

with what you have done  
 beyond Grenville & you  
 I consider you for January  
 winter to January & March  
 we have now traced the road  
 entire length of the County  
 border Bathward of the  
 road can be traced to  
 Bath. History will repeat  
 itself - for there will be a  
 direct road communication  
 with Poole, which is an effort  
 of the Somerset & Dorset. It  
 will also from Bath to  
 be an important station  
 & worthy of being the Vindogladæ  
 of Antonine Itinerary. I look  
 forward on my return here  
 in the Spring that you have  
 made good progress in your  
 Valley. With our united  
 kind remembrance to Mr. Pitt Rivers  
 remain your very truly  
 J. Mansel-Pleydell

L273

WHATCOMBE,  
 BLANDFORD.

I traced the  
 route of the  
 road to the  
 project  
 with  
 in the  
 name  
 in the  
 name

Dec 16. 1846

My dear General Pitt Rivers  
 We are still  
 here, detained on  
 account of the death of  
 the incumbent of Wootton  
 of which I am patient &  
 anxious to secure a  
 man after my own  
 heart & choice knowing  
 how red-tape the Bishop  
 is, and disinclined to my  
 Ecclesiastical views I have  
 put off my departure  
 until I have put all

things in view which I  
have done with the  
exception of signing the  
Permit document  
which I hope to do tomorrow  
we shall then be free to  
start on Saturday.

My object in writing to  
day is to tell you of a  
very successful expedition  
I made to day in continuation  
of what I had already done  
on the N.W. side of Abbey Cliff.  
To day I turned my back  
southward & with compass  
& geological hammer in hand  
I walked straight to Badby  
without much difficulty  
I traced the road throughout

almost continuously - a  
shrub brake among some  
loosely distributed ground -  
a short but steep escarpment  
which divides the cultivated  
land from the down. Here  
the ground has even up  
recently been disturbed but  
all traces obliterated as in the  
case at Ranslie "Cliff"  
which divides Chelmsford from  
the Campfield below. I was  
a little puzzled to see the  
line instead of pointing  
direct to Badby inclined  
to a point N.E. of it but on  
arriving at the last field  
under Badby I fell a little  
the well known I should - road  
into which it emerged. I think

At Bredon it will  
strengthen the adorning  
of that earthwork by  
Vindogleda & sub  
Gunnor (no. 1000).

I remain

Your very truly  
H. Mansel-Pleydell

Wilester City, Hamilton Co, Iowa, U.S.A.,  
Feb 13, 1889.

My dear Sir: The endow, show my work in  
the Iowa State library, to which it would, indeed,  
be a pleasure to add some specimens of your MSS.,  
with some portrait. If we could have 3 or 4 pages  
from the manuscript of any of your publications,  
each to be dated & signed, & upon one side of  
the paper, I should take a high pleasure in  
placing them in this collection. <sup>Portrait</sup> Has you  
been engraved? If so, can you not kindly  
cut me in procuring a copy, or give me  
information where it may be had?

I am kindly permitted to refer to the Am-  
erican minister in London <sup>also</sup> to W. M. Rossetti,  
Mr. C. Hazlett, & Mr. B. F. Stevens, of this city; at  
home, to Major Powell, Prof. C. E. Norton, & our  
United States Senators.

Very faithfully yours,

Charles Aldrich

Gen Pitt Rivers,

That was my only holiday last week, and indeed the only fine day that we had last week. I work, with scarcely an intermission, from 7 in the morning to 7 in the afternoon, and shall probably continue to do so during the next ten days. Then my labours will become lighter, and, in about three weeks, will completely cease. There will still be a fortnight before the publication. I have armed myself with all my philosophy for the event of a failure, though Jeffrey, Ellis, Marion, Longman and Mrs. Longman seem to think that there is no chance of such a catastrophe. I might add Macleod, who has read the third chapter, and, though he makes some objection, professes to be, on the whole, better pleased than with any other history that he has read. The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my book with what I imagine that history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel re-assured. But Alice will say that this is boasting. Love to her and to Mrs. Charles, and to Charles' bairns.

Ever yours.

T. B. MACAULAY.

## An Interesting Letter by Lord Macaulay.

From the Sioux City Daily Journal.

In the Charles Aldrich Collection, in the Iowa State Library, may be found the original of the following letter by the author of the "History of England." It was written to his sister, Lady Hannah Trevelyan, on the eve of the publication of his great work. It will be seen that he had quite serious misgivings as to the probable success of his literary labors, though, on the whole, inclined to be hopeful. "Baba," of whom he speaks so pleasantly, was Elizabeth Margaret Trevelyan, his favorite niece, then a little girl—and "the very best girl in the world," according to her doting uncle. She is the present Lady Holland, one of the leaders of the cultured society of England, her after life having quite justified the enthusiastic praise of her great uncle. She was born, if we are not mistaken, in Lord Macaulay's house, during his residence in India. On the recent visit of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to England, Sir Henry and Lady Holland were among those who gave our aged but ever bright and youthful-hearted poet the warmest of welcomes. After the death of Lord Macaulay Lady Holland became the owner of his letters and manuscripts. From these she sent to Mr. Aldrich the original of the letter below, with two pages of the original manuscript of the "History of England"—both very precious documents, indeed. They may be seen in the Iowa State Library, with portraits and specimens of the writing of Lady Holland and her distinguished brother, the Rt. Hon. George Otto Trevelyan, Macaulay's biographer and Gladstone's sometime coadjutor. There are also two fine engravings of his lordship. The library of the British museum also possesses similar—but no better—specimens of Macaulay's writing. Money would not buy them, but Lady Holland wrote that she could not better discharge her trust as the custodian of these manuscripts than by responding to such a request as that of the Iowa collector. But here is Lord Macaulay's very interesting letter:

ALBANY, Oct. 24, 1848.—Dearest Hannah: I inclose a letter which I have just received from Charles, and a copy of one [of] his first performances as a journalist. I think his sentiments highly creditable to him. Bring the paper back with you that Trevelyan may see it.

Our uncle John has just been here. Poor man, he looks a mere ruin. He came up to consult Brodie. I fear that he has very little life in him, and that his remaining days will be days of suffering. I was quite shocked to see him.

I do not know whether you have heard how pleasant a day Baba passed with me. We had a long, long walk, a great deal of pleasant chat, a very nice dinner, and a quiet happy evening. She is really the very best girl in the world.

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**The Charles Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library.**

The following article was contributed to the Iowa State Register, Des Moines, April 2, 1887, by Col. S. H. M. Byers, late Counsul General to Italy, author of "Iowa in War Times," "Sherman's March to the Sea," etc.:

To a visitor at Des Moines, there is nothing in our beautiful Capitol building more fascinating and more compensating than a study of the remarkable collection of steel engravings (portraits), manuscripts and autograph letters, presented to the State by Mr. Charles Aldrich. It is unique of its kind, and a museum in itself.

It can scarcely be said how much our State is indebted to Mr. Aldrich for this generous gift, the equal of which is rarely to be met with, even in larger cities and older countries. With him it has been a labor of love and State pride, to collect at much expense and by the aid of unusual channels that have been opened to him, a rich museum of curiosities in the enjoyable examination of which days may be spent.

As in a rare old picture gallery, or a chamber of riches, one can wander at will among the memories and suggestions which portraits and names and sentiments call up to him. Only after many visits can the eye run over all.

The portraits of men endeared to us in literature, in science, in patriotism, in noble and matchless deeds, taken often in varying years from childhood through youth and maturity to old age, and side by side with them, lines or pages traced by their own hands, afford an interesting study of character in its various outward expressions. We see the famous men and women of the old world and the new at their fire-sides, hear them speak, look into their faces, take their hands into our own. Royalty unbends itself for the time. Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England, writes for Mr. Aldrich:

"Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to herself be true."

VICTORIA.

And the State of Iowa preserves her sentiment. The various portraits accompanying show her in the progressive phases of the simple-hearted child, the maiden receiving the dower of a Kingdom, Queen in

royal robes, and tender wife and mother. The great names of England follow upon hers. The Rossetti group—artists and poets; Millais whose brush made "The Jersey Lily" famous; Tadmara, Swinburne of the voluptuous verse; the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" Browning, Morris; Ruskin, autoocrat in art; Dickens and Byron and Tennyson; Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley; Scotland's Burns, George Eliot and Miss Thackeray; "Chinese" Gordon and Wellington; the Hazlitts and DeQuincey and an innumerable band of their like. From across the channel, come the words of Victor Hugo; from Italy, Cavour; from Germany, Goethe and Schiller and Bismarck; and so on all over Europe.

Our own Longfellow with his manuscript poem, "The Arrow and the Song;" Bryant and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes, each with a written song; Emerson and Hawthorne and scores of names made immortal in fact and in fiction, in poesy and in prose, with many of their familiar portraits, hold our attention and interest. Washington and Lincoln and all our Presidents appear. "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, with the note to Buekner; brilliant Sherman, fresh from the "March to the Sea," and Sheridan "Twenty Miles Away." Jefferson Davis, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Semmes, Hood, Ewell, Beauregard and Albert Sidney Johnson, are in this goodly company, not far from McClellan, Hancock, Logan, Hooker, Phil Kearney, Burnside and Meade. Here also are Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Anna Dickinson and many of their brave sisters.

John Brown, gallant soul, gives in his testimony, and the Mikado of Japan writes his imposing name.

Of our Iowa worthies there are such names—generally with fine steel portraits—as Grimes, Geo. W. Jones, Hempstead, Harlan, Allison, Wilson, Howell, Lowe, Kasson, Kirkwood, Crocker, G. M. and A. C. Dodge, Sam. A. Rice, Belknap, Merrill, Curtis, Vandever, Clarkson, Gue, Grinnell, T. S. Farvin, N. B. Baker, J. C. Hall, Suel Foster, etc., etc. These are but a beginning. The extent and richness of the collection must be seen to be properly appreciated. It is an invaluable gift, and is being constantly added to. All honor to the man whose generous efforts have secured it.

Webster City, Iowa.