

Paris, 25 rue du fbg du Roule

20th February 1843.

Monday.

My dear M.^{rs} Tennent.

I hope that you have not forgotten me - though my silence was kept unbroken for several successive months; but, I know at the same time, that better writers than myself occupied their pens with telling you what was going on in Paris.

It would be now my turn to write. But I am afraid to do so. My brain is in a disordered state. I see before my eyes such things that none would give credence to them if I told the world what arises in my imagination. - I see very often Angels descend from above and shower their Angelic smiles over this nether world. - I see new Kingdoms arise in the visible world and governed by purely divine hands. I behold a source of happiness open and multitudes of thirsty mortals rushing to it to drink from it in order to form one family - a family of the happy - Large as the world.

But you would say this is all a dream! So all they say it is. But do not believe them: The Angels are on the Earth - the new Kingdoms are arising - the family of the happy is forming. -

The

The Emperor of ~~the~~ China ^{sent} to the Pope to have
some monks imported into the Celestial Empire. Where
could the monks better go than to the Celestial Empire.
they are constantly sighing for. Soavis for the
better.

Have the goodness, my dear Mrs Tennent, to
enlighten me as to the state of marriages in
the Scotch and in the Presbyterian Churches
because Mrs Sloper stoutly denies that a
marriage contracted in either of the two
persuasions is not regarded as valid in
the Ecclesiastical Courts of England.

Consequently by cleverly managing the
affairs that is to say by keeping one foot
in Scotland and the other in England,
one might be the husband of two lawful
wives. Mrs Sloper denies that. - I am
sure that she has mistaken notions
on the subject. Have the good goodness of
telling me who is in the right.

Pray remember me most kindly
to Mr Tennent and to our excellent
Mrs Allison who was kind to mention
my name in her letter, to Mr Talbot
ever most truly
Yours