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Wroughton Rectory,

February 27. 1850.

My dear Sir,

Your letter with its inclosure,
being addressed "Wroughton or Clevedon"
the letter, apparently, not in your hands,
wherefore I send it you) was, with the charac-
teristic wisdom of the Bristol officials, sent
to the last address first; consequently, tho
dated Feb^r 23, it did not reach me till this
day. I am much obliged to you & M^{rs}
Hall for the treat you have afforded me in
the perusal of the pilgrimage to Barley
Wood, one of the most artistic pieces I ever
read - it is really seeing & hearing for

on self - had I been of your company on that memorable Twelfth Day, I could not have had a more lively memory of the event than I seem to possess in reading Mrs. Hall's description - the observations, too, are so just, natural, & pertinent, that I have never seen my favourite heroine so worthily commemorated. My task has, accordingly, been easy - I have corrected one or two of the titles of Hannah More's works - I have ventured to suggest that more of them are immortals than those which Mrs. Hall has specified - I have referred to the immorality as well as ignorance of the poor people whom ^{H.M.} she undertook to instruct - a circumstance which does most honour to her heroism - & as Mrs. Hall has done me the honour to quote my biography, & occasionally

to allude to it, I have ventured to suggest a reference to the title of it. The words, "the reformer of education, the interpreter of morals, the expositor of piety" stand in my book as one continuous sentence, & therefore should be quoted accordingly. I do not know whether you possess my book - but I will see if I have not by me some of the engravings, which may be of use. I have one exception to take to yours - that they represent summer & winter at once. The acacia on the lawn at Barley Wood, seen against the summer foliage, appears scathed with lightning - It is moreover in the wrong place. The tree beyond it more nearly represents the true position. The west winds blow hard in this valley - but even the hurricane of last Tuesday fortnight did not cause such a commotion in Wroughton Churchyard as Mr. Tucker's trees & tombstone exhibit. The old yew tree, which may very possibly have braved a thousand years the breeze, tho' not the battle, stands as erect as the noble tower itself. The other tree is a willow. If you wish for the elaborate epitaph in the church, & have not my biography, in which it is given, I will transcribe it - but the simple notice in the churchyard is far more to my mind. Any

particulars about Cowslip Green you might like to have I could also supply.

"Will Bristol ever erect a monument, &c.?"

No. - Bristol knows what to do with its money, while there is turtle at the Montague. Bristol, "the second city in the empire," gives Southey a bust. The little village of Keswick erects him ~~at~~ full length in pure Carrara.

We know more of Nature than of Art in this secluded valley - consequently I do not enjoy the sight of the Art Journal, & of many other agreeable matters, pictorial & literary. I do not know therefore, whether it falls within your plan to review illustrated works - but if it does, I will send for your criticism a book of ballads which I have lately edited - no competitor of yours, however - the ballads are original, & by writers of the day. But the two books might afford matter for a very pleasant article on ballad poetry - or, if yours has been reviewed, mine could stand separately.

I find our friends of Naish House are returned. A friend of mine mentions having seen them. I am sorry I have not the pleasure of seeing you this last summer, but hope it has only been deferred to the next.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with grateful compl^{ts} to
Mrs. Hall,

Feb. 28. /

I have parted with all my views of Barley Wood. - I send a few poetical sketches - to use on appropriate occasions, in any way you please. - If you print any thing, I should feel obliged by a proof.

Yours very truly,

Henry Thompson