

that these pictures will strike many who ought to be shocked by them. What giants they all are! all the images in the group of which Landor stands foremost, Southey & Parn, no less, after their own kind, than he. One thing is sure to strike everyone, but most of all those who know most of your subject, and its expanding difficulties. And that is the amazing skill & power with which it is treated. The significance & interests given to the slightest incidents, the clear, decisive, impartial, yet always friendly and appreciative justice with which the most important incidents are described and examined, the completeness and distinctness with which that singularly complex character of Landor is evolved out of them all, and made both manifest and intelligible in its totality - totus tuus atque.

over manuscript

O my dear, dear Forster! Partings are Death's rehearsals. And most of all, for those whose life, like mine, is passed in Exile, and whose meetings with friends the nearest and dearest are few and far between. I leave you with a heavy heart. Love and gratitude do not lighten the burden of anxiety. I should be left afflicted by my inability to know when we shall meet again, if I know that all the hopes and joys which my life owes to yours were in the keeping of better health. Of neither you nor your dear wife can I think without the most anxious impatience for a bulletin from Wales. Edith was in tears all the way from Palace Gate to Watford, and Monday night was indeed a sad one for us both. I feel that I have parted for a time which is uncertain & may be long, from all that is dearest to me in England: and the knowledge of how unexpressible dear to me you are - so often my highest joy, is now my greatest pain. I hope much from your holiday in Wales, for both of you. But I would to Heaven that the holiday could be longer, and had been left needed! - Our parting was hurried, and so full of sad & strange emotions, that could not tell you then, say half of the many things I wished to say to you about

the Biography of Landor: which is  
one of the most curiously interesting,  
and certainly has been to me one of  
the most fascinating books I ever  
read.. fascinating, yet not altogether  
without a certain pain in the fascination  
so strong are both the curiosity and,  
in a certain sense the disappointment,  
the reverential admiration, and  
the regretful irritation, which  
rapidly alternate - in my mind  
at least - from the contemplation  
of the strange, and always startling  
image (with a <sup>which</sup> insight and  
precision unexampled, I think,  
in the delineation of character) <sup>very happy</sup>  
a nature bitanically paradoxical.  
All the time I was reading the  
book (and Edith will tell you  
that from the time we reached  
Spore Hill I could not lay the  
book down till I had finished  
it... much to her nocturnal  
discontent) I was incessantly  
jumping up, and striding about  
in a state - now of admiration -  
now of irritation - always of  
wonder & surprise, at some  
new Landorism. And that  
altho' I ~~to~~ have had known

Landor, and was not altogether  
unprepared to find in that magical  
Labyrinth of a mind, some of the  
brzen bulls, dragon's teeth, boundless  
prospects, temples, gods, and grotesque  
melodies, which your book  
reveals. As a mere psychological  
study the book is unique and  
deeply interesting. I anticipate  
that this peculiar interest of it  
will be powerfully felt by  
every reader. And perhaps it is  
in this sense that it may interest  
the largest number of readers.  
I cannot tell. But if in this  
unlettered literary age of  
effeminate there be (which I doubt)  
any large number of literary  
men, who take a pride in English  
letters, and are studious of what  
the English language has achieved,  
to them, beyond all doubt the  
book ~~will~~ will have a value  
of the highest kind, as well as  
a yet wider interest, from its  
vivid pictures of a time which  
our own should blush to remember  
- and, perhaps, ~~for~~ that reason,  
is trying to forget. I am inclined  
to think, and I devoutly hope,

contend. all this is indeed masterly,  
and I think that not even in your  
great Biography of Elton, nor in any  
of the other books in which you have  
revealed a power, unequalled by any  
living historian, of revivifying the  
dead, and possessing yourself a moment  
of the life that was on them, & the  
secret of their times, have the subtlety  
& finish qualities of biographical  
art been more felicitous in the effect.  
The whole picture of the time passed  
at Lanthony - the ~~tragi-comic~~ <sup>comic</sup> ~~tragi-comic~~ <sup>tragic</sup> ~~tragi-comic~~ <sup>tragic</sup>  
far more tragic than comic epic  
of that war with the Welsh,  
its disasters culminating with  
in the Belkams, - that stupendous  
letter to the Chancellor - and all  
the subsequent correspondence  
from Italy - are deeply ~~and~~  
powerfully interesting, and  
full of strange & curious  
suggestion. I doubt not that  
you will do wonders with  
the imaginary conversations -  
Modern literature affords no  
richer field for the highest  
exercise of criticism. And it will

a n event in the history of  
literature in every way remarkable,—  
A critical survey by the greatest  
living man of letters in England  
of the masterpiece of the greatest  
man of letters in the generation  
which, alas, has passed from us.

I cannot but think, when  
I recall to mind the width &  
breadth of that field, that your  
greatest difficulty will be  
to compress its magnitude & your  
own within the prescribed limits.

But no one is more master than  
yourself of the art of *multum  
in parvo*. I presume that  
the second vol will deal  
rather with the literary than  
with the domestic life of  
Walter Landor. . . I foresee  
how very difficult much  
of it must be. By the way  
have you any record of  
Landor's intercourse with  
Paulus? He told me himself

that when they met the only Campaign they entered in was  
Latin. Had an immense deal more to say about the biography - but not here. The  
writing of ten intermpted; he has clipped away almost three years writing Mrs. Two sheets  
of notes paper, and the rest was applied to.