

(Charles Heavysege to Charles Lanman.)

Montreal, Feb. 11, 1861.

Dear Sir,—Although so long deferred, allow me to perform a duty as well as a pleasure by expressing my sincere thanks to you for your able and judicious notice of me and mine in the *New York Evening Post*. I cannot imagine your selections to have been better made, for the limited space at your command (a remark which has also been made by others). I fear that in the States these are scarcely times to pay attention to literary performances, but your kind notice cannot but have effected its purpose; indeed, immediately upon its appearance, I received a communication from one of its readers.

Once more, then, permit me to thank you, and also to hope that the political tempest in which, I suppose, you at present live, move, and have your being, may not to your ears entirely drown this breath of acknowledgment, so that it pass by you as the idle wind that you regard not. With respects to yourself and Mrs. Lanman, and hoping to be continued amongst your correspondents, believe me,

Your truly,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

(Charles Heavysege to Charles Lanman.)

Montreal, L.C., Oct. 2, 1865.

My Dear Sir,—If it is pleasant to make new friends, it is still more agreeable to find that we yet retain the old ones.

Such a pleasure you have just afforded me in offering to follow up in the "Round Table" the article in the *Atlantic*, entitled "The Author of 'Saul'." To that end I have great pleasure in presenting you with a copy of "Jephthah's Daughter" and of the "Shakespeare Ode." Of course, the idea of remitting me the money for these is a jest. I must, indeed, ask your pardon for having neglected to send you a copy of them at the time of their publication.

You ask me to tell you all about myself. Believe me, sir, there is no one to whom I would sooner do so. Yet what I could with propriety communicate might not, at present, so much interest the public. What they would wish to learn is something about my works, and of course your aim would be to make them acquainted with them, according as you think these labours deserve.

The few facts of a biographical nature given in the *Atlantic* are generally correct, and I still remember the writer¹ calling upon me one morning for a few minutes as he states. You will not have quite forgotten my accidental interview with yourself at the house of Mr. Stephens. What I have throughout my life had most to regret has been, and now is, a want of leisure to devote to practical pursuits. You will know that to be the reporter and local editor of a daily newspaper² does not permit of the seizing of those inspired moods, which come we know not how, and leave us we know not wherefore. I have been for the last five years engaged in the daily press of this city, with

¹ Bayard Taylor.² He was then on the *Montreal Witness*.