

The Rev<sup>d</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Johnson Fox  
afterwards M.P for Oldham

Leamington 29 June 1841

My dear Friend

The date of your letter surprised & its  
commencement alarmed me - Yours has so often appeared to me  
a happy lot that I should not have felt it strange, although  
very painful, to have heard that it was dashed with unexpected  
sorrow - Mr P's <sup>complete</sup> recovery may I hope from the conclusion of  
your letter be speedily anticipated & long may a kind Providence  
grant that sweet enjoyment to both, which so few ~~enjoy~~ <sup>possess</sup> so few  
deserve as you do - Your spirit is full of intelligence & this  
excepted, all of a phrasing nature - the quaint characteristics  
of your lovely Carlings (they must be painted), your sweet  
intercourse with the dear, dear Ottobers, Dr T's advancing  
prosperity and two or three interesting incidentals - all were  
read with avidity and <sup>all</sup> made impressions where no pen can reach  
them while I am exempt from Saurbald's fate - I restrain  
the feelings excited by your kind communications to occupy my  
paper on other subjects not altogether I hope uninteresting  
to you.

My complaints of the want of agreeable society are  
at an end - Invitations from families (in Portsmouth chiefly) distinguished  
by refinement and literature are much more numerous than  
it is consistent or even practicable for me to attend to -

my opinions and sufferings (then an not strong) an reward. Alas  
I have encountered a storm of opposition and calumny - mental affliction  
& its attendant horrid indisposition almost plunged me into despondency  
when on a sudden I found myself surrounded with friends and  
overwhelmed with applauses - then friends will not rival older  
ones - but there is one who if I read aright her character papers  
claims only inferior to thine - Mrs Dorset is the daughter of  
Mr Smith of Chichester, a celebrated landscape painter, distinguished  
also as the author of a volume of pastorals which was favorably  
received & had been lately reprinted - she inherits the family  
talent her paintings are exquisite - her poetry I have not  
seen, but sure I am that she is capable of rivaling her  
Father's muse - she may not be beautiful but she is elegant &  
very pretty - perhaps she is not witty, but she has an abundance  
of vivacity - her taste & skill in music are said to be very  
superior - her stock of information is extensive - and then  
she has a heart - with all her love of ridicule & talent for  
caricature her sensibility are such as may soon be changed to  
tears - O what a task am I to attempt drawing characters  
based you would think this but a sorry dunt if you knew the  
original - I have found an acquaintance with the Rev  
Russell Scott of Portsmouth - he was a fellow student with  
Dr Winter of therefore, I infer, with Mr Newton, the tones of  
his voice in Conversation strikingly resemble those of Mr N  
which are, you know, rather peculiar. I never noticed in any case  
so remarkable a similarity - yet I am not afraid of him

nor in the least embarrassed when with him - he appears to be a  
man of sound judgment & extensive classical & critical knowledge.

- This is Farnham Fair day & the noise disturbs me.  
What a motley group are before my window - pardon the  
heterodoxy of it, but I love a Fair day - I see so many  
happy faces - that a cheap felicity - why should bigotry envy  
the poor a little annual festivity - they do a long, long  
penance for it - I do not envy them their cakes and shews  
but I can scarcely forbear envying the cheerful bustle of  
their countenances - 'tis delicious to behold it - they pass  
by a and every new happy face adds to my store, as  
my out - Ours this involuntary vigour - it  
would feel, as I do, the luxury of a fair day, read contri-  
-vivial divinity all the week.

During the present dearth  
of talent in a certain apparently you could not but  
be struck with Crattan's eloquent speech on the (Aesthetic  
claims - 'twas a speech that needed no foil - luminous,  
energetic, pointed, what was it not? - It seemed to belong  
to the earlier days of eloquence - the days of impassioned  
Oratory, not those of mere debating -

Fanshull - last wishes  
for Mr P's perfect restoration to health & exertion -  
love to the family circle - Yrs truly  
W. G. P.

**FUNERAL OF THE LATE W. J. FOX, ESQ.**

The mortal remains of this highly-gifted gentleman were yesterday consigned to their last resting-place, in the Brompton Cemetery. The funeral was exceedingly plain and unostentatious. On the arrival of the body, with the carriages containing only the relations and most intimate friends of the deceased, at the gate of the cemetery, the procession was formed, being joined by a large number of the friends, colleagues, and admirers of the deceased gentleman, as well as a number of ladies and gentlemen, members of the old congregation, who, worshipping at South-place Chapel, under his pastorate, were desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to his memory. Amongst them were F. Fox, Esq., C. Fox, Esq., R. Cobden, Esq., M.P., F. A. Taylor, Esq., M.P.,—Hibbert, Esq., M.P., A. W. Paulton, Esq., W. Lovett, Esq., Samuel Courtland, Esq., W. T. Malleon, Esq., J. Watson, Esq., W. Shaen, Esq., R. Moore, Esq., C. D. Collet, Esq., M. Pollard, Esq., G. J. Holyoake, Esq., the Rev. M. D. Conway, &c. &c.

The coffin was a plain black one, having a black plate, bearing the name and age (78 years) of the deceased. The coffin having been lowered into the grave, a most impressive address was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Malleon, of Brighton, who dwelt for some time upon the career of Mr. Fox in a manner which forcibly recalled that gentleman to the memory of his hearers; concluding an eloquent address, during which the speaker himself, as well as those around him, were moved to tears, by reading two hymns of Mr. Fox's own composing, and which are in the collection of hymns known as Mr. Fox's collection—sung at South-place—the last of which runs as follows:—

"Not for false and fleeting joys—  
Pleasure, that while tasted cloy;  
Not for self-inflicted pain—  
Born to purchase Heavenly gain,  
Did God make man."

We may mention that a few years ago Mr. Thos. Earle, sculptor, of Vincent-street, Ovington-square, Brompton, whose admirable bust of her Majesty in the Royal Academy has attracted a good deal of attention, modelled a bust of Mr. Fox from life. The study was a thoroughly successful one—all the striking characteristics of the noble, thoughtful face being most truthfully preserved. The model still remains in Mr. Earle's studio, some copies having been made from it at the time of its execution. It will now possess a strong interest for the manifold friends and admirers of the eminent politician.

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Mrs Pattison  
Mr Blood's  
Paisley  
Esq

See a very fair  
article on  
"The late W. J. Fox"  
in "The Spectator"  
No 1876. Saty 11. June  
1864  
pages 675-677.

Fareham  
29 June 1864.  
The Rev Wm Johnston Fox  
towards M.F. for Aldham

THE EVENING STAR, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1864.