

Belmont.
Mass.

June 3, 1892.

My dear Sir,

I take the liberty of writing to you, having seen, in "Nature" of this week, your notice as to the correspondence of your late Father. — But before I come to this subject, I must express the great grief I felt when I first read in the Times so little expected, the announcement of his death. I hope, too, I may be allowed to offer my condolences, & sincere sympathy with yourself, Mr. Darwin and all the members of the family, on the occasion of the same affliction or bereavement they have had to sustain. The death of your late dear Father is a loss, not to his family

alone — but to the whole world: certainly
to all the scientific world, from his vast
work of long-continued researches in every
department of Natural History, — bearing
increased fruits every year as it passes by, —
of that value so scarce his name and
character seem to be forgotten. — I feel his
life the more myself, from having known
him so long. There must be very few indeed
still living (out relations) who remember
him, as I do, when he was yet but an
undergraduate at Cambridge, associating with
my late mother-in-law, Professor Keble, and
myself, in our joint Nat. Hist. pursuits and
excursions. — But I will not dwell on them

by your days of happiness & enjoyment, but
speak to the more immediate purpose for
which I write. — I have about
Thirty, or more, letters to myself from your
Father, written mostly many years back,
but a few of later date, — all which I should
be most willing to let you see, & make
any use of them you please. — But there is
some difficulty in making an arrangement
to this effect, from the circumstance of your
Father's letters being bound up with a large
number of others from various other persons,
i.e. to myself, & forming 4 vols. in the 'Lange's
Library' at the Bath Lit. Institution; the
above-mentioned being applied to a room built
expressly to contain my Nat. Hist. Library.

which I presented to the Institution some
many years back. — The volumes of Letters could
not be removed from the room in which they are
placed, & the only plan that suggests itself to
me is — that I should myself copy them for
your use, thereby I should be also able to
add a few words of my own in explanation — if
needed. — It would not be a difficult ^{or very tedious} task —
indeed to some extent — it would be a labour of
love — to do this, — only, as I am naturally a
slow writer, & cannot hurry myself in any thing
— now — at my time of life — (I have just entered
my 83rd year) — I should be glad to know how
much time you could allow me? — whether it
would be sufficient if you had the letters by
the end of the summer, as I am likely to be
from home a great part of July & August? —

Awaiting your reply, believe me,
Sincerely yours,
L. Blomfield.
(late Surgeon.)