

the exception of one brief interval when I returned to my original calling. It was during that short interval that "Jephthah's Daughter" was written. The Ode was composed to be delivered on the occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration, in Montreal. It was undertaken at the request of a few gentlemen, the principal one of whom was, by the by, an American resident here. What the *Atlantic* says is true. Longfellow, Emerson and Americans here and at home have been the earliest and fullest to confess that they saw something of promise and even of performance, in your present correspondent; and I fancy it will be on your side of the line that I shall first obtain (if ever I do obtain it) a decided recognition, as being one amongst those who in the present day have written something which gives them a slight title to the name of poet. Canada has not a large cultivated class, and what of such there is amongst us not only misdoubts its own judgment, but has generally no literary faith in sons of the soil, native or adopted. I often think that if fortune had guided my steps towards the States, say Boston, when I left England, the literary course of my life would have been influenced for the better. But it is too late to regret. If you should prove instrumental in some degree in introducing me to the American public during the reading season that is now about to commence, I shall be glad. I should likewise feel obliged if you would refrain from making allusion to any narrowness of circumstances, either of myself or parents. Of course you know that I have been, and am now, one of what is called the working class, a circumstance of which I am rather proud than otherwise; but my father was the heir to a patrimony which, from a romantic idea of justice, he, on coming of age, sold, and divided the proceeds amongst his relatives, and so reduced himself from the condition of a yeoman to that of one dependent upon the labour of his own hands. My maternal grandfather, too, wasted a small fortune in the indulgence of a too gay and hospitable disposition, which eventually brought him to end his days in an inferior position.

Forgive me for giving you this, perhaps superfluous, caution, but for so doing I have family reasons which you can readily understand. For the rest, you can make what use you please of these latter items of information, if you think they will confer any interest or grace on your promised notice. This will be the second time you have kindly striven to serve me, and if you would send me a copy of the "Round Table" containing what you shall think fit to write, it will give me another occasion of acknowledging my obligation to you. With best respects to Mrs. Lanman, believe me,

Respectfully,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

(Henry W. Longfellow to J. Henry Hunt.)

Cambridge, April 18th, 1860.

*My Dear Sir,*—Immediately on receiving your letter I went to see Mr. Dickson, the only publisher I know well in Boston as the best one for poetry.

He was not prepared to say very decidedly "Yes" or "No" to Mr. Heavysege's new volume, Mr. Fields, his partner, being absent and it being within his department to decide in such cases.

Mr. Fields is in Europe, but is expected early in the summer. This may be too long to wait.