

1074
Hotel de Belle-Vue, Bruxelles

2nd February 1834
Saturday

My dear Major,

We are still here and intend remaining longer, and as on the day of our departure from Ghent you have manifested a wish of seeing us once again in Brussels, we hope that you will keep the word and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here - provided always that your different engagements and occupations (those of Mars - and may be of Cupid) will allow you to do so.

You know of course that General Skrzynecki is here & that he is received in the Army. This is good and hopeful news. You must have seen yesterday in the "Journal de Flandres" (of the 1st February) a long and ~~for~~ ably & favourably written article relating to that General. I tried to get it ^{to have} here but could not. And as we should like a few copies of that number of the Journal de Flandres containing the said ~~number~~ ^{article}, Colonel Zamoycki requests the favour of your having the goodness of procuring to us three or four copies of it.

Hotel de Ville, Paris
27 February 1834
Wednesday

My dear Major

We are still here and sending remaining papers and
a on the top of our departure from Paris in the morning
I wish of being in case of any in London, in fact that
you will help the war and that we shall have the
pleasure of being for this - having always that
of our different engagements and occupations (state of
Paris - and very kind of paper) will allow you to do
the reason of some that General Marmont
is that that he is accused in the army. This is
of our and hopeful news. You must have been
mentioned in the Journal de Commerce (of the 1st February)
I had and I will I fearably written article
it relating to that General. I tried to get it
but but and not was as we should like, I
few copies of that number of the Journal de
Paris containing the very interesting Colonel
I am sorry to see the Journal of your country
the progress of your country to us three or four copies of it.

If you contrive to get four copies of that number then have the goodness to forward two of these copies to Colonel Zamoycki here, one to Paris to Count de Montalambert (No 38 St. Dominique S.G. Paris); and one to London to Prince Adam Czartoryski (16 Wilton Crescent, London); - the latter two sous bande. - and the Colonel will feel very much obliged if you will ~~write to~~ ^{write to you} say it for him.

The Colonel would have written to you himself but he is so much occupied that he was obliged to ask me to ~~write to you~~ ^{write to you}.

If you could get one copy of Messenger de Paris of the 1st February - it would be as well. there is an article in it which I should like to have

Then so much of what relates to business - now to that fairy-like lady Mademoiselle Ida I should like to see her once more to refresh my memory with her well proportioned and harmonious features. I cannot think that she is composed of human flesh - she appears to me all spirit - or as vulgar expression goes - a superhuman.

creature. I regret that I am neither a painter nor a poet - for such a superhuman creature deserves to be immortalised either by pen or pencil. Have you read Lamartine's "La chute d'un ange"? You would find there an angel who from a guardian-spirit became a lover of a go-beatious girl over whose destiny and days he was commissioned to from heaven to watch. That angel ~~but~~ for the purposes of love had thrown off his spiritual nature and became flesh and bone through the beauty of one whom Lamartine describes thus (you must know at the same time that it is night, that the girl is asleep in the woods, that other angels have departed to heavens, but that the angel in question - our angel - has remained on earth to watch over a sleeping child - a position of rest so desirable in description to the painter or poet)

Les esprits, pleins du nom (de seigneur) qu'ils avaient adoré,
S'en allèrent ravis porter de sphère en sphère
L'écho mélodieux de ces chants de la terre.

Un seul qui contemplant la scène de plus bas,

Les regarda partir et ne les suivit pas.

Or, pourquoi resta-t-il caché dans le nuage?

C'est qu'au pied d'un grand cèdre, à l'abri du feuillage,
Un objet pour lequel il oubliait les cieux

Se semblait comme enchaîner sa pensée et ses yeux.

Oh! qui pourrait d'un ange ainsi ravir la vue?

creature. I regret that I am neither a painter nor a
 poet - for such a superbman or creature seems to be
 immortalized either by pen or pencil. How you see
 Lamartine's "Le chate d'Incey"? You would find
 there an angel who from a grandiose spirit became
 a lover of a certain girl and whose destiny was
 that he was commissioned to form from the water.
 That angel but for the purposes of love had
 thrown off his spiritual nature and became flesh
 and bone through the beauty of our unknown Lamartine
 describes this (you must know at the same time that
 it is night, that the girl is asleep in the woods, that
 other angels have departed to heaven, but so that the
 angel in question - an angel - has remained on earth
 to watch over a sleeping child - a position of rest or
 vigilance in opposition to the painter or poet)
 Les epaves, plain de main (so deigned) de la sainte mere,
 L'instant vain, l'heure de l'heure en l'heure
 L'idee, l'idealisme de ce monde de la terre.
 Les yeux qui contemplent la scene de plus bas
 Les regards perdus et ne se souviennent pas.
 O! l'heureux instant - il est dans le monde?
 C'est de l'air que l'im grand coeur a l'air de l'air.
 Un objet pour lequel il s'agit de vivre
 L'ambition commune, l'ambition de l'air
 O! qui s'arrivent dans un ange avec sa main?

C'était parmi les fleurs une belle enfant nue,
 Qui, sous l'arbre le soir surpris de sommeil,
 N'avait vu ni baisser ni plonger le soleil,
 Et qui, seule au départ des tribus des montagnes,
 N'avait pas entendu les cris de ses compagnes.
 Sa mère sur son front n'avait encore compté
 Depuis son lait tari que le douzième été;
 Mais deux se jours de force

Son bras droit qu'elle avait ouvert pour s'endormir
 arrondi sous son cou, lui servait d'oreiller;
 L'autre suivant des flancs l'onduleuse courbure,
 Replié de lui-même autour de la ceinture,
 Noyait sa blanche main and ses doigts effilés
 Dans des débris de fleurs de son doux poids foulés,
 Comme si dans un rêve elle froissait encore
 Les débris de ~~ses~~ ses jeux sur leur tige inodore
Ses cheveux qu'entre ouvrait le vent léger du soir
 Ondoyaient sur ses bras comme un grand voile noir,
 Laisant briller dehors ou ses épaules blanches,
ou la rondeur du sein, ou les contours des hanches,
 Et l'ovale arrondi de ce front d'où les yeux
 N'auraient pu s'arracher pour regarder les cieux!
 Entre ces noirs cheveux rejetés en arrière
 Ce front resplendissait d'albatre et de lumière
 Jusqu'aux soyeux duvets où s'arquaient les sourcils.
 Ces yeux étaient fermés par l'ombre des longs cils,
 Mais le tissu veiné de ses paupières clées
 Se triguait transparent de pâles teintes roses.

De l'arche Des sourcils qu'à peine il débordait
 Le profil de son nez sans courbe descendait,
 Comme un pli gracieux de rose pourpurine,
 Une ombre y dessinait l'aile de sa narine,
 Qui, suivant de son sein le pur souffle dormant,
 Palpitait, s'élevait d'un léger renflement,
 Ses lèvres, comme un lys dont le bord du calice
 Prêt à s'épanouir en volute, se plisse,
 S'entre'ouvraient et faisaient éclater en dedans,
 Comme au sein d'un fruit vert les blancs pépins des dents.
 Les deux coins indécis où cette bouche expire
 Se noyaient dans un vague où naissait le sourire,
 De ce sommeil d'enfant la rêveuse longueur
 Laisait sur le visage épanouir le cocot.

L'astu sans l'enrouvoir carressait ce beau corps,
 Et si l'on n'eût pas vu le souffle qui s'exhale
 Elever, abaisser son sein par intervalle,
 Et les rêves passant à travers son sommeil
 Tendre sa blanche joue avec son sang vermeil,
 On eût cru voir briller devant soi dans un rêve
 Au jardin d'innocence une vision d'Ève,
 Ou la veille du jour qui doit à voir aimé
 Le songer de l'époux dans ses bras animé!

I am, as I said, neither a ^{painter} painter nor a poet
 therefore I must ^{relinquish} leave to others the task of immor-
 talizing Mad^{elle} Ida on our globe. But I suppose
 to do it effectively it would be necessary (as in the

Dear Sir

Yours faithfully
John Lubbock

Dear Sir
I have the pleasure to inform you that

the same has been forwarded to you by the

enclosed copy of the report of the

Committee on the subject of the

proposed alterations in the

constitution of the Council of the

University of London, which I

trust will be of interest to you.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John Lubbock

... the same has been forwarded to you by the enclosed copy of the report of the Committee on the subject of the proposed alterations in the constitution of the Council of the University of London, which I trust will be of interest to you. I am, Sir, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, John Lubbock

My name in brackets is only a suggestion. And do not know as you have any I shall be glad to hear of it. I shall be glad to hear of it.