

Pray send them to him if ready with due speed.

He can have no hesitation until they come, and then I hope will have none.

Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

(Bayard Taylor to Charles Heavysege.)

139 East 8th St., New York, 14th Jan., 1865.

*My Dear Mr. Heavysege*,—I think "Jephthah's Daughter" in an artistic point of view, an advance on "Saul." It is solemn, sustained, pathetic—up to the level of the subject—and the few faults I should find with it, are simply mechanical,—as, for instance, the frequent ending of a line in "and," which always mars the effect of heroic blank verse, both to the eye and ear. You are a true poet, but the way to acknowledged success, even for such, lies through *drudgery*. Examine "Gray," "Collins," "Goldsmith," in our day "Tennyson," and you will find what can be done with the polishing tools, after the poem is shaped in the mind.

My object, however, is not to preach, but to ask a favour. I have spoken to Mr. Fields, of the "Atlantic Monthly," and obtained his acceptance (in advance) of a paper upon you and your works. He asks that the article shall be personal as well as critical, containing some account of yourself and your history.

Now, I should be very glad if you would furnish me with whatever biographical data you are willing that I should mention.

I also am sure that a little sketch of your life would give interest to the article, and call more attention to your poems.

I write in great haste to-day, and propose a further correspondence shortly.

Very truly yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Bayard Taylor to Charles Heavysege.)

139 E. 8th St., New York, 6th Feb., 1865.

*My Dear Sir*,—I am greatly obliged to you for your prompt compliance with my request, and also for the package of "Saul" and "Count Filippo." The latter, I believe, you sent to me when it was first published, but I never received it. I still think that "Jephthah's Daughter" is the most balanced and complete of your poems in an artistic sense. "Count Filippo" has fine passages, but is less truly dramatic than "Saul." I am too hurried to-day to go into a review of it, and, indeed, I am so much accustomed to *talk* with my friends about their works, that I have lost the facility of writing. I wish you could manage to come here for a fortnight, say in March. I would take great pleasure in making you acquainted with our authors and artists, and I think such acquaintance would be an advantage in every way. It is not good for an author to be alone. For my part, half of my working energy depends upon contact and conflict with other minds.

I shall soon go to work and prepare the article for the "Atlantic," but you must not expect to see it before June, as the numbers are made up so