

I think too there are a few old poems in Louisa  
 - tell by uncertain authors - I don't think  
 took really out of perspective because the  
 they were out of the very house - but I  
 must talk it over you & I - If you hear  
 of a garden chair to sell let us know - Don't  
 buy it only take its description - I don't  
 like him & I don't care - then there is  
 much to be done of course political writing  
 - Did you ever hear of a pamphlet called  
 Anticipation by Tickell? or expository  
 make believe debate embracing Burke  
 & Macaulay & Co - We must find  
 that - then there is perhaps the large  
 adventure in the Alps de Monvois  
 that - from which Scott took the opening  
 of Anne of Geierstein & which is worth  
 your - I know that the Shelley would  
 like me to take that, but it is not per-  
 -mitted by them - We shall find or  
 great many things or we go on - but  
 - I have certain bits of my own writing  
 - God bless you dear friend - Thank you  
 for all your kindness & all your  
 - by authority or other - Heaven bless  
 you - ever affectionately yours  
 W. C. Kennatt

Thank you about the  
 newspaper  
 I will be glad to hear that K. & other 30  
 or rather 34 boxes of great paper is to be  
 had with a fine gilt - I myself am much  
 when I write to you piece - my left hand  
 tightly bound to my side & no power to  
 lower arms - to that the slightest  
 of posture is obtained by lifting - I  
 fear that this will last for some weeks  
 but that eventually he expect believe  
 that I shall return to my former state - the  
 in which you saw me last - the forbidding  
 seeing people - I file today I have not  
 been a word but Lady Westfield - I  
 to be sure the two led to the  
 their father George would come up - I  
 am very fond of those young men - I  
 do hope that in a little while when  
 K. is quite about we shall have  
 or two happy evenings together - at  
 present Mr. May quite forbids  
 - that - I have written to Mr. May  
 telling him what has befallen me  
 but that when I get better we will  
 talk about another series - I do  
 think had better not while we  
 to talk it over - I was  
 12/21/15  
 W. C. Kennatt

Mrs. Westfield  
 Dec 27 - 52

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that you would have seen John G. P. ...  
 besides the high authority of his  
 father are the reverence & friendship  
 friends in the world - It is a most  
 notable admiration to have recognized  
 - I have found two other ballads of Louise  
 Deloigne that were thought to be  
 in your & her hands - she never seems  
 to have grasped their value - for they  
 are dispersed here & there, & the one  
 with the line that L'Autopode de France  
 at the end of every stanza she has  
 found left - I shall have a few  
 chosen articles of French history  
 from Andre Theriault down wood -  
 the biographies will have a great  
 interest - & one article on the  
 Emperor or on another giving of  
 Louis that story is like a fairy  
 tale - Every body will come round to  
 him with your name, & I shall like  
 to have been the first to have done  
 him justice - Still we shall  
 talk over this - Louise Deloigne  
 & her ballads are quite new

& find them very thing I read in  
 modern literature - sometimes always  
 ready & sure like the execution in some  
 double than any thing else with good  
 of faults to find over these besides Woodstock  
 it is going to him - no but Victor Hugo that  
 he was good a dozen years ago - I shall  
 do Taylor & Hodson or rather I should  
 them - & may try in French - a very little  
 bit of French who is thin - & certainly the  
 good bias on the other - these are great  
 things by one dear friend! & some of Edgar  
 Poe - then dear Mr. Westcott his chosen  
 bits which are so clear to bright so  
 persuasive in the other & to perfect in  
 diction - every word the right word & always  
 in the right place - I have had a chance  
 letter from that dear friend - I had  
 had a work chewing to eat from  
 Jones Wynn - not on my accident of  
 which he knew nothing - but on French  
 year's day - What I shall be writing  
 is a garden chain (not a math chain)  
 short & on springs for some to draw  
 me about, & to sit under trees &  
 read & write when the thing comes

