

## THE MILLER CORRESPONDENCE.

Who the Reverend George Miller, from whom the correspondence we are about to publish takes its name, may be, is a question which we for the present decline answering. It must be left to the sagacity of those ingenious persons, who amuse themselves or the public in the attempt to discover the author of *Junius's Letters*. We feel ourselves just now only at liberty to say that the Rev. George Miller is a lineal descendant of the great Joe Miller, whose now time-honoured tomb is to be found in the burying-ground of St. Clement's Danes, close in the neighbourhood of Tom Wood's hotel.

Waving, however, further inquiry into the history of Mr. George Miller, we are about to introduce to public notice the results of his valuable labours. Smitten with a desire of collecting the autographs of the illustrious personages, in the author-line, existing in his time, he bent all the energies of his capacious mind to that important object. It was said long ago, that no more compendious way of procuring such curiosities could be imagined than discounting the bills of literary men, because you might in that case be perfectly certain of retaining their autographs, accompanied by notes. This, however, is somewhat too expensive, as the friends of literary gentlemen are well aware; and the Rev. George Miller (who, by the way, is not the Irish doctor of that name) felt it much easier to have recourse to a bland and agreeable artifice whereby to extort the desiderated signatures. Under shapes as various as those of "old Proteus from the sea," he warily approached his distinguished correspondents, and suited his bait according to the swallow of the illustrious gudgeon for which he angled. To some he wrote for the character of an imaginary footman; in another case, an apocryphal amanuensis, or an ideal servant-maid. With some his correspondence was literary, with others philosophical; a tinge of politics coloured some, a touch of benevolent curiosity distinguished others. From all he received answers; and they have been forwarded to us by a kindness of a nature so distinct and peculiar, that we do not think it possible for us to describe it in terms at all adequate to the sublimity of its feeling. [N.B. We borrowed this last clause from a speech of Patrick Robertson.]

We have about five hundred of the letters lying before us; but as they in their total bulk would fill the Magazine, we are compelled to make a selection. It is highly possible that we shall continue the series. In the mean time, we present our readers with the letters of

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|--|--|
| Bayly, Thomas Haynes                     | Hunt, Henry  |
| Bulwer, Edwards Lytton, M.P.             | Irving, Washington                                     |
| Bury, Lady Charlotte                     | Landon, Letitia Elizabeth, L.E.L.                      |
| Carlile, Richard                         | Lockhart, John Gibson, LL.B.                           |
| 5. Coleridge, Samuel Taylor              | 20. Maginn, William, LL.D.                             |
| Croker, Right Hon. John Wilson,<br>LL.D. | Martineau, Harriet                                     |
| Croker, Thomas Crofton, A.S.S.           | Mitford, Mary Russell                                  |
| Croly, Rev. George, LL.D.                | Moore, Thomas  |
| Cunningham, Allan                        | Norton, Hon. Caroline                                  |
| 10. Edgeworth, Maria                     | 25. Porter, Anna Maria                                 |
| Eldon, Right Hon. the Earl of            | Proctor, Bryan William, <i>alias</i><br>Barry Cornwall |
| Hallam, Henry                            | Rogers, Samuel   |
| Hogg, James                              | Shee, Sir Martin Archer, P.R.A.                        |
| Holmes, William, W. I.                   | Scott, Sir Walter, Bart.                               |
| 15. Hook, Theodore Edward                | 30. Wilson, Professor John.                            |

A tolerably extensive list — from Lord Eldon to Henry Hunt, from Sir Walter Scott to Lytton Bulwer, from Coleridge to Carlile. We publish them as they come to hand, with scarcely any attempt at classification; and the first that, as it were instinctively, clings to our fingers is that of L. E. L.

### I. — MISS LONDON.

The document of the fair L. E. L. — on this occasion really the *Improvvisatrice* — is as follows :

22, Hans Place.

MISS L. E. LONDON'S compliments to Mr. Miller, and thinks there must be some mistake in the note she received, as she knows nothing of the young person he mentioned.

But there is another Miss Landon in Sloane Street, and to her Miss L. E. Landon has enclosed the notes.

*Saturday*.—Miss Landon only returned home this morning.

### II. — HENRY HUNT.

Compare this with the vulgarian twaddle of the old Blacking-man. *By the name!* — *in-door servant!* — and, O ye gods! *yours respectfully!* He did not know but Miller might have a vote for Preston.

SIR,

36, Stamford Street,  
Jan. 15, 183—.

In reply to your favour by twopenny-post, I beg to observe that I have no recollection of any person by the name of Thomas Stevens ever having lived with me in any capacity; but I am quite sure no such person has ever lived with me as in-door servant.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

H. HUNT.

### III. — THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Haynes Bayly has a pair of notes. By the first, we learn that his benevolent desire of communicating the required information kept him a day in town, which, perhaps, might not have been convenient.

SIR,

I have just received your note dated the 22d, in which you seem to allude to a former application to me respecting the character of some man. Your former note I never received, nor can I bear of any note at the Athenæum.

I beg you will therefore let me know the particulars; and as I leave town in the middle of the day to-morrow (Tuesday), I hope you will contrive to let me hear from you before twelve o'clock.

Your obedient servant,

Athenæum Club, Monday.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

By the second, we learn that Mr. Bayly has had a relay of footmen. Eheu!

MR. HAYNES BAYLY presents his compliments to Mrs. Miller, regrets he can give her no information respecting James Deacon. He has had occasion to change footmen but once, and can therefore state, without the possibility of mistake, that no person of that name ever lived with him.

Athenæum, Tuesday.

## IV.—GEORGE CROLY.

Dr. Crolly judiciously recollects the apparent identity of his name with Crawley. There is something capital and characteristic in the slapdash manner in which he exonerates himself from the trouble of attempting to decipher the address of his correspondent.

SIR,

Monday, January.

No servant of the name of Thomas Deacon has lived with me. But there may have been some mistake in the name, and there is a Mr. *Crawley* who lives in the neighbourhood, in Guilford Street, who may be the person in question. I have not been quite able to ascertain your address, but have set down the name of your street at hazard.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE CROLY.

## V.—MISS PORTER.

Miss Porter is gentle and considerate. The letter she answers is designated as "polite;" to her unknown correspondent she professes herself "obliged;" she "loses no time in replying;" and, with the most Christian charity, suggests the probability of a mistake, for the sake of the young woman herself. How strange is all this squeamish conscientiousness for the grand humbugger of the Seagrave narrative! Such is human inconsistency.

SIR,

Essex, January 23d.

I lose no time in replying to your polite letter inquiring the character of a young woman, who calls herself Amelia Rogers, and describes herself as having once lived with me as a lady's-maid.

I must suppose that she has made some strange mistake, as I never had a servant of that name in any capacity; therefore am led to imagine, that one of the Miss Porters who live at Twickenham is the person she may have served. I trust, for the young woman's sake, that she has made such a mistake, and that she has not designedly represented herself falsely.

It would have given me pleasure, could I have replied satisfactorily to your inquiry as to the truth of her statement.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours obliged,

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

## VI.—MISS MITFORD.

*Our Village* comes out of the scrape very well. The reference to "my father" is perfectly in keeping.

SIR,

Three-Mile Cross,

Monday.

I have no recollection whatever of any person of the name of Amelia Riley having lived with us as lady's-maid; my father also says that he can remember no such name, and it is unlikely that a person filling such a situation should have been entirely forgotten in the family. I cannot but suspect some mistake in the affair, and should recommend a reference to the lady with whom the young woman in question lived last.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

M. R. MITFORD.

## VII.—MISS MARTINEAU.

The only "anonymous name," as an Irish M.P. once phrased it, in the whole collection is that of Miss Martineau's amanuensis. She will

not write, and her scribe cannot venture beyond G. M. What is the "preventive check" in this solitary case? Are the folks ashamed of their names? That Miss Martineau never visited the Continent is evident enough to those who have read any of her stories about the French.

SIR,

I am directed by Miss Harriet Martineau to inform you that there is some mistake on the subject of Berthier's representation, as she never had the pleasure of visiting the Continent.

(For Miss H. Martineau,)

I am, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

17, Fludger Street, October 5.

G. M.

#### VIII.—MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

Shee writes as he paints—very tame indeed.

SIR,

Cavendish Square,

Monday, January 24, 183—.

If I had received any former letter from you, I should certainly not have left it unnoticed. I have no recollection of a person of the name of Thomas Eldridge having ever lived in my service, and I should suppose there must be some mistake in his statement.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

#### IX.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There is a hardness and solidity about Allan Cunningham's style that reminds us of his original vocation. It is pleasant to find Scotia unadorned breaking out so beautifully as in the last sentence. The "wrong directed" [it would have been better if it had been *wrang*] and the "*seeking* to impose," are redolent of Caledonia stern and wild. It is pastoral, too, to find the date Monday *morning*.

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM's compliments to Mr. George Miller, and assures him that he never received any other letter than the enclosed from him, and that he is not aware of having applied to any person on the subject alluded to—certainly not to Mr. Miller.

Either the enclosed note has been wrong directed, or some one is seeking to impose on Mr. M. in Mr. C.'s name.

27, Lower Belgrave Place,  
Monday Morning.

#### X.—EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Dr. Johnson being asked, how it happened, that the smallest note he wrote or dictated was always correct, and even elegant in the turn of its phraseology, replied, "I made it my rule, early in life, always to do my best when I had my pen in my fingers." It appears to us, that the "*Sinius Maximus*" of English literature has not adopted the salutary rule of the "Ursa Major;" at all events, a more boobyish, spoonish specimen of slipslop was never submitted to the sagacious eye of Miller than the following.

SIR,

Richmond, Tuesday Morning.

I am extremely sorry that you should have experienced any delay in receiving an answer to your inquiries. Your note dated the 22d, and just received, is the only one I have received.

I have not the smallest recollection of the name of William Jeffreys—I am quite convinced that no servant of that name ever lived with me two years, or a period of any length whatsoever, even if I should be mistaken in my present persuasion that no servant of that name ever entered my service. I therefore conclude that the man has made some mistake. He may very probably have lived with my brother, Mr. Henry Bulwer, whose address is 38, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
E. LYTON BULWER.

#### XI.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

It is particularly edifying to find that Lady Charlotte Bury is very sorry, in letter the first, that any lady's-maid's character should be dubious.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, in reply to Mr. George Miller's application respecting Sarah Deacon, can only say that such a person has *never* lived in her service, in ANY capacity—certainly not in that of lady's-maid. But as Lady Charlotte Bury would be sorry to hurt any body's character, she hopes Mr. Miller has been exact in the name.

3, Park Square, Regent's Park,  
January 21, 183—.

In round the second—for Miller would never allow such a combatant to get off with one—this charming lady's aristocratical refusal to enter further into the subject is equally delightful.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY presents her compliments to Mrs. Miller, and can only repeat that she has no recollection of any body of the name of Sarah Deacon having ever lived in her family; but if the woman persists in saying so, she had better call at the Rev. E. Bury's, 3, Park Square, where the truth of what she alleges about the change of name will easily be proved. *Further than this Lady Charlotte Bury cannot enter upon the subject.*

Monday, Jan. 23, 183—.  
3, Park Square, Regent's Park.

#### XII.—THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Sweet Caroline Norton! The future antiquary, when the time comes that even you will be antiquity—when to you will be applied the song sung with such gusto by your glorious and Gillrayed grand-papa—

“ Though her lightness and brightness  
Do shine with such splendour,  
That nought but the stars  
Are thought fit to attend her;  
Though now she is fragrant,  
And soft to the sense,  
She'll be damnably mouldy  
A hundred years hence;”

—in that unhappy time it will be known, that in January 1831 you had commenced housekeeping but for three years, and that your then actual establishment (or as you call it, your *present* establishment) had not undergone alteration for twelve months or more.

Let us remark here, once for all, that the ladies of this correspondence are most curious to see the persons—“ the young persons”—about whom the inquiries are made. Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Norton, Lady C. Bury, Miss Porter, all express their anxiety for the personal appearance of the women who are described as their former attendants.

The gentlemen exhibit no such fancy for seeing their discarded footmen.

Oh, Gossip! Gossip! what a god thou art among the goddesses of the earth!

SIR,

2, Story's Gate, Westminster,  
19th January, 1831.

In answer to your note of to-day, I beg to inform you that no person of the name of *Amelia Deacon* ever lived with me as lady's-maid; nor, to my recollection, in any other *capacity*. It is at any rate impossible she could have lived with me two years, as it is but *three* since I commenced housekeeping, and my present establishment has undergone no alteration for the last twelve months, or more.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CAROLINE NORTON.

We are indignant with Miller for having troubled "the superb lump of flesh," as Sidney Smith calls her, with a second application; but so it was, and here is the result.

MADAM,

Brighton, 58, Old Steyne,  
25 January.

Your letter of the 22d has been forwarded to me here, and I hasten to reply, as I fear some person is endeavouring to impose on you.

I am *quite sure* no person of the name of *Amelia Deacon*, or *Dickinson*, ever lived in my service. If, however, the young woman persists in her assertion, let her come and claim her character *from me*, at my house, where I hope to be on Saturday. To this she *can* have no objection.

I propose this merely to assure you, that I should be happy to take any trouble that might assist you; but I am *quite certain*, that unless the woman in question offers herself under a feigned name, she has never lived in my house.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

CAROLINE NORTON.

### XIII.—RICHARD CARLILE.

What a creature is here! Miller should not have written to Carlile. The wretched impertinence of the ignorance is quite characteristic of the hound. He says the word *soul* has no type in existing things. And where is the type, in what he would call existing things, of the words he uses—"can," "have," "no," "to," "on," "the," "of," "such," "a," "subject," "for," "as?" But it is wasting words to talk to an ass.

SIR,

Giltspur Street Compter,  
January 16, 183—.

I can have no objection to peruse your "Manuscript on the Transubstantiation of the Soul;" but I can say at once, that you must not look to me to make a speculation with such a subject; for as the word *soul* has no meaning, no type in existing things, I have to learn how any thing sensible can be said upon such a word.

Respectfully,

RICHARD CARLILE.

P.S.—If sent, let it be to Fleet Street.

### XIV.—BRYAN WILLIAM PROCTOR.

Gentle Barry Cornwall!

Monday Morning, 25, Bedford Square.

MR. PROCTOR has this morning received a letter from Mr. Miller (referring to a former letter), in which there appears to be some mistake. Mr. Proctor has

never received any former letter from Mr. Miller, nor does he know to whom or what Mr. Miller's letter relates.

Mr. P. thinks it probable that it may have been meant for another person of his name; and if he can learn that there is such a person in Bedford Square, he will forward the letter to him. If, however, Mr. Proctor *should* be the person meant (which he does not think likely), he will answer Mr. Miller's letter immediately, if Mr. Miller will explain the object of it by another communication.

#### XV.—THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

What a fairy note! The Hibernianism is complete. Crofty puts no mark of time to his communication, and then says that he has not been in Ireland for a year from that date.

SIR,

I have no knowledge of Murphy Delaney, about whom you inquire; nor have I been in Ireland for more than a year from the present date.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Admiralty.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

#### XVI.—JOHN WILSON CROKER.

Next to Crofty Croker, the most important man of that name, the *spes altera*, so to speak, of the illustrious house of Lineham, (see Burke's *Gentry of Great Britain*), is, we have no hesitation in saying, the late Secretary of the Admiralty. We believe he was one of the Commissioners (along with Scott, Mackintosh, Lockhart, and Hallam) on the *Stuart Papers*; but this was an old story.

September 24, 183—.

MR. CROKER begs leave to acquaint Mr. Baker that he has no recollection whatsoever of Mr. James Morrison, nor does he remember ever to have employed an amanuensis. Mr. Morrison may have been employed in transcribing the *Stuart Papers*; but it has escaped Mr. Croker's memory.

#### XVII.—THOMAS MOORE.

Tom Moore is in the benignant vein; he cannot stand in the way even of an impostor—a class of persons for whom his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman* betray a great sympathy.

SIR,

Sloperton, January 25, 183—.

I regret extremely that there should have occurred two days' delay in my answer, but I unluckily happened to be away from home when your letter arrived. It is painful to stand in the way of any one—I was going to say, even an impostor—obtaining a livelihood, but truth compels me to add that I know nothing whatever of Murphy Delaney; nor, indeed, was ever acquainted with any one of that name, except a clerk of my father's (John Delaney), when I was quite a child. Lamenting, I assure you, very sincerely, that benevolence like yours should be thus imposed upon (if the man be, as appears but too probable, an impostor),

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient, &c. &c.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### XVIII.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

The Quarterly Reviewer is brief. One phenomenon is evident from his note, viz. that, like his late amiable co-laborateur, Lord Dudley, he talks to himself; else, how could a name he never had heard in his

life, now for the first time presented to him on paper, "sound new to his ear?"

SIR,

There must be some mistake, certainly — no such person as William Roberts was ever in my service for any considerable space of time, for the name sounds altogether new to my ear.

Your obedient servant,

24, Sussex Place, Jan. 24.

J. G. LOCKHART.

#### XIX.—WILLIAM HOLMES.

Strange coincidence. The "name sounds to the ear" of William Holmes also—but, as might be expected, not strangely. What name *can* be strange to the great nomenclator of the house? We are rejoiced to see our old friend in as good company as ever. The letter to Miller is franked by Sir C. M. Sutton, and the answer is directed to be sent under cover to the Duke. This is as it should be. We like, too, the aversion of Holmes to contributing to the post-office—economy is the life of the half-pays; and the cautious and formal manner in which he prefixes the style of "His Grace" to the Duke of Wellington, proves that official habits have not left him with office. It is pleasant to perceive that the old whipper-in concludes his signature with a flourish exactly like a thong-whip.

SIR,

Dover, Oct. 7, 183—.

I have received your letter inquiring about Robert Jukes. Though the name sounds on my ear as a person I have known, still I cannot bring it to my recollection when or where. If Robert Jukes will write to me, he probably will be enabled to draw my attention to the particular period which he alludes to. Tell him to direct, *under cover*, to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Walmer Castle, near Deal, where I shall be next week.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM HOLMES.

#### XX.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

The vice of punning appears even to infect the note style of Sam Rogers. Here in three lines we have the jingle of "service," "service," and "servant." The immense antiquity of Sam is finely adumbrated in the indefinite date which he assigns to the possible service of his namesake (we wonder he did not suspect some antediluvian affiliation), the respectable nonentity hight Samuel Wentworth—if ever, it was "long ago." It is quite an "ancestral voice," a sound from the dead.

SIR,

I have no recollection of Samuel Wentworth in my service; but, at all events, it must have been long ago. All my knowledge of his character should otherwise have been much at your service.

Your obedient servant,

St. James's Place, Jan. 21, 183—.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### XXI.—WILLIAM MAGINN.

To our surprise, the gruff Standard-bearing LL.D. comes most milky fashion out of this affair. The Doctor's letter about the imaginary reporter O'Hoolahan is really a good-natured effusion;



we had no notion he would have taken half so much trouble about any such animal, real or fictitious.

SIR,

I never knew a gentleman of the name of O'Hoolahan. A great many Irish persons are connected with the press, and perhaps a man of that name may be among them; he, however, has not fallen in my way. If he says I recommended him to your newspaper, there must be a mistake somewhere.

Excuse this hasty note; I happen to be very busy just now.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

*Standard, Monday.*

WILLIAM MAGINN.

### XXII.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Commend us to Coleridge. The old man eloquent is courteous and philosophical as ever. The unknown person to whom he writes is addressed as "Dear Sir;" and a metaphysical distinction between knowledge and power is shadowed forth at the end of the epistle. Had Miller in person waited on old Coleridge, he would have answered his question in an essay, in which the fundamental principles of footmanship would have been laid down, according to the most recondite doctrines of Platonism, delivered in a flowing speech, terminable only at the announcement of dinner.

DEAR SIR,

*Monday Noon, 24 January, 183—*

The note which has this moment reached me, is the first I have received from you; and unable to form the most distant conjecture respecting either the person in whose behalf you interest yourself, or the object, I suspect that your letter may have been intended for one or other of my nephews—perhaps Mr. John Coleridge, the barrister, No. 2, Pond Court, Temple; or Henry Nelson Coleridge, the chancery barrister, No. 1, Lincoln's Inn Square; or the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton.

Be assured that the application, had it both reached me and fallen within my knowledge or power, would not have been neglected by

Your humble servant,

*Grove, Highgate.*

S. T. COLERIDGE.

### XXIII.—HENRY HALLAM.

What a thoroughly historiographical bit of a production is that which emanated from the same desk with *The Middle Ages!* Good heavens! one would think there was question about the pedigree of the White or Red Rose. And then the conjectural, the remote, semi-sceptical adumbration of a statement touching the affairs of Lord Graves! Well done, Hallam!

SIR,

I incline to think that there must be some mistake with respect to the subject of your note to me, especially as there is another gentleman of my name in the same street. I have had no footman, for seven or eight years, who can be the person whose character you request. At that distance of time, a man of the name of Charles (his surname I do not recollect) lived with me, and went, of course with a character, to the Bishop of Exeter's (now St. Asaph): he lived, I think, afterwards with the late Lord Graves. But I suppose he would hardly refer you to me for a character, after such a lapse of time. If he is the person, I can only say that I had no fault to find with him, that I now remember; but should not know him by sight if he were to enter the room.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

*67, Wimpole Street, Jan. 22.*

HENRY HALLAM.

## XXIV.—JOHN WILSON.

We consider the following as very characteristic of the warm, good-hearted character of Professor Wilson.

SIR,

Gloucester Place, Edinburgh,  
Sunday.

I am ashamed to observe that your letter has been lying by me for so many weeks unanswered. I conjectured the handwriting on the address to be that of a certain scamp that I had long ago determined to hold no correspondence with, and therefore threw the letter aside; but this morning I opened it accidentally. Pray excuse this unintentional neglect.

On recurring to my class-lists for 1828-9, I find that there were five John Smiths that session; but no one of the number distinguished himself in any creditable way whatever. The young gentleman who refers you to me must therefore have made a mistake. I cannot surely have, on any occasion, signified to him my approbation of his intellectual exertions while attending the moral philosophy class here. There was one of them, a John Smith from Manchester, whom I distinctly remember as a disagreeable ruff.

Your faithful servant,

JOHN WILSON.

## XXV.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

Nothing reflects greater credit on Miller than his pertinacious badgering of Maria Edgeworth; but, to be sure, the organ of note-writing was always pretty well developed in that admirable person.

SIR,

1, North Audley Street,  
January 21, 1833.

Your letter addressed to *Mrs. Edgeworth*, inquiring the character of a person of the name of Margaret Riley, came to me this morning. No such person ever lived as lady's-maid with any of the family of Edgeworth, who reside at Edgeworth's Town, in Ireland. For any thing I can tell to the contrary, she may have lived with some other family of the name of Edgeworth; but before this idea is suggested to her, it might be well to ascertain whether she asserts that she lived with the Edgeworths of Edgeworth's Town; by which means you may judge of her truth.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

But the second effusion of our fair friend beats all print. Only to think of any body that had any thing else to do scribbling all this worrying nonsense about *Mrs.*, and *Miss*, and *Margaret*, and *Harriet* (to the curliness of whose hair in those days we can bear unqualified testimony); and then the simple and satisfactory method of solving the whole *vezata questio*, which at last suggests itself to the indefatigable paper-crosser, in paragraph the antepenultimate! Let her come to be inspected! To be sure she would.

MADAM,

1, North Audley Street,  
Monday.

I am the person whom Margaret Riley describes as the "Mrs. Edgeworth the Authoress." But her calling me *Mrs. Edgeworth* leads me to doubt her knowing me; because, though I have been old enough these twenty years past to have assumed the title of *Mrs.*, it has so happened that I have always, in my own family and in society, been called *Miss Edgeworth*—perhaps from the habit of being known best by that appellation as an authoress.

If I recollect rightly, Mr. Miller, in his note to me (which I have sent to my family at Edgeworth's Town, and therefore cannot refer to it), said that this Margaret Riley lived with Mrs. E. in Ireland. That, I am almost CERTAIN, is false; but Mrs. Edgeworth's answer to my letter will decide that matter.

Upon ransacking my memory, I recollect having had, eight years ago, when I was in London, a waiting-maid of the Christian name of Margaret; her surname I cannot remember, but I am certain it was not Kelly, or any Irish name. She was English—was highly recommended to me by Mrs. Marcet (now at Geneva); and this Margaret was an excellent lady's-maid, in every respect—an accomplished dress-maker, I can answer for it, having had occasion to try her powers, as I then went out a great deal, having then two young sisters with me.

Margaret—whatever her name may be—must, if she ever lived with me, recollect these two young ladies; and must also recollect where I lived. I lived in Holles Street: the eldest of the young ladies named Fanny, the youngest Harriett. She could not also fail to recollect that Miss Harriett had curly hair, worn as a crop—a peculiarity in her appearance which none who have seen her could forget; and a still greater peculiarity would probably be remembered by a lady's-maid and dress-maker, that she was, as our Margaret one day said to me, the most indifferent about dress of any young lady she had ever seen,—“Ma'am! Miss Harriett was so good to look at the dress I finished for her, and said it was pretty.” She cannot forget having said this to me, if she be the Margaret who lived with me.

Another circumstance in the words you quote of her makes me doubt it. She says that the Mrs. Edgeworth the authoress was one of the members of the family she lived with. Now I was at the time I speak of in London, keeping house for myself: I was her mistress, gave her all her orders, and paid her her wages; so that she would not *naturally* speak of me as *one* of the members of the family, but as specially her mistress.

When she left me, I gave *our* Margaret an excellent written character, which she deserved, else I should not have given it; for I am particularly exact and conscientious as to the character I give servants, thinking it as wrong to give a false character as it would be to forge a bank-note.

The character I gave Margaret procured her, before I quitted town (in the course of a few days after I parted with her), a good place with Mrs. Knox (the Hon. Mrs. Knox, wife of a son of Lord Northlands, and daughter of the late primate of Ireland, Stuart).

It seems to me odd that this person cannot produce either my written character, or any character from Mrs. Knox, if she be the person who lived with me.

But, to settle the matter at once, she may come, if you wish, to North Audley Street, No. 1, and I will see her, and say whether she is or is not the person who lived with me.

I am now with one of my sisters, who was with me when I was last in London, and she cannot fail to recollect *our* Margaret.

I can give no further information, and hope what I have now said may be satisfactory.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

#### XXVI.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Here is one which we like. “I have resided almost entirely on the continent,” says Geoffry Crayon, “and have had none but *foreign* servants.” The affinity of blood and language speaks out in the word. Since the treaty of 1783, Americans of the United States are as foreign to us as Frenchmen or Spaniards—*technically*, but not *truly*.

James Chinnoek, for any thing Washington Irving could have known, might have been a New Yorker or a Kentucky man. He might have been a white help, or a regular nigger from the land of liberty; as well as a native of the “old country;” but his name was not Jacques or Diego: it was James—Jem. And let the government of the States be what it pleases, that name cannot be *foreign* to the ear of Washington Irving.

SIR,

Edgebaston, Birmingham,  
January 27, 1833.

I have just received your note inquiring respecting a man-servant named James Chinnock; no such person has ever been in my service. In fact, for the last ten years I have resided almost entirely on the continent, until within the last eighteen months, and have had none but foreign servants.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

## XXVII.—JAMES HOGG.

We venture to say that the ensuing reflects honour on the Ettrick Shepherd. We are exactly of his opinion as to *flunkies*—they are all monsters, and most of them thieves too; and *lasses* are much more useful, as well as agreeable animals “about the house.”

SIR,

Altrive, Yarrow,  
January 3, 1833.

The Philip Muir that has written about my giving him a character must be an impostor. I never kept a footman, nor never will. If I could afford fifty servants, they should all be lasses.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES HOGG.

## XXVIII.—WALTER SCOTT.

There is only one autograph among all this batch that betrays the slightest shadow of any thing like annoyance, and that, *mirabile dictu!* is the note addressed to our friend Miller by the best-natured great man of our age, or perhaps of any age—Sir Walter Scott. But the date explains all. Alas, alas! the good Sir Walter had had at least one visitation of the mortal malady before he was honoured with the correspondence of Mr. Miller.

We are rather surprised, by the by, that Sir Walter should have said no person of the name of Campbell was ever servant to him. What, we should like to be told, was old Elshie Campbell, *alias* “Alexander Campbell, *Esquire*,” the editor of *Albyn's Anthology*? Did he never actually clean Sir Walter's boots? We are sure he fulfilled many baser duties in that quarter.

SIR,

I regret that my name has been used to mislead your benevolence; I know no such person as Duncan Campbell, nor was a man of the name of Campbell ever servant to me.

The fellow who imposed upon you deserves punishment, and, for the sake of others, I hope you will see it inflicted.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Abbotsford, Melrose, 21 January, 1831.

WALTER SCOTT.

I received yours of the 18th this day.

## XXIX.—LORD ELDON.

What name can be placed in contact with that of Scott, the glory of our literature, so fitly as that of Scott, the glory of our law? It was hardly fair for Miller to hoax Lord Eldon. His lordship will not pledge himself for the exactness of his recollections, and sets about in quest of other evidence. This failing, he calls for further papers, when he pro-

mises to proceed with the case. A delay has already occurred, it will be seen, in the first step of the proceedings. The iteration of the phrase "person" is quite in the style legal.

SIR,

October 10, 1833.

I did not receive your Letter of the 5th till last night, at this place. I cannot *recollect* that any such Person as you mention was employed by me as that Person states, or in any other manner; nor can I find that any Person now in my family recollects any such Person. If he can state any particulars that may bring back circumstances to my Recollection which have now escaped it, I shall be ready to answer any further inquiries.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Encombe, near Corfe Castle, Dorset.

ELDON.

## XXX.—THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Greater men than Theodore Hook there may be on the list of Miller's victims, but we fearlessly state our belief, that the cleverest of the whole set was resident, in January 1830, at No. 5, Cleveland Row, and decamped from that region to the immediate neighbourhood of those two venerable persons, Bishop Blomfield and Billy Holmes, among the shades of Fulham, the moment that certain "untoward coming events" cast their shadows before Tory eyes, about the autumn of the same ever-to-be-spit-upon year. The whole correspondence furnishes nothing so *perfect* as that which we now submit.

SIR,

Cleveland Row, Friday, Jan. 21, 1830.

In reply to your note of yesterday, I have only to say, that no person of the name of Charles Howard ever lived in my service in any capacity whatever.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE E. HOOK.

Let our list, then, like that of the Kings of Corsica, close with the name of Theodore. No better finale could be imagined. To those who may be inclined to believe that the Rev. George Miller was nothing but a shadow, like Jedidiah Cleishbotham or Dr. Dryasdust, and feel a sort of conviction that this hoax was perpetrated by living people of flesh and blood under the vizard of his reverence—to them we allow the praise of a certain sagacity. But to them also we have to say, that those aforesaid persons of flesh and blood, whosoever they may be, have not given the papers to us; and that we rather imagine the appearance of this series may be as much matter of annoyance to them, as of wonder to their correspondents. This we avouch on the honour of

OLIVER YORKE.