Medal of Melbourne, Parliament of the two other is going to the King Minister, he left in a Lord's but made impossible answer. I say made impossible for it is the Lord's I can't say of it. Sir Sam, would that Sir Robert into a Lord

"child" – Query – in what capacity did he chuse to play the father in 1838 – he who never paused to pluck the forbidden fruit whenever he could get to the garden?s –

Now to shew you that the battlements of Fear, erected in this instance by me, are not defenceless I shall cite to you some passages from a letter written to Dr Lardner in January last by Miss Brandling (to which of course as Secretary I had access) "We are much pleased" says the fair Writer "that you have accepted our invitation to Low Gosforth for next August." This is as you see a letter already more than that of invitation.

Now who are the inmates of that place denominated Low Gosforth, to which (using the words of the letter) "the Lion disguised as a Lamb – with a mane and tail &c" was invited to Come? – answer. Three most beautiful and lively young ladies, a sketch of whom, particularly of the two elder, is given by the fair writer herself in a graphic but most unguarded manner. I say most unguarded, for it is the least I can say of it. For verily, verily, that Letter like a Lake

of pure water, reflects two images with minuteness of detail, and what is more it shews the deflection of the minds which linger in ~~two~~ those two stainless bodies – two female creations – whom the eye is enchanted to behold. – With fine abstract perceptions of Virtue what ocean of moral deformity blended! But here is the citation. I should be glad if you could prove to me that there is no discrepancy between what I would call the practical and abstract, by practical I mean the conclusions to which loose reasoning must lead in practical life. Listen then and fancy a fair reasoner expounding the doctrines of morality to a learned Doctor, – in this strain: I subscribe to all your sentiments respecting charity and toleration more particularly to our less fortunate fellow creatures – but it seems to me that the principle of charity to be of any ~~use~~ avail should be universal – and I quarrel with Mr Bulwer because all his toleration is for open vice, and all his censure and satire for the too strict appearance of virtue. Now I am rather of La Rochefoucault's opinion 'Le l'Hypocrisie est l'hommage involontaire à la Vertu' – and tho' I hate Cant and affectation of all sorts yet I am always

sorry when even the appearance of Virtue is brought into disrepute – which it must be by the satire of so powerful a writer as Mr Bulwer. All right, Miss Brandling! what has the truism of La Rochefoucault, which is nothing more than a truism, to do with Bulwer's endeavours to deprive the wicked of the mask of Virtue under which they hide their devil-faces? Rochefoucault says that such is the Power of Virtue that Hypocrites endeavour to wear ~~[illegible]~~ its apparel – and by so doing they recognize its superiority. Bulwer, according to Miss Brandling, brings into disrepute the appearance of Virtue – may be he falls foul of the Hypocrites – Miss Brandling is in quarrel with him for that. Is she? But she proceeds "I assure you that my opinions are not influenced by your friend's politics, for this simple reason that I am not capable of judging of them further than this, that from a certain tone of fastidiousness which pervades his writings I imagine that he has as little love & reverence for the great unwashed as Lord Durham or Grey, or any other very decided aristocrat in the Land. – I assure you I stand alone in this country in my opinion

of the immoral tendency of his works, for every elderly spinster and young married lady sleeps with Bulwer under her pillow, and Ernest Maltravers placed him on the climax of favor with these sensitive dames each of whom fancies herself if not an Alice at least a Madame de Ventadour, and that like the latter she may run heedlessly along a flowery path to the brink of a precipice, whence she may indulge her gaze without giddiness and step back with the firm eye and unshaken gait of a Heroine, supported by that most efficient proof mere "love of Virtue". Poor ladies! I fear Madame de Ventadour has a heavy responsibility." – So far well; but now, mark it, she is at sea – and it brings me to my point. "I was amused a few days ago" continues our moral teacher, "when Fanny and I were discussing the inefficiency of this abstract Love of Virtue as proved by the History of all nations and ages – when she ended by saying 'after all in poor mortal eyes this Virtue is no such very beautiful thing.' I laughed heartily for Fanny is such a living contradiction to her own opinion – tho' indeed she is right that virtue is not beautiful enough to keep mortal eyes always fixed upon it without some

of the immoral tendency of the world, for every school
institution and young person has to deal with Darkness
under the guidance and Sweet Influence of Jesus
they are the children of Jesus with the Christian
name and of course their duty it not to be Christ's
at least as Christians. Christianity, we that life of
Christ is the only constitutional and effectual
method of the Christian religion, where we must
simply for good and bad fellow men and the cause
with the Jesus life and instilling part of a Christian
life. If that must ~~[illegible]~~ first more "the
of Christ." Our Christ. After Christians be
Christians that is important. "If the
world, but from Christ's life is at stake, and it
being we from Christ's hand commission of Jesus
Christ, "continue and Christ teaches," which
from and Christ's Christianity the chief aspect
of the matter Christ of Christ is Jesus of the
Christ of Christianity and open, where the world
of Christ, rather all in Jesus manifestation the
Christ is no Christ and Christ's Christ, Christ
Christ of Christ is Christ a Christ Christian
of the Christ's Christian. The Christ is Christ
that Christ is not Christ's Christ of Christ
Christ life Christ Christ Jesus is Christ Christ

stronger motive" - Now here is Confession of two angel-like ladies - to whom their Virtue seems to be a burthen - and particularly of a lady who says that ~~the~~ Hypocrisy adorns itself with the charms of Virtue in order to pass for Virtue - a lady who vouchsafes a defence of the appearance of Virtue - but ~~who~~ who in her own Confessions throws it overboard as too ~~tight~~ ~~[illegible]~~ tight a frock to the free movements of her charming body. Here is an inlet to her Virtue, which shews besides that it can be easily undermined. And that confession made to whom? Oh horror! horror! Was her Ange-Guardian present while she was penning this! and what must he have felt. -

The next passage describes the beauty of that really beautiful Fanny. "When Fanny was reading your letter in which you compare morals to Physic in the hands of injudicious moralists - she said 'my opinion is that morals are truly like physic which if children will not take it must be thrust down their throats, for if you will not take physic you must die, ~~and if you are not moral you must die~~, and if you are not moral you must go to perdition' - how I laughed at this

energetic and most decided sentiment from that mild and Guidolike face, which owes much of its beauty to its being the reflection of her mind." I subscribe to every word of the last sentence.

After its perusal consign the letter to the flames.

Thus far have I written to you when your most friendly and exceedingly kind letter reached me. – Dr. Lardner assured me most strongly that you are sincerely bent upon doing me some real service; nor could I mistake your friendly disposition on perusing your letter. I have no words to thank you sufficiently.

The work at Dr Lardner's has so much enfeebled my chest, that I have at last reluctantly resolved to vacate my situation in his office. – But as it would not suit me to be without some sort of employment – I am not enabled at present to avail myself of your delightful offer. The fact is, before I obey your friendly call I should like to put my mind at ease as to my future state and occupation.

But still before Lardner goes down to Newcastle to lecture I hope to be with you – ~~Remember me~~

Remember me most kindly to Mr Biddle, Dr. White, Mr Adams – and

Believe me
ever sincerely Yours
Leonard Niedzwiecki.

London
7 Lincolns Inn
28th September 1838 – Friday

Wm Hutton, Esq
Newcastle on Tyne

7 Clements Inn, London.
30th November 1838
Friday

My Dear ~~Mr Hutton~~ Sir

I am all in haste. Look! I find that some letters were addressed to me to Newcastle and forwarded to that place, under the impression that I was there.

Dr Lardner lost one of his pupils by an accident on the Great Western Railway — an accident which plunged a most estimable family into the deepest mourning. The father of the deceased young man, with whom I have the pleasure to be acquainted and at whose house I spent a few very happy days, — not finding me in London, sent his letters to Newcastle where Dr Lardner thought I was. It would grieve me much to lose those letters — will you do me an act of kindness and search for them at the post office — and the moment they are found to forward them in a letter to me, under cover to "the Hono.ble W. T. Fox Strangways, Foreign Office, London."

Believe me
ever sincerely yours
Leonard Niedzwiecki

Mr. H Hutton Esq
Newcastle.

I am writing by this post to [illegible] of
wine at Newcastle to make a remark on the
letters which you were kind to address to me and
[illegible] to Newcastle. I am very anxious
to recover [illegible]

[illegible]

7 Clements Inn, London,
28th October 1839. Monday

My dear Sir,

There are two things I am mostly glad of at present, viz. the penny postage, which is about to come, – and the railway from London to Newcastle, which is about to be constructed. The first will dispense us with writing long letters by allowing us to multiply their number; and the second will supersede the necessity of writing at all by facilitating personal intercourse. Meanwhile I am sorry to say that I cannot avail myself of either of them; for even if I could, taking into account the length of time I have not written to you, the immensity of distance my letter will have to traverse I must submit to the necessity of writing you a long letter. But wait a little – not so – for I write only to bid you adieu as I am leaving England – I will not say, for ever – but who knows?

O! Newcastle upon Tyne, thou envy and glory of England! where is the soil richer than thine? mines more abundant in gold-giving coals? friends, truer? beauties, more beautiful? eyes more fascinating than Fanny's?

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife –
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Do what you like – Fanny is always present when I think of Newcastle. Since my visits to it, I have seen many places, I have been and to Paris and to Brussells and back again to England; and nowhere another Fanny could be found except "her own charming self." So you see, I have searched the world right through, only to return to my original propositions about Fanny, and exclaim "d— fine" as Buckstone has it in the "Irish Ton" – which I advise you to see performed.

Dr. Lardner on his return from the sitting of the British Association at Newcastle, – curious to say! – told me speaking

7 Clement's Inn, Strand,
28th October 1894 Monday

My dear Sir

Now on the thing I am most glad of at present was it from Pater, which is about to come – and the reading from Gordon to Newcastle, which is about to be written. The first will depend on my getting his letter to allowing me to multiply this number; and the second will depend the readily finding at all by forbidding personal interviews. Meanwhile I am sorry to say that I cannot avail myself of either of them for now if I could taking into account the length of time I have not written to you, the immensity of distance my letter will have to travel, I must submit to the necessity of sending you a long letter. But wait a little – not to – I will only to big you rather as I am leaving England – I will not say for ever – but who knows?

Q. Newcastle when you are and play of Shepherd! who is the girl in the blue skirt? would more abundant in pale giving cash? friend Dawson? beautiful more beautiful? you are fascinating the Penny?

Bring to be in mode on atmosphere of life
Or and his tones fighter from his eye
Why now is left – so beautiful, so rich
With all the one single of the skin
That from a Night on the gem a reflect
So pure now for the purest human skin
The mysterious pathway made you feel
It would not be disloyal to the real.

Q. make yes life – Penny is always present when thinks of Men only. Since my visit to it I have seen many places I have been and to Paris and to Newcastle and then again to England, and another another Penny could I found or not? for me an obtaining left. Or yes or I have seen also the world life the thought only of return to my original perplexities about Penny and a clean "I – him" or Brookfield has it in the "Pink Gown" – who is Penny part the pathway.

Q. Forbear on his return from the painting of the Spinning Wheel at Newcastle – Penny to be – to be an expression

of Newcastle." What "young Gerald" - you know that one of his
[illegible] (for is Gerald's expression "a — fine" or in the [illegible]
inquired after you." — Fancy he was so [illegible] at the time of
the Bristol [illegible] when Bob Plays the [illegible] (of course [illegible])
[illegible] me. I cannot [illegible] remember the [illegible]
[illegible] of any public [illegible] [illegible] with this [illegible]
[illegible] of you [illegible] to be killed [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] of a Gitanos — and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] another [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of Newcastle "Miss Fanny Brandling - you know that one of fine flesh (here is Lardner's expression "d — fine" as in the Irish Lion) inquired after you." — Since she was so charitable at the time of the British association when Dr L. played the Lion (of course Irish) as to remember me, I cannot do better than remember her the rest of the sitting of any public or private association so I will - till I find another such pair of eyes as hers to be killed at once - for hers are killing me now at a distance - and I have no hesitation to say that our sinful mother Eve could not have finer when she led Adam into temptation. I always suspected Lardner of Adamship that is, honest, inevitable, partiality to Women, but he is only a common MacAdamizer, that is — guess.

Don't scold me for these vagaries - at this moment I have nothing to do and am sorry that I have no one to laugh with

Before I tell you the purport of my letter I must entertain you with a story. Leigh Hunt would call it a real romance.

Did you ever hear of such a Prince as Prince Radziwill? He was a Duke of Northumberland of ours. His dominions of old were so vast that he knew not where was their end nor where the beginning - because wherever he went, he found it was his. And he lived a truly princely life. He combined the attributes of a Devonshire with those of a Waterford; but besides he was an excellent Nimrod and with all that an exemplary Christian who never omitted to perform a single christian duty which may have been devolving on him. — But there is the finger of the God over sometimes the immoderate actions of such men. With all his mighty power on Earth, he was doomed to behold an only daughter as the only representative of his most illustrious house. That daughter of his got married to M. Matachoski during the lifetime of her father. The prince offered up fervent prayers in order to obtain at least for his child a male successor to his immense estate and name. "Men" said he to his servants "he who will be the first amongst ye to let me know of the birth of a male child from my daughter, his is a horse all caparisoned."

Reward is a mighty instrument. The child no sooner drew its breath than one of the servants who watched its birth with undescribable anxiety, rushed into the apartment of the Prince and exclaimed "Mylord - Your Grace's heir is born" - "The horses to the carriage" said hastily the Prince, and on they went on the road to the mansion of M. Malachaski. The first movement of the Prince on his arrival, was to go to gratify his eyes with the sight of his long wished-for heir. But he met with sad disappointment, it was a daughter ~~&c.~~ Mortified at seeing this, he cast his fiery looks on the servant who brought him thither and who stood by his side. "Look here" said the prince, and throwing the legs of the child asunder ~~wide~~, and pointing to the place of their attachment which boasted ~~not~~ visibly of no masculine ~~dye~~ exclaimed "Where is that - that ought to have been here, Sir." - The servant a little confused, but not discountenanced, said resolutely "It will be there, my Lord, when the fifteen years are are over." - "The horse is thine" said the Prince.

Now, to business - You might have seen the advertisements of a History of Poland by M. Gnoroski - who is a friend of mine. It costs 10/6, is written beautifully and deserves the patronage of your society at least so far as regards purchasing some few copies for the library of your society and recommending it to others.

Once I recommended to you an Atlas of Poland. Really you have so very few books on Poland that you should unhesitatingly waive any ~~objection~~ scruples you may have as to prices.

You may recommend even the above History of Poland to Mr Brandling if you see him and then remember me most kindly to him. If the Ladies happens to have any thing to be got for them in Paris, I am at their disposal and shall be most happy to execute their commands. My address in Paris will be 25. r. fbg. du Roule. Prince Czartoryski, the illustrious head of the scattered family of the Poles, is ~~living~~ living there also.

Miss Brandling the eldest, who in my opinion shares nobly the palm of ~~the~~ beauty with her sister Fanny, said once that the tendency of Sir Lytton Bulwer's writing was immoral and that that opinion of hers was contrary to the opinion generally received in the North. - Now let me tell you she is not only borne out in her opinion, founded as it is on Bulwer's writings, but by the very acts of his immoral ~~life~~ life; and she has

thanks to be aided at the in town people of England. – Lady Bulmer, who
as you know had so much wit as she suffer herself if not more is assume
this be and pretty – it appeared from her look and her place is occupied by
a thousand others – why shouldst thou know it? why it prevent of
monthly should be in regards of his own passage as to such is nothing
he rather did publicly in order at the theatre before the age of the Duke
of Wellington of one of his charms? You can you expect no less
in his assistance when he has never in his doings and turn of
Duke? – the suffered particular Duchess coming out of the theatre
looked her arms and had the all charming children to that Lady
Bulmer's carriage" the only present children people who were
present were wedded her through right and on that Lady Bulmer
"there is no lady here" and further that the
could not find in any of the carriage. It should be so – and
he would should be contrary against the wishing of this
Sir Bulmer against – leaving it in the hands of the author
and humbled with broad hint – "the immoral tendency
of his work."

If Mr Bulmer had not offended his brother and
I do not wish to be remembered by the family since this
and complainment and assume have of any more
we are actually so kind to him. So I think and that
the complainment – and so it appears for most time
and attention and assume – you must know that we
have a have we only were been to that you the right is only
So also the having people and all some of
the
and information. Believe me
sincerely yours
Charles Dickens.

If you write to me or Mr Forster that it letter not this
we left on Sundays for next week Coming to town – to
our letter addressed to me are not under cover to Mr
Mr Forster Tavistock Square London with every
of esteem. – Mr Dickens when leave of this and such
favours other to me. – If you may write to me Tavistock Square
N. Hatton Garden
Newark. Nov. 24th

therefore on her side all the virtuous people of England. – Lady Bulwer, who as you know has as much wit as Sir Lytton himself if not more, is accomplished and pretty, – is separated from her Lord, and her place is occupied by a Miss Dickens – Why the people should know it? why the preacher of morality should be so regardless of his own precepts as to exhibit recklessly the reckless girl publicly, in a box at the theatre, before the gaze of the Public, at the representation of one of his dramas? How can you expect morality in his writings, when he has none in his doings, and scorns the Public? – The inflated prostitute Dickens on going out of the theatre raised her voice and had the all daring boldness to shout "Lady Bulwer's carriage" The indignant virtuous people who were present, surrounded her immediately and on their side exclaimed "there is no Lady Bulwer here" and pushed her so hard that she could not find her way to the carriage. – It should be so, – and the world should be cautioned against the writings of Sir Lytton Bulwer, against – (saying it in the words of the excellent and beautiful Miss Brandling) – "the immoral tendency of his works."

If Mr Buddle has not forgotten his little friend, if he will ever remember him, so pray give him my compliments and assure him of my most sincere attachment to him. To D White my best compliments – and as to yourself my most tender and affectionate embracings – you were so kind to me that I have no adequate terms to thank you sufficiently. Make the Railroad quick and I'll come to you –

and meanwhile Believe me

evensincerely yours

Leonard Niedzwiecki.

If you write to me on the return of post, the letter will find me yet in London – for next week I am going to Paris – for long.

Any letters addressed to me and put under cover to Hon. W. Fox Strangways, Foreign Office, London, will reach me free of expense. – At 7 Clements Inn I leave a friend who will forward letters to me. – Or you may write to me through Dr Lardner

W. Hutton Esq.
Newcastle upon Tyne