

My dear Mr. Schlegel

I scarcely know how to venture on a letter which I write with the deepest feelings of unfeigned regret; yet I cannot bear to rest the conscience of all that relates to the last sufferings of hours of one we who have loved, & all who have admired. I have till I left town a few days since constantly heard indirectly, & I draw the fatal conclusion from Madame de Pomfroy's account. Can I take your kindness at no distant Day to give me something on which to fix my lingering remembrances of dear dear Madame de Staël. I have the sweet & bitter it is true of long friendship, delightful enjoyments, unceasing kindness, & now alas irrecoverable loss. I wish to hear of the Duke de Broglie to whom this must be indeed a severe trial, & I would through you dare to make a request. I should greatly value any valuable trifle which ever was in the hand of our dear lost friend; therefore if at any future time such a little when its value would be measured by no common calculation, could be found for me