

April 13th 1836 1
Kensington Chapel St

My dear Friend

When I took leave of you last I did not suppose I should have lived so long as to write you a letter of this date. I am glad however to be still alive and able to enjoy with the day light, the occasional society of my friends though I am far weaker than when we had the pleasure of seeing you here. My peculiar purpose in writing just now is to introduce to your acquaintance and kind offices my young friend Mr. William Warren. He is the son of a dear & highly valued friend of ours whom we had the misfortune to lose four months ago. — I cannot trust myself with the subject lest you should think I exaggerate — But to those who knew the late F. Warren no praise of the qualities of his heart can be too warm no estimate of his talents too high. — Judge therefore if we are anxious about the sons of such a father! The second Mr. Warren is going to your Dresden to study your

language & to prepare himself for a military life & I feel that I can do him no greater kindness than to introduce him to our kind Vogel. It is always good & pleasant to see great talent united with goodness as we found it so with you we anxiously desire that our young friend should profit by your goodness as we did. —

I send you a copy of a little work which I have printed for private circulation among my friends. — You will like the wood cuts which if not equal in vigour to your ancient Holzschnitten — are at least pure in outline. I have also sent one to our good Prager for himself & one for the Royal collection. As the little work is not published & cannot therefore be purchased I thought he wd be glad of a copy for the collection.

Mr. Callcott has been very busy as usual with landscape embracing figures of rather

more importance than is usual in modern pictures of the kind. He is now engaged in a picture which may be called a Fantasia. It contains two figures as large as life Raffaele & the Fornarina seated together in one of the loggias of the Farnesina garden overlooking the Tiber. He has his drawing board & pencil in one hand & is leaning on the other gazing intently on her, who seems almost unconsciously picking the leaves off a flower as she sits opposite to him. I think you would like the design & I think too you would find the execution more to your taste than most that of most modern pictures. Write to me & tell me what you are doing.

I am now better than I was in the winter but I did not expect to have survived a severe attack I had about two months ago. But now however I am able to write though with pain & difficulty. M. Callcott & your other friends here pray you to think of them as they do of you.

Your true friend
 Maria Callcott

Ch: Vogel Esq
 that's your English name