

Dear Mr. Tinsell

Sunday 1849.

2 Dear Madam.

You escaped me in the crowd
last night, but I had a design upon you.
I wanted to ask you a favor - don't
be frightened - in behalf of a literary
man who I think has a claim upon
us all.

It is, that you will give me
your permission to put you down as
a subscriber to a certain book of
poetry, price (when published)
Ten shillings. I have the strongest

objection to the description - looks in search
but the author in this case is Mr Charles
Whithead (who wrote, a few years ago,
every thing worth calling Michael
Savage); and the family calamity he
suffers from by this means is such
a very melancholy one, that I am much
interested in aiding him to obtain
the highest names in Literature.

He has not been a successful
man, but he is a man of unquestionable
ability, and no other of his own
in rhyme. Her Father's name
Marble & Dr. H. H.
Richardson the author of the