

8
To George Beadnell

Dear Sir

Thursday morning

New Year's Day 1846

Dear Sir

I apprehend you will find
no difference whatever, in getting
good places of Miss Kelly No 73
Dean Street Soho. The tickets (it
is for her benefit, or I should have
been delighted to send you some such
against a each. I would recommend
you would take for as many as
you want, in the course of today

DICKENS (CHARLES)

FIVE AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SIGNED to George Beadnell
(father of Maria Beadnell).

10 pages. 8vo. Doughty Street, Devonshire
Terrace, and Gad's Hill Place. 1839-1859.

Condoling on the death of George Beadnell's son in 1839, and ten years later, on the death of Mrs. Beadnell; concerning the Dramatic Performance given for the benefit of Miss Kelly; referring to the translation rights of all his books which he had given to a large publishing house in Paris, etc.

" It is nothing that death is inevitable, but it is something that it has been without pain, how much more that it has been resigned and tranquil, that the object of our love and regret has passed away in peace, leaving nothing behind but pleasant thoughts of his worth and excellence, and his timely reliance upon that merciful Being who did not desert him in his hour of need. In the plain and honest tribute to his memory which his old companions pay, there is, I am sure, more lasting comfort for you, than they (who are not fathers) can conceive; and sharp as the pain must be of losing a child, and that child so well deserving of your love and affection, even his high deserts will, I feel assured, reconcile you only the sooner to his untimely fate." &c.

"I apprehend you will find no difficulty whatever, in getting good places of Miss Kelly, No 73 Dean Street Soho. The tickets (it is for her benefit, or I should have been delighted to send you some) are a guinea each." &c.

" Believe me that I feel the sympathy of an old friend, with you in your affliction, and that the memory of many old kindnesses, bestowed upon me when I was a mere boy, rises before me vividly, in connexion with your melancholy tidings. I hardly dare to say to you, whose grief is of a sacred kind, how much I felt your letter, and how many affecting and regretfull

thoughts it awakened within me." &c.

"Coming home from reading in the country, I find your note. The enclosure in it not addressed to me, allow me to return.

I have conveyed to a large publishing house in Paris, the right of translating all my books; it is therefore quite out of my power to afford any facilities to Mdlle. Blanche. I hope Miss Lloyd will kindly undertake to explain why I cannot help the young lady.

. . . . I am heartily well, and never any the worse for being busy." &c.