

Paris, 25 rue du faubourg du Roule  
30<sup>th</sup> November 1842. Wednesday

Dear Mrs Allison,

From under a cover bearing my name and protected by two Lucindy heads - and delivered safe into my hands, flew off - when open - two pair of letters - each clasping in its rich, richly and tastefully embossed folds - two new harmonizing names - two new matched ~~names~~ doves - two love kindled souls. The words by which they were encircled were: At home 29 & 30<sup>th</sup> Inst.

Of course they duly passed into the gracious hands of Mrs Palmer, into those of Mr Sloper, of Mr Case, of M<sup>lle</sup> Espagne and into my own. I hope they will be answered by all and in due time forwarded by me.

But, meanwhile I cannot resist the temptation, on my part, of answering (almost first) your kind invitation containing these startling words for me "At home 29<sup>th</sup> & 30<sup>th</sup> Inst." for you must know that the 29<sup>th</sup> of November is the anniversary of our glorious revolution - a revolution to which I have to thank for manifold blessings. It cast me on the shores of England - (a real blessing, though never dreamed by me) - it taught me to learn the language of that country (a serviceable blessing - carrying you into the heart of the country, of all its literary treasures, and what treasures!) - and to admire that country itself (a wholesome blessing - instructive - ~~inappreciable~~ weighty). But it taught me more (- and it is the heavenly blessing - enrapturing) - it taught me - oh! believe me, I speak with mingled pride and affection - it taught me to know the English maidens in all their matchless purity, perfection and beauty - and, insofar taught now my heart the ecstasy of joy known only to two Angels (which is a capital blessing). But it took me from me for a moment, my country, my home (which is no blessing at all). - And when I add, that that revolution having procured to me the advantage of your acquaintance procures me now the felicity of ~~knowing~~ learning that you are ~~at~~ at home - on the very day when I feel

Mrs Robert Allison  
29 Berners Street London

Paris, 30th November 1844  
Dear Mr. Williams

Dear Mr. Williams,

I have just received your letter of the 25th inst. and am glad to hear that you are still in the land of the living. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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Yours truly  
Mr. Robert Williams

But it is not only in the  
mind of man that I have  
observed this  
phenomenon  
but also in that of the  
brute animal.

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most sensibly and intensely that I have no home -  
I think you will easily guess what wish may  
harbour my heart for all the known world -  
For, all my new friends (and I had many) - all  
my new acquaintances (and dearest they are  
to me now) - have passed - have shot - through  
my bosom like so many Chinese shadows -  
through a magical lamp. and long will they  
be passing through that bosom, that magical  
lamp - till the native air, the air of my  
home shall rouse the heart again to these  
long forgotten emotions which lay dormant  
in it - and wait only for the magic wand of  
my dear country's hand - to begin a new list  
of blessings (but, this time, not Chinese). -

Mr Palmer has crowned your head  
with garlands and strewn your bed with  
flowers. I have only one wish to add - Enjoy  
all your blessings at home - which is the  
wish of one who is

not yet "at home"  
Leonard Niedzwiecki.

Pray, remember me most kindly to your Papa  
and Mama, and present my best compliments  
to Mr Allison. -

Mrs Palmer, the loveliest and the best, is  
going to remove to-morrow from 17 rue Neuve  
Du Luxembourg, to their new residence, 7 avenue  
Tronchet. -