Embley October 14th 1827

My Dear grandmamma

After we went from Tapton we went to Buxton then to Betley Hall where Mr. and Mrs Tollet live then to Downton Castle and Boultibrooke I wish you would give us a cure for the rats for I think they will make a hole in the drawing-room Papa and Mamma

Uncle Sam Aunt Mai and Miss Johnson are going to Petersfield Aunt Julia will teach us our lessons when they are gone They will remain there a few days then Miss Johnson Uncle Sam and Aunt Mai will go to London and Papa and Mamma return here October 15th Mr. Beber a German teacher came here he told Susan Cromwell the mistress of our school at Wellow how to teach the children Pray answer me my letter I teach Agathe the French girl English Good bye and believe your affectionate Granddaughter Florence Nightingale.

P.S. Give my love to Street a [cut off]

Good bye to the great dog Nelson.
8991/2 1f, undated, signed letter child’s printing [Claydon 112/27]

Dear Mama the frank was not large enough to take my journal but it will come to-mor row Be sure to send it back to me in your letter Tell Fanny that why I did not send my love to her was that I had not room Your affectionate daughter Florence Nightingale. PS. Give my love to all at Petersfield Dear Papa We are very happy I hope you will come back soon Aunt Julia is very kind She sleeps in Mama's room Your affectionate child Florence Nightingale Dear Aunt Mai Write to me very often Tell Uncle Sam that I should have wrote to him if I had room. Your affectionate niece Florence Nightingale Aunt Julia did not tell me to say she was very kind PS

8991/3 2ff, signed letter, child’s printing [Claydon 112/28] [1:103]

Embley October 22nd Monday 1827

Dear Mama

My journal will come to-day I thank you for your letter My au-tomnal garden goes on very well Shall you come back Wednesday or Thursday Why I ask is that Aunt Julia says she thinks you'll come home on Thursday and Gale and I & Pop say you come on Wednesday Tell Papa and Aunt Mai & Uncle Sam that why I do not write to them is that I have got no time Your affectionate child Florence Nightingale

[end 1:103]
4:1
For the mother-bird
    Bourne
{in middle of page, upside-down}

4:2
Dearest mama
    Yesterday I walked to
ROMSEY with Martha MARTHA's Grand-
mother came up to us, and
walked with us all the way
to Romsey. My cousins had
had their breakfasts, so I
was obliged to put up with
some toast, which Gale
gave me before I went.
Miss Christie went yesterday to the
Bramble Lodge with Aunt Ju-
ilia. She is much better to-day.
Good-bye. Your very affecte.
daughter Florence Nightingale.

Dear Pop
    Yesterday we pic
ked up acorns, and fed the
pigs.
    They know us for they
do not run away. Flo.
    Embley
    Octber 25th Sunday

8991/5 3ff, signed, child’s printing [Bundle 112] [1:219]

Embley Mercredi
    Decembre 18 1827
Cher Papa
    je voudrais bien que tu
reviendrais aujourd'hui j'ai
apprit une pièce de poésie
les deux premières
lignes sont "O is he gane my
good auld man? And am
I left forlorn?" Ces lignes
m'ont fait penser à toi. Agathe
a été à Southampton pour deux
jours il y avait une église Fran- 
coise là. Il a plu pour deux 
jours et deux nuits. Les robes 
de Madame Whitby étaient 
tout-à-fait mouillées. Ma tante 
Marie sera ici avant toi 
parce qu'elle vient Samedi et 
toi tu ne vient que Mardi.
J'ai réglée ces lignes moi-même 
Je crois que tu nous a oublié tout 
à fait J'ai oublié tout mon
Latin. Mde Whitby s'en va 
aujourd'hui à deux ou trois 
heures. Veux tu m'écrire une 
lettre aussi en Francois J'é-
crirois mieux si je n'étais pas 
dans une hate terrible. A-
dieu et crois moi pour la vie ton af-
fectionnée fille Florence Night-
ingale

Embley March 30th Sunday 1828
Dear Grandmama
Mrs. Sydney Shore & Miss Lydia Shore 
are here. Miss Lydia plays with us. Mrs. Sydney 
is better here. She draws. She takes her luncheon 
with us. She walks better. She is merrier. She paints. 
She plays on the piano. She does not look much better. She 
goes to bed early. She sleeps better. She was not very 
well yesterday. She does not go out on cold days. She eats 
shrimps. She goes on Tuesday, because other people are co-
mind. I am very sorry for it. My cousins Hibberts are
Wellcome Ms 8991

coming on Saturday. I found a Tom-tit dead & I've buried him on the lawn. I invited Mama, Miss Shore, Pop, Aunt Patty, Gale & Mrs. Mahon. But Gale & Mrs. Mahon could'n't come. Miss Christie came instead of Aunt Patty to the burial. I picked a primrose out of my own garden, put it on the grave, took a stick, tied a piece of paper to it, & wrote this "Here lies Tom-tit, caught in a green-house, &" "killed by Luke. I don't know what age it is." "Died Sunday March 30th. Buried Monday."

"Tomtitty-Bird! why art thou dead?"
"Thou who dost bear upon thy head"
"A crown! but now thou art on thy death-bed"
"My Tom-tit."

Pop made the 2 first line of the verse, but I made all the rest. Papa has been a-hunting the fox. Is Nelson alive? Answer me my letter if you please. I am your affectionate.

8991/7 3ff, signed letter [112/4 Claydon]

April 1st. Fair-oak. 1828.

Dear Mama,

All March has been summer with us, and now! April sets in with a snowy day after a whole month of fine weather. Alas and alas! I hope it is not so with you, and that it will not continue so with us. miss Woody's sister is come here to spend 2 days. I am very glad Blanchy is coming. April 4th. miss Woody's sister Harriet went yesterday. I like her very much, and am very sorry she is gone. After having had 3 days of very bad weather, to-day seems fine. miss Woody has a cold, and the ground is very damp, so we do not go to church to-day. Was it not unfortunate that the bad weather came the day miss Wood came, as if out of spite to her, as she was not able to see much of Fair-oak? Pray write
very often. I like letters very much. Pop has not written
to me for such a long time. Hilary comes back next Thurs
day. Alice gets more good-humoured every day. She runs
alone now, but she has a cold. Our sick house has begun
again, now the cold weather is come on, for Rebecca, miss
Wood, Alfy, Harry, and Alice have all very bad colds.
I have taken to my steel boots, again, for my feet were
very cold again these last days. How are Kitty and
Gladwin? I begin to miss you very much on Sundays
as writing is not half so good as talking. Is miss
Christie come home? Your pocket-handkerchief Rebecca
has, and I will bring it when I come. I am afraid the
snow has nipt all our pretty flowers; I cannot give any
account of them, as I have not been out for several days, but
I hope we shall to-day, as the sun shines. I practice
on the piano an hour every day now, Hilary has carried
away the duets, out of which I was learning 3. "M'aimeras tu?"
"Partant pour la Syrie," and "Charmant Ruisseau," and so
I am learning "Ce que je désire;" Your affectionate child Flo.
P.S. Who is Aunt Julia's companion she talks of that is
going over to London with her, and who is to be left with
Blanchy here? I have my head washed by Rebecca every
Sunday. Annie puts me to bed, now Nancy is gone. She
is old nursy Wilmore's grand-daughter. I have made
4 housewifes, 2 bags, and a pincushion. The last is so bad
I am afraid I cannot give it to any body. Goodbye.
8991/8 1f, dated 4 April 1828, child’s printing [1:280-81]

{at top of page}
Dear Parthe, You have not sent "God is good."
Here is a new game for you. Take any word, and see
how many words you can make out of the letters.
The best way to do those words I told you is to cut out the letters.
There is a box of letters at Embley, so you need not take that trouble.

{letter continues at bottom of page}
I took "breath," and I made 40 words. You need not
take all the letters, you know, but as many as you please.
You must not double, a letter, that is, putting in two of
the same kind in one word. Is it not a nice game.

{letter continues along right margin, in middle section, c.90d}
Here are two words for you to make 2 words
out of them of the same quantity of letters
but changing the places of the. GAY ONES,
and GREAT HELP The first is very easy. I
have found it out, the last I have not. Your sister.

{in middle of page, c.90d}
Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Hants
Dear Miss Christie,

We passed Rosely & Ma-
ma saw your servant's house. We saw La-
dy Elizabeth Norman's house it was on the
top of a hill like Mr Arkwrights house, &
trees all round. We passed through Chatsworth
Such beautiful spotted deer we saw, & such a
quantity! They were so tame! for they did
not move from the side of the road, when our
carriage passed. The Duke De Devonshire
wasn't there, only when he is, they fly a flag
on a tow'r. They have added a wing
with a tow'r at the end, but we think it isn't
near so beautiful as it was before. We got
posthorses at Edenzor & little farther on
Mama asked me whether I was tired. I said
"No" & so we did not go to Bakewell, but turned
on the other road to Tapton. We crossed the
moors, they were covered with the heath called
vulgaris erica. The other 2 kinds (I forget
their names) we saw but little of. Mama saw
2 tired grouse, but Pop & I only saw 1. it didn't
move, till we got close up to it, & then, it dropped
over the side of the wall. Pop got out several times, & got some heath. I went to bed directly I got home, but coughed very much in the night Sunday. Mama went to church, & left me in bed. I breakfasted & got up to dinner. Uncle Sam told me a curious story which I will tell you, when I get home. I read, & played with Bab. Monday. I got up a little sooner. Mamma went to Sheffield with Pop & pop bought a nice thimble. I did my music with Aunt Mai & churned butter & made bread. (I love doing music with Aunt Mai) Tuesday. Baby's christening. I did almost the same. Didn't make bread nor butter Wednesday. Gale had the head-ache. Did the same as Monday, except doing more lessons. I went out a-walking a little Thursday. Mama went to Tickill Castle. Gale continued to have the head-ache. I lay down almost all the afternoon Friday I FOUND the vetch. Wrote this letter. Did my morning, & other lessons with Aunt Mai Little Miss Wilson came to see us she is 2 years old Saturday, is to-day. I finish this letter. I'm going to Norton with Aunt Mai, nurse, & Bab after my dinner. I've not eaten too much since Mama's been gone Miss Sophia Wilson came again to see us She began to speak at 1½ year. Good-bye I've written FLO you a long letter. You must write me one if you please
9:1
Mrs. Shore
Tapton near Sheffield

9:2
Wednesday. July 2nd. [1828].
Dear Grandmama.
The baby is pretty. I have been to the Zoological Society twice.
There are 2 leopards, 2 bears, 2 parrots, 2 emeus (which are very large birds). 2 rabbits. 1 lion, 2 cockatoos, 3 squirrels, 4 kangaroos, 6 monkeys, (3 in a cage, 3 chained to a pole with a little house at the top). 1 rattel, (a very fierce creature). several Esquimaux dogs, Captain's Parry's Esquimaux dog, 1 guinea pig, 1 Costi Monti, 3 lamas, (1 brown one, 1 white one, & a small brown one), & other creatures that I forget the name of.

I have heard the Tyrolese sing.
I have been to Grandmama's twice & I have been to Mrs. Hibbert's twice.
Good-bye. Florence_

8991/11 1f, dated ca. July 1828, from Lea Hurst, signed, child's printing

Dear Grandmama

Aunt Mai calls her baby, The thing. Is not that very disrespectful? I've been to see Aunt Mai 3 times. I've had the baby on my knee. It's very small, & it's head is quite round, & it sleeps a good part of the day. It cries very little, & it has got lots of hair. Besides the baby, I've heard the Tyrolese sing, there are 4 men & 1 woman, the men are dressed with green coats & hats with blue or green feathers, the woman has got a red handkerchief round her neck, a green gown with flowers. Does it blow & rain as much at Tapton, as it does here? for we can scarcely get round the drawing room windows. Thank you for your invitation to Tapton. Aunt Mai's coming here we hope. Our carriage is going to Derby & she should come back in it. Good-bye. Your affectionate granddaughter, FLO.
Embley Wednesday ½ past 10 o'clock..music-room

Dearest Mama

I think of you every day. The day you went I finished my exercises and took Mr. Millengen a walk to the pond. We dined at one, and after dinner, we showed him the garden, gave him an apricot, and he set off on Dick, with William Rennell following him with his baggage in a wheel barrow. Mr. Millengen got to the Vine without any accident, but the Coach set off at ½ past 6, he kept Rennell with him till ½ past 5 and took a ride round Mr. Stanley's park. The day we went to the forest we had Goddard's gig, and Major's qonkey; we slept this morning till nine o'clock. Miss Christie is well to-day, Pop in her letter has written about miss Christie's illness, so I say nothing about it. We have not had much squabbling;

There was a little note from Aunt Julia for you, which Miss C. has sent to Uncle Carter with a letter of Pop's miss Xtie. wishes you to write Uncle Carter where to send them too. The music-room's carpet is down, and curtains are up. We read our chapter, and said our prayers in the forest, the chapter was the 7th of Luke. After Mr. Millengen was gone, I did my music, my flower, and my point 1 donkey,
Dear Mama

I finished my housewife at the forest, (that is to say, put on the strings and cassimere,) and I began another. We bought a skein of red silk at Southampton, and the day before yesterday, Gale and Kitty went to Rom-

{letter continues at bottom fifth of page}

sey, and bought us some flannel, and some cambric muslin, to make us flannel-petticoats, and night-gowns for our dolls, and a yard and a half of red ribban. Give my love to Papa, Miss Christie is going to send

{letter continues along right margin, in middle 3/5, c.90d} him on my letter a Sheriff's writ. Good-bye, ever your affectionate child Florence Nightingale

{letter continues along left margin, in middle 3/5, c.90d} P.S. Do you know where my smallest Indian Cabinet is? What fine days you have had!

This morning we read the 12th chapter of Luke, and said our prayers. F.N. Ma chère Clémence

J'espère que vous vous portez bien, et que vous aimez vos trois petits livres. Aimez-vous Cowes? Avez-vous ramassé beaucoup de coquilles et de sable? Je vous remercie d'avoir mis mes fleurs dans l'eau. Je crois que vous aurez beaucoup aimé aller à la forêt avec nous. Nous avons fait des petits ponts très forts sur un ruisseau de pierres. Savezz-vous qu'aujourd'hui est l'anniversaire de la naissance de notre roi {George IV written above, by arch?}, le douze d'Août. vous pouvez dire à maman que nos têtes ont été lavé ce matin par mde. Gale. Adieu. Votre affectionnée petite Florence Nightingale

Dear Mama

Hilary has sent me some silk-worm's eggs, which I intend to educate as Jack has written to Pop, and told her all the particulars of how to bring them up. We cannot find out about the Jam, I think it is a follower of the Galatee, or the next that wins the prize, miss Christie thinks it is a ship that was jammed in with the Galatee. Good-by. F.N I am very sorry I have made a mistake, and written too much on one side so that miss Christie has only the middle to copy the sheriff's writ

Dearest Mama

I've just done my dancing lesson very well. We practise almost always every day on the piano.
I'm going to look for Up Park in the map. It is not in Wilkinson's map. I am rather glad you are not coming home so soon, because I've not done my doll's things. Clémence tells me to say, "qu'elle vous remercie beaucoup pour votre intention de vous occuper de sa santé, qu'elle est parfaitement bien portante & très heureuse." Thank Jack for the pictures of my flowers, & tell him. that I

half past 11 o'clock

guessed the riddle directly, though Pop wouldn't let me see the tulip. Monday, we went to spend the day

half past 3 o'clock

with Miss Penton, we played with ivory letters, & I drew some, & cut them out on paper; we dined, & played at "Old Coach" &c &c & we were very happy, & we went home at 5 o'clock. Poor Gale has got a very bad sick head-ache, to-day I've not seen, because she's been asleep. She's been in bed all day. We saved her some bread pudding from dinner, & it's warming at the fire. This is a very rainy day. Is it rainy at Fair-Oak, or wherever you are?
Dear Mama

My cloak is not lost. Don't you recollect that you picked it up under the wheel of the gig when it stopt. So need Gale cut me out a new one. Gale has put on the green ribbon you mentioned on my bonnet, which had the black ribbon. Before you wrote to me, I was going to write to Grandmama. My caterpillar which I told you of, is turned chrysalis. Miss Penton told us the day before yesterday, that when our caterpillar turned chrysalis, it plunged into the earth. So yesterday, I made it a bed of earth, and above that a bed of leaves. This morning I found a leaf half eaten, and the caterpillar gone. Miss Christie sends her love to Aunt Julia, and is very sorry to say, she cannot find Mr. Gimbernat's letter. Your affecte. child Florence N.

Dear Pop

I am going to polish my shells with Oxalic Acid. We have nearly taken out an ink mark on the leather table-cloth in the music-room with it. I have drawn the caterpillar, and Miss Christie lent me paints for it. Last night, I slept with Miss Christie in the great bed in the nursery bed-room, Martha slept in Clémence's bed, and Blanche in another. F.N. Tuesday
Wellcome Ms 8991

8991/16 3ff dated ca. 1828, signed, others write on folios as well [Claydon 112/12]

Begun Embley October 16th Friday.

Dear Mama

My bag is lost. It must be either left behind, as soon as we got into the gig, that it must be dropt between Bourne, and where the gig stopt, or else William forget it. I had in it my prayer-book, {blotted out. a pr.?} of gloves, 1 Vol. of L'Ecolier, back bone of cuttle-fish, some of my work, paper, your stockings, and habit-shirt & letters (from Pop to miss Xtie. & Gale;) will you bring it with you on Tuesday We saw a king-fisher; it had a blue back and tail, and I thought a pink or red breast, it was flying across some water. We arrived at Embley at ½ past 3 o'clock. Aunt Mai stopped at the school, and I walked on by myself to Maria Brent, who was better, and down stairs, working. As I was coming home, I met the 2 miss Cooks. We bought 2 buns, 3 hard buis cuits, and 2 little round ones. I gave maria Brent one of the biscuits; was that wrong? mrs. Staples gave me a glass of her currant wine, we went to see her yesterday Your affectionate daughter, Florence Nightingale (Ended Thursday)

Bill

Buns 2  1 each
Biscuits 3  1 each
Little do 1  ½ each

6

Dear Pop Friday
I hope the house-keeping goes on well. Have you lost your keys. Blanchy recollected me. Please to tell Mama that I am very happy. Florence Ngale.

Chère Clémence, J'ai fait toutes vos commissions.

{rest of letter in somebody else's writing}
Saturday. Embley. October 17th.

Dearest Mama,

There is nothing missing in my bag, but some paper, (which I don't care about,) and the back-bone of a cuttle-fish. If that cannot be found, I should like another, if you please. Thank you for your letter, which arrived this morning. The Miss Cooks went this morning. Pop is very welcome to my old gloves. By-the-bye, I believe, they were hers. The trees are beginning to lose their greenness and freshness, and to get rather yellow. Please to tell Pop, that Gale has bought at Romsey two very pretty little plain mugs, (black and white, costing 2d. each,) and has given them to us, to clean our teeth in, as she cannot spare her tea-cups. Gale does not know which green ribbon you mean, to put on the hat, so I wear my bonnet, with black satin ribbons, which I went into mourning with. Do you approve of that? Your very affectionate daughter Florence.

P.S. We are all very well. To-day, we went out to see Mrs. Lamborne, of 66, who is so deaf. She is very ill, and was not better. We then went to see Mrs. Henry Tanner, and came home by Thorp Wood. We saw an oak, quite covered with oak-apples.

(addressed to Mrs. Nightingale - Bourne - Poole, on 17:4, in different hand)

December 14th. Sunday. Fair-Oak. 1828.

Dearest Mama

Aunt Joanna was over-fatigued last night, and she was not particularly well this morning, but she is better now. Is Mr Martin still at Embley with Uncle Benny? We had a very nice journey to Fair-Oak; Jack told us not to make a noise till we had passed Romsey, because Uncle Carter would send us back. The first village after Romsey was Hursley; We passed Sir William Heathcote's woods & we saw a hop-ground,
(but Ma'am, our governess did not know it.) We came to Winchester, where we saw a monstrous steep hill, with 2 or 3 little monkeys (of boys) climbing up it. The next place was Bramdean, where I saw the a carriage with 3 ladies and a man, & one of the ladies as fat as Madam Lockhart) was driving, instead of the man. Was not that unfair? Aunt Joanna

met us, & she was very much surprized to see us, but Naughty Uncle Carter
told Hilary, & Fan-fan that we were coming. It was 5 o'clock when we arrived. We changed our room 3 times, & Betsy had to change our clothes 3 times. I and Pop now sleep in a bed exactly like the Bachelor's room at Lea Hurst. The room is very much like it too. Oh! Mama! I have left in the basket where I had all my work a little smelling-bottle with a gilded top thus [small sketch of bottle]. The basket, (you know) that I left in the drawing-room (with my gloves) when I went. You gave it me, because I had been a week without being disobedient. Well! I want you to look for it (if you please) & to take care of it for me. Don't forget it, please. I have my purse with me, & I've already done the side of patchwork that you set me & I'm mending my Sunday gloves, as Miss Christie has not had time yet to set me some more patchwork. Good-by. Love & kiss to Papa & Gale, & Clémence & all of them. Your very affecte. child Florence
Wednesday. Fair-Oak.
In the Drawing-room.
Just 1/2 o'clock.

Dearest Mama

I have my purse with me.
Sunday, we went to church at Rogate
Why don't you write? Aunt Joanna is better. Sunday and Monday she did not get up. I do figures, music, (both on the Piano-Forte, & Miss Ctie.'s new way too,) Latin, making maps of Palestine, (and such like about the Bible) & then we walk, & play, & do my patchwork, & we have such fun. Yesterday, Miss Wood, played on the piano, & we danced. Then we played at "Magic Music", & we are to see the Magic-Lantern to-night.
Miss Ctie. has been very well, I think. (I hope you will forgive me a lobster blot I have made.) W I work at patchwork in the morning, till breakfast, then we do our lessons till 11 when we go out, & then work till dinner; after, we do more lessons, play, & walk. Uncle Carter went to Lon'on yesterday. We come home to-morrow, I'm sorry to say. Aunt Patty sleeps in the room next to Miss Christie's, with Aunt Joanna's dressing-room opposite. We breakfast and dine in the dining-room, and sup up-stairs.

Mrs. Nightingale {not in FN hand}

{upside down on folio, at bottom}
Mrs. Eyre called yesterday, and sent her love general, and Miss Gubbens [Gubbers?] called, but did not come in
Dear Mama

We have got a most beautiful caterpillar. We caught it at one o'clock yesterday. We tried everything we could think of, but it would not eat. Miss Penton told us it fed on privet. It is alive and well and eats the privet. I am in a hurry. We keep it under a sieve in the garden.

The text at church to-day was "I am the good Shepherd".

St John Chap 10 V 11
We are very well and happy, Good-bye dear mama, Believe me, your affectionate Florence Nightingale

P.S Excuse bad writing
Letters are going
Monday

Dear Mama,

Yesterday we went to Maria Brent, with Alice. Maria was worse. She came down-stairs. While we were there, two men came in, one of them began to lecture her, but Miss Christie would not go, before she had given him a lecture which he understood so far, as not to say a word more to Maria, while we were there. Papa would not have prayers before ten last night. I made a garland for last night of blue corn-flowers, and red poppies, with a white corn-flower in the middle like a diamond, but Betsy threw it away. This morning I did my exercises, said my poetry, and prayers, and read the Bible. I am using the powder of the back-bone of the cuttle-fish to dry my letter. Good-bye.

Your affectionate daughter.

Flo.

{in middle of page, upside down} Mrs. Nightingale at Mrs. Le Fevre Heckfield Reading Hants
22:2 [Claydon 112/11]
Thursday. Embley [1828?]

Dear Mama

Gale is going to have leeches. I have had a letter from Miss Christie who says she will not come till Monday, and that she would not have despatched her yesterday's scratch in so violent a hurry, but she wished to reply to your kind letter before you set off. I saw Maria Brent to-day, and I read to her. She was better, but in pain. This morning I learnt a verse, and some poetry, read XIV chapter of St. John, and did my exercises to Aunt Mai. I say my prayers both morning and evening. I have just written to Miss Christie. I have finished one housewife, and have made another. Grand-mama is just come with Mrs. Blades. She is sitting here with us in the music-room. Good-bye. Believe me, dear mama, your affectionate daughter Florence Nightingale.

The post is going, we must make haste. Grandmama sends her love [remainder by Parthe possibly, in writing:]

Dear Mama, the letters are going. Blanche is very good natured. Another Italian boy has been here with painted parrots &c Aunt Mai has bought one for Blanche which is nearly broken to pieces by knocks against the wall your affecte. daughter FPN The wasps eats the peaches [illeg] out of the house. Mrs. Christie
Wellcome Ms 8991
tells Clemence she is very 
welcome to her cloak

8991/23 4ff, signed letter, child’s printing

23:1 [all upside down]
Send on twenty ninth of Jany. 1829 [this line written in another hand]
   Mrs. William Shore-
   Tapton
   [address also written a second time, but in another hand]

23:2 [Claydon 112/18]
   Sunday. Embley January 1829

Dear Grandmama
   I am very much disappointed that 
pretty little Blanche is not coming yet. It snows sometime 
Here is the history of our mirth on Twelfth-Day. 
   First we had a grand supper. Then, we acted 
"Alfred, a Drama" in "Evenings-at-Home," and then we 
danced. O! such merriment as we had! Miss Penton, 
the clergyman's daughter, played to us on the 
piano, and we were dancing so late. 
   The New-Year's Day, we dressed 
up. I was a turkish queen, and Fred and Pop 
were my ladies of honour. Then some 
days after Twelfth-Day we went to the 
Miss Penton's and did just the same as on 
Twelfth-Day. The gentlemen skate on the pond. 
Sir Harford, Lady, and Miss Brydges 
are here. Uncle Adams (the wicked 
man) calls me "wicked wretch" and ever 
so many other things, and Pop tells him 
that I have told you this. 
   Your affectionate grand-child Flo.
P.S. It is very cold here. Aunt Mai 
is coming at Easter, I believe. I 
hope we shall come to Tapton soon. 
   Is Nelson very well?
Saturday; Embley; 10 o'clock; 1829; February 20

Dearest Mama and Pop,

It is so wet to-day that we can only go to Mrs Bungy's. (Little Noble has got a nice pair of shoes, that just fit him). Yesterday, I did nothing but Music, Latin questions, and Valzing, all of which I did very nicely. Miss Christie was so good as to play to us several valzes, while we valzed, (that is I and Clémence), we slept last night in the same bed, (Miss Christie and I, you know), with a bolster between us. I finished "Love In Idleness" in "Midsummer Night's Dream" this morning, did three, (beautifully written) lines of copy, and did exercises too. By the bye I want to know, if you said, I might read anything to Miss Christie, only the Bible, and Sunday Stories, and those kind of things? I did half a side of patchwork, better sown, this morning, I built a beautiful ruin of little bricks, (at least Miss Christie said it was beautiful) and I played at battledore and shuttlecock a little, I got seven blows once, and altogether played better. Write to us, as soon as possible. Your affecte. child and sister

Dear Bon, Would you like any of my books. Here is a list of them:
1 Bird catching or the Northern Adventurers, very entertaining, they are dialogues of the way of catching birds in the Feroe Islands and other places
2 Tales of the Vicarage, entertaining
3 Juvenile Biography, or the Childhood of some good and eminent men, entertaining
4 Maria's visit to London or the description of the British Museum, St Paul's, and other things, very entertaining
5 The promised Visit, or an account of a Papermill, pretty entertaining
6 Fruits of Enterprize, or Travels of Belzoni very entertaining
7 The History of Goody Two-Shoes very entertaining

Sunday Evening Conversations, very entertaining. Your affte. cousin Flo.

Dear Aunt Mai, Write to me, please. I hope you will send dear Blanche home with them, as I her she has cut her tooth. It is very windy to-day and was last night. It has been raining very hard. I am going to play at battledore a minute as my hand is tired. It is very droll here all alone. Dear me! the fire's going out. Will you come here very soon again? Promise you will, do, pray Little Martha. Fragnell (who is about fourteen years old) who waits upon us) now Betsy is gone, is such a droll little thing. Goodbye Flo
Dear Papa Sunday Embley 11 o'clock
I played with Miss Christie at battledore and shuttlecock yesterday, and I got once 9 once 8 and several times I got seven. We were very much tempted to send our letters in the Duke's frank, but we thought we might make some mistake. Has Pop had many teeth out at Mr Dumergue's? Flo____

Dear Mama____ I have got a little cold, but it is so little, that I hopes it will be well before you come back. I don't go to church to-day because of that. I did figures very well yesterday. Then we went to poor Mrs. Bungy's, she had a bad head-ache. We dined in the Piano drawingroom; and I did music, Latin, French reading, and valzing, and Miss Christie played. This morning I did everything as usual, except that I have not written my copy, and that I have learnt more poetry, and read in the Bible the XVII chapter of the 1 book of Kings (about Elijah being fed by ravens and being supported by the Sareptan woman, and raising her son to life again,) and the IV chapter of the II book (about Elisha) Yesterday, we went to Mrs Staples, (besides Mrs. Bungy's) and she be'es very well, and he (her leg) be'es very well too.

Ask poor dear Bon whether he would like any-thing besides the books that I could give him. Do it secret-ly, because I want to surprize him with some-thing. Buy the knife for miss Christie; I asked turn over

her to tell me everything she buys, so I shall know if she buys a knife, or not, and then I shall prevent it.
I play better at battledore and shuttlecock, we are going to have a game now, I and Miss Christie, as we cannot go out Goodbye. your affecte. Flo N.

[rest of page in another hand]
The Duke and Duchess of Wellington present their compliments to Mr Nightingale and request the honor of his company to dine and sleep at Stratfield Saye on Sunday the 1st March, to meet my lords the judges. London Feb 1829 [?]
Mrs. William Shore
Tapton

Dear Grandmama

Willy, one of our little cousins is here. It rains, it rains, so hard, so hard. But they're cutting the grass all the same, though Pop says they'll catch cold. Today's Thursday May 22. My birthday's May 12th. Pop's birthday's April 19th. I began my letter on Thursday but today's Saturday. The Miss Penton's came here on my birthday. It is a finer day to-day. I've been twice to South- [illeg]. Pop has been there twice too. Is Nelson alive? Answer my letter, if you please, will you? Mama's been to Portsmouth to see the Asia but she had sailed the night before, so she saw the outside of the Victory, Lord Nelson's ship & the Melville. But the men would not let her see the inside, because they were cleaning it. I hope you will come to Lea-Hurst with Nelson & the little chum. Or else we must come to you. Papa's so busy he does'n't know when he shall get to LONDON but he hopes to go the end of the week after this [?] Mamma's very much obliged to for looking for a housemaid

FLORENCE

Sunday

Dear Aunt Mai

Bon is worse, but has had a good night. Miss Christie is quite
Wellcome Ms 8991

well. Give my love to every body. I hope every body is well. Both I and Pop have made a present to your house of a paper knife. Papa says "that as we only spend 6 weeks at the Hurst, he hopes that you will visit him a good deal. We have Mr. Knyvett is our daily music master. Mrs. Knyvett our daily governess. Miss Mason teaches us to climb a rope, to swing hanging by a triangle and we like it very much. Poor Bon is past all hope, the other day they thought he was better and they moved him into the back drawing-room, but yesterday, Monday, the 27th., all the doctors gave him up. Miss Christie sends her love to you. This mornin- [poss use??]

8991/28 4ff, dated ca. 1829, signed letter

28:1
Mrs. Shore
Tapton {in middle of page, upside down}

28:2 [Claydon [122/24]
Embley. June 20th
Dear Grandmama
I hope you find Blanche an agreeable little companion.
Mama is not strong enough to go to London yet. Yesterday and to-day are the only fine days we have had for a long while.

They seem to have come to greet Papa, who arrived Friday evening. He is very well and happy, and has had a merry time of it in London, going to see sights almost every day. Please to kiss Blanche for me, and give my love to Aunt Mai and Dick-
-onze. I hope she is quite well. I dare say Blanche likes Nelson very much! Does she ride on his back? I should think he was full large enough to hold her.

Your affecte. Grand-daughter Florence

Copy 8991/29 3ff, postmarked 26 June 1829

29:1
{in someone else's hand}
Petersfield June twenty five 1829
Mrs Shore
Tapton
Mrs. Shore {upside down, in FN hand}
Sheffield
J Bonham Carter

29:2 [Claydon 112/23]
Tuesday 16th
Dear Grandmama
We thought Aunt Mai looked very well, and very sorry we were to see her so little. I hope you will come here with Blanche and Nurse Loft.
Lea Hurst is delightful. Our gardens are full of Wall-flowers, White [page torn] Periwinkles, Laburnums, Monk-hoods &c &c. Your affectionate grand-child Florence N.P.S. We are going to Plea{cut off}
Miss Brydges

Boultibrooke

Herefordshire {upside down on folio}

30:2

Dear miss Brydges

Do you know poor Bonny Carter, my cousin. 'Such a dear, kind boy! He has been very ill for 6 or 7 months, and June 7th (Sunday) between 6 & 7 o'clock, he died.

He was kind to every body to the last, and so very patient, he was never cross. Half an hour before his death, he asked to see Aunt Patty, and he was looking about the room for a sofa for her. We left Gale in London to help to take care of him, but nothing would do. His complaint had got so much the better of medecine, doctors, nursing and all, that all hope was given up. He had a great deal of pain, throughout his illness. Mama saw him once, he talked to her a great deal, and was so anxious to give her every thing she liked. Gale slept by his side. One night, she got up to do something for him, and he said to her, "Come, it will do very well, there's a good creature, go to bed, now, go to sleep." One day, he said to his papa, when in great pain, "I will bear it as well as I can, but if I were strong, I think I should leap about the room with this pain." Give my love to your Papa

30:1 {letter continues at top of page}

& Mama, & believe me, your affectionate Florence Nightingale. P.S. How do the handkerchiefes go on, which you were doing a Embley. How are your Papa & Mama. Good-bye
Friday. Embley. 3 o'clock, music-room

Dear Mama

The Pentons went to Southampton yesterday. Who

should come to see us Wednesday, but poor miss Peggy Penton! I hope she is
much better from that. She came in a gig with her Papa. This morning I have
done my exercises and my music. Miss Christie puts on no more caustic to my
foot, as the rag I am obliged to have has made a blister. I wear my boots
now, as they do not hurt me. We do not eat too much fruit. Have you any
objection to us taking milk to Mrs. Staples? It was so rainy yesterday, we
could only go up to Mrs. Staples by Embley lane. I wish you would bring
me too home too an egg of both Puffin and Cormorant, please. Give my
love to Papa and Clémence. Was there not a chapel at Wilton? miss Xtie. & Pop
say there was not, I deny it. Is Mr. Millengan 60 years old? Miss Xtie. says
he is, I thought he was only 30. Pop uses her Domitt, a kind of flannel which
we've bought instead of cassinmere for her housewife. I think I shall have
finished
another housewife before we come. We are very happy, though I shall be very glad
to

see you back again, dear miss C. is very kind to us; my Jacobæa and Prince
of Wales's feathers are going on very well; ever your affectionate child F.N.
Pray tell us in your next letter, exactly when you come home. I hope Clémence
is well. Good-bye, dear mama. I hope you are better.

Dearest Mama,

my Grandmother is going to the school this after
noon. We wash our eyes regularly with cold water. Mr.
Chococombe came to me measure me for my shoes to-day. The letters are going
I will write again. Flo The letters are not going. Blanche's
cold is better. Pop sleeps in your room, & I in the little
room next. Yesterday it rained all day with us, so we
could not go out, but we had 2 good romps, by was of
exercise. Tell Clémence, her letter is not ready yet. Good-bye
Ma chère Maman,


J'ai lu le Francois avec Clémence__

Vendredi. J'ai travaillé, nous avons déjeuné à neuf heures et demi, et puis, j'ai travaillé, et levé Blanche jusqu'à dîné, et après dîné; mon travail était la robe de Clémence. Je l'ai commencé aujourd'hui, et je l'ai fini aujourd'hui. Nous n'avons pas sorti aujourd'hui, à cause de la neige. mademoiselle Christie m'a dit, cet après midi que "Lucy' n'avait pas assez de force pour s'empêcher de me parler, et qu'ainsi je ne pouvais pas rester avec elle, excepté à man -ger, danser, marcher et jouer.

Ma très chère Maman
à une pélérine de Clémence. Hier, j'ai écrit une lettre à Elise Swindel, avec le fichu de soie, (que nous lui avons acheté à Londres) que nous avons envoyé par Leverton. Nous avons aussi été à la ferme, où mde. Luke était établie aujourd'hui. C'était le vrai tableau de confusion. Pauvre mde. Luke était bien triste, parce qu'elle ne pouvait pas rôtir ses pomme de terres, et qu'elle ne l'aimait pas autants que son ancien maison, mais Luke avait l'air si gai, si gai, et le vieux Daniel était là qui les aidait. le soir, nous avons dansé, et nous avons souper avec mes tantes. Tous les matins nous donnons les mies de pain aux oiseaux, parce qu'ils ne peuvent trouver rien sur la neige. Dimanche. J'ai peur que j'ai été méchante ce matin à Clémence, car elle n'a pas voulu m'habiller, et je l'ai été obligé de faire moi-même. Je n'ai pas voulu qu'elle m'habille toute-suite parce que je n'étais pas sèche, et elle m'a ôté de la chambre. J'ai ôté de mon pocket-book 2 chansons communs, et une vilaine histoire. nous avons sortie après déjeûné. Quand je suis revenu j'ai écrit ceci. J'ai lu une lettre Anglaise à Clémence : nous avons dîné à une heure; nous n'avons pas été à l'église, à cause de la neige. Nous avons joué à Quatre Coins. J'ai appris à Betsy à écrire, et je l'ai entendu lire deux évangiles dans le prayer-book ; je l'ai questionné après sur ce qu'elle a lu, et elle a répondu très bien, ce qui m'a surpris, car autre-fois elle répondait au très mal (It was so bad in the morning, Aunt Maria could not go to school on account of the snow but she is just come from church, and is glad she did not take me it was so slippery. She went in to Mrs. Penton's, to talk about the school. She finds there are eleven boys, which could not be booted, upon an average, under seven or eight shillings, which would be at least, £317[£], and then they must be tipped and nailed to be of any use, therefore she thinks you had better determine upon shirts, unless you will be at that expense. Mrs. Penton in the midst of our conversation full of delight with Matty's account of Ham, which she calls Ham Castle, and
the kindness of Mr. & Mrs. Nicholson. Everything is so comfortable; it did Aunt Maria's heart good to hear of her happiness.) Mr. Penton's hand is still very painful, and they have been forced to put on a blister, and Mr. Thomas is so poorly, he is come home to be nursed. Miss Penton is quite well, and is coming to the school to-morrow, to help finish petticoats, and pinafores which she hopes will be all done by Wednesday.)

All this English was dictated to me by Aunt Maria.

J'ai réglé mes lignes moi-même. Mes engelures sont plus mal, mois je vais les frotter avec le Cajeput. Nous avons lu les prières aux domestiques. Lundi. J'ai fait une sac de l'étoffe de Bonny pour ma tante Maria après déjeûné, nous avons joué, car il n'est pas possible de sortir, il neige et il pleut en tours. Nous avons {cut off} j'ai travaillé au sac, nous avons joué encore, j'ai dessiné et peint une femme que j'ai copié dans un livre, et j'ai écrit ceci. Mes deux paires de brodequins sont revenus aujourd'hui, ils me vont très bien. Voulez-vous m'écrire une lettre. Puis j'ai travaillé encore, nous avons souper et joué, parce que Clémence avait mal à la tête, et ne pouvait pas danser. Nous nous sommes couchées, et dit nos prières. Mardi. Nous avons reçu une lettre de ma tante Julie, ce matin. Je suis bien contente que vous n'écrivez pas. J'ai travaillé. Nous avons joué pour nous échauffer, car il neige si fort nous ne pouvons pas sortir. Quel temps fait il avec vous à Lea Hurst?
Votre très affectionnée fille Florence.
Ma chère maman,

Mardi. Après que j'ai écrit votre lettre, j'ai écrit à ma cousine Hilary, nous avons joué, j'ai travaillé, lu, dîné, puis, j'ai lu encore, travaillé, joué, puis j'ai réglé mes lignes, écrit ceci. j'ai dessiné et peint, soupe, dansé, couché, et dit mes prières. Nous avons un bolster dans notre lit.


Nous n'avons pas dansé, parce que Clémence avait trop à faire.


J'ai lu un tract, appelé Hester Wilmot, que ma tante m'a prêté. Mon oncle Sam est venu hier soir. Une quantité d'oiseaux viennent aux mies du pain que j'ai jeté. Un Robin est venu qui n'avait pas de queue.
J'ai lu les Collectes &c dans le livre des Prières, parce que nous n'avons pas pu aller à l'église, c'était si dangereux. J'ai dessiné et peint.

Puis-je lire les lettres de milord Collingwood; j'ai demandé à ma tante, et elle m'a dit de vous demander? Le second Tome de Q.Q, et quelle autre livre devons nous envoyer aux demoiselles Pentons?

Le soir j'ai lu à ma tante Mai. Savez-vous, maman, j'ai demandé à ma tante Mai de m'entendre lire tous les matins, et de m'entendre ma musique, et elle dit qu'elle veut bien. N'êtes vous pas bien contente? Je le suis, vraiment.

Je suis, ma chère Maman,

votre affectionnée Florence.
Dimanche
Ma chère maman
MERCREDI. je ne crois pas que vous pourrez sortir de Lea Hurst le temps qu'il fait. Ce matin, à onze heures; moins un quart, j'ai commencé ma musique seule, et à onze heures un quart, je l'ai fini, ainsi, vous voyez, je prends juste une demi-heure. Mademoiselle Christie nous a envoyé deux lettres depuis qu'elle est partie. Elle dit, que son frère est mieux, qu'il fait bien froid où elle demeure, mais qu'elle n'a pas manquée de sortir tous les jours qu'une fois. Son frère est si faible, qu'il ne peut pas se donner à manger lui-même. Clémence vous présente ses respects. Je suis, ma chère Maman, toujours votre affectionnée fille Florence.
[Wednesday]

ma chère Maman

MERCREDI. J'ai fait ma musique, lu mon 
Francois, dessiné un pot, travaillé, 
lu, écrit de la Vie de Clémence, dansé, joué. 
JEUDI. J'ai dessiné un pot, travaillé, lu, dansé. J'ai sorti avec ma tante Mai, 
Lucy, et Pop à l'étang qui est tout glacé, et où mr. Thomas Penton, et mon 
oncle Sam patinait. Nous avons marché ❀ dessus, et ils nous ont pris 
en tour sur une chaise, qu'ils avaient 
apportés, et nous ont fait glisser pen-
dant qu'ils patinaient, c'était si a-
gréable, vous ne savez pas. Adieu. 
NEW YEAR'S DAY. Clémence m'a donné une boîte 
très jolie qu'elle a acheté à Romsey pour mes étrennes. Je vous 
souhaite une bonne année. Aujourd'hui j'ai fait ma musique, dessiné. 
travaillé, écrit ceci, lu, écrit dans 
mon Pocket-Book; savez-vous, j'ai trouvé 
le Copy-Book petit, que nous avons 
tant cherché. Les SWEEPERS sont, venus aujourd'hui, et mde. Gale 
dit, more than a bushel of soot came down. J'ai travaillé 
après le thé. 
Nous avons reçu une lettre de mlle. Christie, qui dit que son frère est mieux.

JanuARY 2nd. J'ai dessiné, écrit, travaillé, 
lu avec ma tante Marie, et réfléchie. J'ai eu une 
petite leçon de guitare de Clémence, et j'ai 
écrit la vie de Clémence. 
JANUARY 3RD. J'ai dessiné et peint un oiseau. J'ai lu. 
J'ai écrit. J'ai joué avec Blanchy. Nous n'avons pas été à l'é-
glise, parce qu'il était trop glissant. Le soir, après thé, 
ma soeur, Lucy, et moi, nous avons lu les Collectes, les Psaume{cut off} 
Un Chapitre et une Prières à ma tante Maria, parce que les domestiques 
pouvaient pas venir. Nous avons dit notre poésie. 
JanuARY 4TH. J'ai travaillé, lu, dessi-
é un pot, joué avec Blanche et écrit ceci. J'ai raccomodé mes gants. 
JANUARY 5TH. Je suis alle à mr. Burnet avec Clémence, lui porter le 
Quatrième Volume de L'ECOLIER, & donner du ris à Pope. Grand merci 
pour votre lettre que nous avons 
reçu ce matin. J'ai travaillé, 
dessiné, fait ma musique, joué 
avec Blanche, et écrit ceci. J'ai lu Mr. Park's Travels aujourd'hui. Nous 
avons calculé ce que HUMBY a par semaine, et les enfans n'ont 
qu' S1.D2½ par semaine. Adieu. Votre affectionnée Florence Nightingale
ma chère Maman


JANUARY 7th. Les mesdemoiselles Pentons ont dit hier qu'elles n'avaient pas besoin encore de Q.Q. J'ai fait ma musique, dessiné un livre qui me fait peu d'honneur, et travaillé. J'ai sorti avec Clémence, et ma soeur à/chez Pope aux dix garçons lui donner un tablier, et chez marie Brent. Elle était bien malade. Le soir, nous avons dansé. J'ai lu le François et j'ai eu une leçon de guitare de Clémence


Dear Mama

Gale's sister is come. Gale sleeps with Blanche. I mended this pen myself. There is a everlasting flower in the garden & I have drawn it. Blanche plays with the little ones. she looses them & finds them again. The gowns are bought for we have done all things you commissioned but 2 gowns 'Mrs. Bungay got a little baby

ma chère maman

SAMEDI. J'ai dessiné, promené travaillé, j'ai écrit une lettre à mlle. Xtie., car elle m'a écrit une. J'ai lu le Francois.

SUNDAY. J'ai été à l'église, et j'ai rapporté un peu du sermon. J'ai écrit un sermon que j'ai fait moi-même, parce que Lucy a fait un le dernier Dimanche, et j'ai cru que vous aimeriez que j'en-fasse un aussi. Le texte est, Exodus Chap XX VVIII. Remem-ber the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Je n'ai pas lu du tout aujourd'hui que dans mon Bible. Après le thé, nous avons dit
notre poésie, et lu nos sermons. J'ai
dessiné un panier. Nous disons un
Psaume tous les matins.
LUNDI. J'ai dessiné un papillon qui était presque mort. J'ai écrit ce
que j'ai rapporté du Sermon hier dans mon livre. J'ai écrit de la vie

J'ai fait ma musique. J'ai lu le François. Je me suis promené avec Clémence
à Southwell, pour lui donner sa robe, et à William's. Il est presque mort, et à
Luke's, nous donnons des robes à tous. Ma tante Coape à Unity, Pop à Mary,
moi à Caroline, et Gale à l'enfant.
Mardi. J'ai dessiné un vase. J'ai écrit
une partie du sermon que j'ai
fait moi-même. J'ai fait ma musique. Nous n'avons pas sorti aujourd'hui,
parce qu'il neigeait tant. Williams est mort. Nous croyions qu'il ne
vivrait pas long-temps quand nous l'avons vu hier; il ne pouvait pas parler.
J'ai mis des plumes d'un WILD DUCK sur du papier avec du cire à cacheter.
J'ai raccommodé mes gants J'ai joué. Florence Nightingale. J'ai écrit de la vie
de Clémence.
Postscript. J'ai lu mon François, et j'ai eu une petite leçon
de danse de Clémence. Adieu. La
petite Blanchy est bien bonne.
Ma tante Marie me paye mes semaines
ma chère maman,

MERREDI.
J'ai dessiné une rose. J'ai fait ma musique.
J'ai lu à ma tante Marie. J'ai lu le François à Clémence. J'ai joué le soir.
Clémence, Pop, Lucy, mon Oncle Sam, et mr. Penton aux Kentford Lakes; nous les
avons traversé tous deux, (c'était de la glace) nous avons glissé, et nous avons vu un garçon glisser très bien. Puis les deux derniers se sont séparés de nous,
pour aller fusiller, et nous sommes retournés à
la maison; la neige était si profond,
que j'ai mis 2 prs. de bas, des brodequins de cuir, et par dessus tout cela, mes brodequins de WORSTED, une jolie chaussure!

J'ai dîné. J'ai lu le François. J'ai écrit ceci. J'ai travaillé, soupe, joué,
me suis couché.
avec la même chaussure qu'hier, à l'école, puis à Marie Brent, qui est bien malade,
et puis à l'étang. J'ai eu une leçon de guitare de Clémence, et j'ai lu le
Francois.
J'ai dîné. J'ai fait de petits pains. J'ai eu une bonne leçon de danse. J'ai lu à ma tante
Marie. J'ai travaillé.
SAUMEDI. Nous sommes sorti.
J'ai fait ma musique, dessiné.
travaillé, lu à ma tante Marie, lu le Francois, pris une leçon de guitare, écrit
de la vie de Clémence, et dansé.
DIMANCHE. J'ai écrit un sermon, pris deux longues promenades, dessiné, et dit
ma poésie. Lucy part demain matin à six heures. Maman, faut-il que je prenors
deux promenades, et de si longs? car j'ai été si fatigué aujourd'hui, et si froid.
Blanchy peut dire Oui et Non. Gale me dit, de vous dire,
(To bring some green stuff to re-cover our Bibles and Prayer-books, which is in
the cupboard where the linen is at Lea Hurst) et de vous demander (shall she kill a pig for
you when you come home) et que (she has not had many head-aches since you went.)
Florence Nightingale
Dear Mama,

I wrote a nice letter to Grandmama on Monday, and gave Clémence a lesson in English. Florence Nightingale.

I promise to take run before breakfast to gate or to [illeg] people, ½ an hour's walk before dinner, long walk after, or if cold & dark long walk before & ½ an hour's after

to do 20 arms before I dress, 10 minutes before breakfast & 10 after before exercises, if ill done 10 more

to practise 1 hour a day, if you like it, as I shall not have so much to do 1¼ - regularly

to draw ½ an hour regularly

not to lie in bed

to go to bed in proper time

to read the Bible & pray regularly before breakfast & at night

to take visit the poor people & take care of those who are sick

to take medicine when I want it

to go regularly after breakfast

on Sundays to go to Church when there is any one to go with me, to read, write & do the Bible

to read any book you put out for me
to read to aunt mai & save her trouble
to read this paper every day
to write to you

I think I should be much better here
than elsewhere I should have fewer
temptations

F.N.

Thursday. Feby. 18th. Fair-Oak

Dear Mama, and Papa, and Pop,
I am very happy here. The day you went,
miss Wood asked me to learn to play a duet with Hilary, and so I began. I
practise
every morning by myself, and then, at night, after supper, I play it over to
Miss Wood, and learn a new piece. Yesterday I wrote French, and did a little
geography, which I like very much. I learn poetry, and read to Aunt Mai. I say
my prayers to myself morning and night. I sleep in a little bed in a little
room
close to Aunt Mai's. I find your port-folio very useful. I keep all my clothes
myself. I make out my own washing-bills myself, and fold up all my things.
All of which I like extremely. I have just found out several holes
in my trowsers, which I must mend as soon as possible. We want a
letter from you very much. Is miss Christie coming home? To-day
promises very much to be a fine day, and if it is, we are all to go
to Petersfield, but now Aunt Joanna says, we are not to go. (Pray
give my love to Clémence, and tell her that I dress and undress,
and put in my curl-papers all myself, and manage all my clothes
myself, and that I wish she would be so kind as to send me a
copy in the next letter, of, "Partant pour la Syrie, le bon et brave
de Noix" a French song.) (Pray give my love to Gale, and tell
her, we have found Pop's cloak, hanging on a tree, where she left
it the other day.) Pop, if any thing comes over, here, will
you send my silk-worm's eggs, if you please, for I am afraid I
shall not be back in time to take care of them. They are in a little
box in my drawer. Mama, I find plenty of work here. Good-bye
Dearest Mama, always your affecte. child. F.N.

One of your pocket-handkerchiefs is here.
Feb 24th. Wednesday. Fair-Oak

Dear Pop,

I have not put your Scrap-Book any-where, but one day I saw it in the drawer in the Music-room, next to the bow-window, and I think it very odd, you did not think of looking for it there!!! We have banked up the kitchen-door, (of our house) and made a new one. We have made a sofa of sand in the kitchen, covered with heather. Our moss-beds are so wet, we cannot sleep in them. We have filled up our potato-holes in the kitchen, and made a ladder. We have made a great addition to our provisions, viz.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vegetable</th>
<th>Fruits</th>
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<tr>
<td>Little Cones</td>
<td>Potatoes</td>
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<td>Little Cones</td>
<td>Horse</td>
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<td>Chestnuts</td>
<td>Peach</td>
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<td>Long Cones</td>
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<td>Kind of Dainties</td>
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<td>Goose-berries</td>
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<td>Currants</td>
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{following text appears beside chart}

We intend to make another larder. We have made 3 other paths to different parts of our house. We have made a parlour, and a summer-house, and are making a dining-room. We stick little sticks in the ground in our larder, and interlace them with rushes, making a little enclosure, in which we keep potatos &c. We have made 2 sofas in our parlour; we have dragged up several boughs of laurel, and are going to make a bower with it in the dining-room, and have made a little tool-horse in our larder, in which we keep, viz, 1 spade, 2 rakes, 2 hoes, 4 baskets, 1 spade, 2 rakes, 2 hoes, 4 baskets. There was a thunder-storm last night and every-thing is so wet this morning, we have been able to do very little. Uncle Adams has broken down the other cart, but one of them is mended now.

Our quarrels are worse than ever. A few days ago, he began an accusation before Uncle Carter, but we made out 5 formal accusations viz. 1 Breaking 2 carts. 2. Hurting Hilary's Hand. 3 Accusing us of...
doing it. 4 Beating my legs. and 5. Hurting me. Aunt Mai went yesterday morning to London, and the same day, we went to Petersfield. Your affecte. sister F.N.

Dear Mama,

I think I am more good-natured. I have
got my Duet quite perfect, called "M'aimeras tu?" I play it with Hilary. I am learning another. I am making the bag, that Bonny gave me. Will you tell Gale, if you please, that I go on very well, except that I want night-caps, (having only 2) and trowsers. My head was washed Monday by Rebecca. I wear my steel boots as you told me.

Florence.

8991/45 4f dated ca. 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/38]

Sunday. Feby. 28th.

Dear Pop,

I am pretty well reconciled to Alice, though I still think Blanchy far superior to her, considering there is not quite 4 months between them. I have only had 1 ride since I have been here, and that was riding on Tommy half way from Petersfield to Fair-oak.

(I send my love to Clémence. Please to tell her that I can lace my stays, and curl my hair my-self, and that I hope she will let me do so when I come home.) Dearest Pop, I am very glad you feel so like me, for I really I feel I love you very much now. Uncle Adams continues wickeder, than ever, he told us he had filled up our pond, but he has not really filled it up, for we have made one, and lined it with clay, for water cannot run through clay, and It does very nicely. We are making a new one. In our store-house, we have made 3 little baskets of sticks entwined with ferns
**March 1st**

and moss and rushes in which we keep our things. We are not going to make any more potato-holes, but these. We have made in our parlour such a nice sofa of sand, covered very thick with heath, and we have begun our bower, and our store-house. Good-bye. Your affecte sister F N.

Dearest Mamma,

I think I am got a little something more good-natured and complying. I don't keep Hilly at all from her lessons, and I do some with her, Music, French, and sometimes Geography. I do not know what a "tumble" place is. I liked your little pink letters very much. Miss E. Gifford is here, she desired me to ask Pop to write out "God is good" in Sabbath Recreations or her. I know 2 duets called, "M'aimes-tu." & "Partant pour la Syrie."

**March 2nd**

Poor Alfy is not well. He was in bed yesterday, and the day before I have received Pop's nice letter, but I have seen no primroses. (Pop, I write almost every day in reply to your accusation. I have not forgotten you. Uncle Unworthy Adams, (we have surnamed him GOG) has not got into your house, but uncle Gifford defends us manfully from Evil Genius Gog's attacks. "M'aimes-tu?" is very pretty. I am going to copy it out) Mama, the long expected bellows from Frank has arrived this morning. It is blue with gold stars. The pipe is a little gold bodkin. There are needles inside, and pins outside. It is tied with yellow ribbon. In short, the prettiest little thing that was ever made. Your affecte. child F.N.

{address in middle of page, c.90d}

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
nr. Romsey
Hants

8991/46 3ff, signed letter [Claydon 112/39]

**Fair-Oak. March tenth. 1830**

Dear Pop,

You may now well call me naughty for not writing, but I have been busy writing letters to Frank and miss Brydges, and copying "M'aimes-tu?" We are all surprised to hear about the rock in the pond. I am very glad to hear about my flowers in my garden, and hope I shall be at Embley to see my crown-imperial blossom. You have left both your pairs of scizzars here, but I will take care of them, and bring
them over. Give my love to Gale and Clémence, and thank Gale for her nightcap and petticoat, and tell her the former was very acceptable. Gog, to our great joy, went away yesterday, but to go to Embley. We have named him, Curlypate Gog, in the shape of a Hog. We are making another house with walls and a roof, and chairs and tables. The other day to Hilly. May I dispose Hilpil was run-away-with by Tommy, but was not thrown, or much frightened, We have got some daffodils, snow-drops, and fox-gloves, which we have put in our house.

Your affecte. sister.
Flo.

Dear Mama,

I have made a house-wifes, 3 bags, and 1 pincushion. 1 of the bags I have given by Tommy, but was not made here? I don't throw, or much read many story-books here, frightened, I assure you. The bag I We have got some daffodils, snow-drops, and stuff was finished long ago fox-gloves, which we have put and I have bought some in our house.

Your affecte. sister.
Flo.

pink ribbon for it. Everybody is very kind to me, particularly Miss Wood, & my old friend Nancy, with whom I have begun again acquaintance. I dress myself, she ties my best frock, and helps me to go to bed. This is a very nice day.

Dear Pop, We have begun a manufactory of china with egg-shells. We paint them, like this, for Aunt Joanna and I am in a great hurry, wants the letter.

Good-bye.

Your affecte. sister
F_ N

8991/47 4ff dated ca. 1830, signed letter

47:1

Mrs. Nightingale {in top third of page, upside down in someone else's hand}
March 13th.

Dear Pop

I have found in my work-basket a piece for your pink satin, just big enough for one house-wife. Shall I keep it for you, or would you give it to, for I have got a piece that will do exactly for the inside.

In our new house, we have made a very little turnip field, hedged round, and some nice turnips and cabbages, about a dozen roots of turnips, and 3 cabbages. We have also got some raspberry, and 1 gooseberry slip, and

best of all, what do you think? 2 roots of beautiful purple crocus, (1 in bud,) which we discovered in the woods about our house. Flo

Dear Mama  Sunday.

I am just come from afternoon church, where I have written down some of the sermon. I am going on very nicely, and I think, am a little more yielding. Who's to pay the washing bill, since Aunt Mai is gone? Uncle Carter came home to-day. Little Alice is getting more good-humoured every day/ and. this morning, (Monday) has condescended to give a 2 kisses. Uncle Carter went away again this morning. It is raining very fast now.

Your affecte. daughter F.N.

Monday, the 22nd. Fair-Oak. 1830

Dear Mama,

Aunt C, Hil, and Nancy went to London last Saturday to stay a fortnight, and Miss Wood, Fan, me, and the little ones stay here. I wish you could send me 1 my Bible, in my Cabinet, which is, I suppose too heavy. 2. my little Album which Aunt Mai gave me, with pink strings, in one of the drawers in the round table in the drawing-room, which is very light, 3 my silkworm's eggs, in my drawer, and 4. I want my green silk tippet and sleeves, as I have nothing to go to church in,
but what is too hot, too cold, or too shabby. Pray send me some of the things, if you can't all. dear little Alice gives me regularly ever day some kisses. She will bark, and say Cock-a-doodle-doo, when I ask her, and once, came on my knee. She will not yet walk, though she will sit by herself for a few minutes. She is very much amused by turning over the pages of a picture-book, like Blanchy is. Your affectionate Flo.

8991/49 1f, to father and Parthe, no year given, signed letter

Dear Papa,  
March, the 23rd.  Fair-Oak  
I shall write more, now that Hilly is gone. Is poor miss Christie come home? miss Wood says that she is. Are you in London? mis Wood says, that she thinks you and Mama are. Your affecte. Florence Nightingale.  
Dear Pop,  
Thank you for your pink satin. We have beautiful wild nosegays of wood anemones, snow-drops, (daffodils and marsh-marigolds in bud,) primroses, crowfoots, &c. In the garden, there are some hyacinths in blossom, cowslips, oxlips, hounds' tongue, crocuses, double snow-drops, (illeg. ronunculuses,?)&c. Have you got all that? We have also double, and single violets blossoming in the garden, and wild violets in bud. Good-bye. I am going out. Your affecte. sister Flo.  
P.S. Pray take care of Maria's Brent's chocolate.  
How is she? Why don't you write? Naughty girl!

8991/50 1f, to Parthe and mother, no year given, signed letter

Dear Pop,  
March 24th.  
Since Hilly has been gone, I am moved into the little red room, where we slept together, (don't you recollect,) when we were at Fair-Oak last. In our garden at our house, we have a kitchen garden, with parsley, rasp-berry, & strawberry plants, a flower-garden, a rearing-ground, in which we put wild flowers, ready to put into the flower-garden, and a turnip and cabbage field, and a potato ground. The two latter are well stocked. We have made part of a roof to our house.  
F.N.  
Dear Mama,  
We all go on very well. I am reading le Souterrain to miss Wood. It is a very pretty story.  
Good-bye  Thank you for letters. Your affecte. Flo
I have made a flag, with our four names done
in silk on it, and herring-boned round in different colours.

\[\text{small diagram of flag, its text is below left:}\]

FPN \{JHBC?\} like that I have done it all in silk, and
all against Gog \{FMBC?\} Gog is done in black, to represent his wickedness

Flo.

{letter continues at bottom quarter of page}

For Pop March 23d.

Frank's letter is very entertaining indeed, but it is very
odd, there should be Ice-bergs, in England, in the beginning
of spring. Give my love to poor Kitty, and all the rest.

{letter continues along right margin, in middle section, c.90d}

Mama

All the sick are cured, including Alfy
and Alice. \quad Flo N.

{in centre of page, in same direction}

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

nr. Romsey

Hants

8991/52 4ff, ca. 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/41] \[1:110\]

52:1

March 28th. Fair-oak

Dear Mama,

Is miss Christie come home?

I have pinched my finger. I did not write sooner, because of it.
Poor Rebecca has got a head-ache to-day, like to what Gale has.
We went last Sunday to Terwick, but, unluckily, we set out so late,
that we did not get there, till just as the sermon began.
We do not go on much with our house, now Hilly is gone,
except watering our plants, but miss Wood and I are making
a garden of wild plants. Do you think I need wear my
steel boots, now it is getting so hot, and could you send me
a pair of walking-out shoes, as my boots are getting so very hot,
I can scarcely wear them. Your affecte. Flo.
Dear Mama 

March 28th.

I am just come from church. Mr. Green preached from Luke, Chap XV, Verse 10, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." There are 2 tulips & several hyacinths out in the garden. I had no pencil with me, but I recollect he said, that it is not in the {illeg. resolve?} but in the doing of a thing, that we must rejoice over. And he gave us three examples. First, in the parable, of the man, having 100 sheep, losing 1, leaving the 99 in the wilderness, and going to seek the one he had lost, Then, and not till then, did he send for his neighbours to rejoice with him. The same with the woman, and her ten pieces of silver.

She did not call her neighbours to rejoice with her, till she had found her silver, not when she was resolving she would sweep her house and look for it. The same with the prodigal son. He says, I will arise and go to my father, and say, I have sinned, and am not worthy to come into their presence, and the Scriptures add immediately after, that he did do it. Then, and not till then, did his father come, and fall on his neck, and kiss him, and order the newest robe, to be brought, and the fatted calf to be killed, to make him a feast. Good-bye, dear Mama. Your affecte. Flo.

Dear Pop 

March 28th. [1:281]

Why don't you write? I should think you had plenty of time, and I write you such long letters, and you, but very seldom, write me 2 or 3 lines. I shall not write to you, if you don't write for me. I am making a bag for Gale
52:2

but pray don't tell her, for it is such a nice large patch-work one, that I want to surprise her. I have written all this immense letter to-day. My hands are quite tired.
Tell mama she owes me 5 shillings and 3 pence to-day.
(letter continues at bottom quarter of page)
for my weeks. I have been here 6 weeks and 2 days.
Is not tape very cheap here? I bought 9 yards the other day at Rogate for three half-pence. Good-bye
(letter continues along right margin, middle section, c.90d)
Your affectionate sister Florence Nightingale. All this {illeg.} I written in one day!
{in middle of page, cc.90d}
Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
nr. Romsey.
Hants.

8991/53 4ff to mother, Parthe and Clémence, dated ca. 1830, signed letter, arch: FN copied [Claydon 112/41a]

April 9th. Fair-oak

My dearest Mama,

Dear, good, kind miss Christie has sent me a letter, and with it, a pencil-case from her brother, who is gone. Pray give her my love, and thank her for it, and tell her I will keep it as long as I live. Blanchy came Monday night, I think she is very much improved. I give her her breakfast and dinner, she has nothing for supper but {cut off. a?} bunch of bread./ April 10th. Yesterday was Good Friday, and the day before, Uncle and Aunt Mai, and miss Brydges came, and Uncle and Aunt Carter, and Hilly came. Our snow went like yours, the same day. It is very fine now. Jack came too with Hilly. We went out fishing this morning with him but could not catch a fish, the rain had swelled the Rother so. Jack pulled off his shoes and stockings, and went in a little way, but had no better success.

Flo.
Dear Pop April 10th.

I am very glad so many flowers are out. Frank has not sent your pincushion! Our house is going on very well, now Jack is come. We are making a road, and a subterranean room. Our gardens are beautiful with the {cut off} in. We have made a new one, and plated it with cabbages, raspberries, strawberries, cauliflower, and box; you cannot think how pretty it looks! Every thing except the daffodils prospers wonderfully. Good-bye. Your affecte. sister Flo.

P.S. April 14th Our subterranean room, and our road are almost finished. It is to be our parlour and bed-room, while the large one is our kitchen. We made a beautiful blazing fire in it yesterday in the fire-place to air it, and roasted some potatoes and an apple. It blackened the fire-place so, and when it went out, (we kept it blazing all the while from dinner to supper,) every-thing was steaming, it was so damp before. We are making a wood-house. Gale's bag is not quite finished Flo. Sister

Dear Mama April 14th.

All the colds are well, I believe. Mr. and Mrs. {illeg. Palk? Polk?}, and their baby Bobby are here. Bobby is only ten months old. He has just got the measles. I have got the box. My silk-worms are not come out. I hope, Pop, you will not give Gog any peace. We have found no new flowers. The sun is warm again, and we have very beautiful days, except some April showers.

Flo.

Ma chère Clémence,


AVRIL le 14 1830 Fair-oak.Votre affectionnée Flo.

My dear Mama

I hope you have had a pleasant journey. Yesterday I went to Thames Bank (and came back last night, because there was no room for me.) I saw the baby fête, and a very pretty
sight it was. All the children came in a waggon (76 of them) some not older than Blanche. They are much better dressed than ours. First, they had their dinners in the verandah, mutton and plum-pudding. Then 2 fiddlers, and a tambouriner came; and we danced with them there, we gave the children swings, which they liked very much. They sang 2 psalms, and "There's no place like Home," changing the word "Home" for "School," and, for such little things, they sang very nicely. They had a supper of buns & milk, and those, who liked it, beer. Then they danced again, and sat on the spring-board, a very nice exercise. It is a board, supported at each end by 2 stands, which springs up when you sit or stand on it, like this, {tiny diagram} In short, we had a very merry party. Little Jessy, Miss Cooks, and a gentleman and 2 ladies were there. I rested twice, so my ancles were not very much tired. I have bought (& so has Pop) a pair of beaver gloves for the garden, and a pair of lilacish-gray for best, as you advised me. The beavers cost 9d. Now I have 5 new pair (2 purples, 1 brown, 1 lilac, 1 grey beaver) & 1 old green pair, which I bought from Pop, a good stock! Blanchy is a sweet little thing, very much improved in talking. I forgot to tell you, that at Kingston Church, I saw a brass plate, put up in
Wellcome Ms 8991

memory of Thomson. It tells when he died &c, and
The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that the memory of
so good a man, and so sweet a poet should ever be
forgotten, has erected this brass tablet to his memory.

Pop went this morning to New Street with Clémence
to go to Fair-Oak. Please to give dear Papa my
love, and Gale too, and tell her I should have
written to her, as she asked me, but I had no
room, but I will write next time. Your very
affectionate child Florence Nightingale

Monday. July 12th. Thames Bank

My dear Mama

Saturday night I went up into the
distillery with Uncle Och & Fred. He showed us about,
and we went up the ladders to the very tip-top, and
walked about on the roof, we walked along the great
tube, and Freddy said, the steam smelt like almond-
juice, but I thought it smelt very nasty. We could see
a great way from the roof. We have had a good deal
of boating lately, & I see 3 steam-boats pass every day
called the Diana, the Fly, & the Endeavour. I think the
Fly is the largest, but I think the one we sailed in
from Chepstow to Bristol, (the Majesty) was larger than
any of them. Sunday, we went to Essex Chapel in the
morning, and heard a Sermon, preached by mr. Madge,
a very pretty one, on the text I Corinthians, Chap XIII,
verse 9th "for we know in part, and we prophesy in part",
our favourite chapter, you know. It was a very hot
dissenter's chapel. He said at the end of his sermon,
"We ought to adore God for what we have, (and though we may not at present know it,) for what we have not." I like that, don't you, mama. I had a very nice quiet little row with miss Southwood, by ourselves except 2 men to row us. We went up to Battersea Bridge. It is not half so handsome as the others. It is nothing but piles of wood. The sunset was particularly beautiful. On one side, the golden clouds shed such a beautiful tinge on the water, and, on the other, it looked so dark and stormy, and there were 2 sweet little ends of a rainbow on each side the sky, & 2 windmills against it, & little boats gliding up and down the river, Oh! so beautiful! and there were 2 steam boats just seen in the distance, that had passed us, with the smoke curling up; I felt so happy, mama, I thought I loved God then.

Uncle and Aunt Oc and miss Southwood are all very kind, and so am I, I hope, to my cousins. I do not eat too much, I assure you, and I do not play too much. I lie down sometimes. I have found a very pretty book here, called the Christian's Friend, consisting of short Sermons, and Stories showing the shortness of life, and suddenness of death. There are 2 tame pigeons here, that come and perch on the balcony, and miss S.S says she has seen them fly into the room while she was there, and, when Freddy went to take hold of them, they did not fly away, but only pecked his hand. They never come separately, but always together. Their favourite place of roost is on the looking-glass in the school-room, or the nursery. We sometimes feed them. Willy is as queer as ever, laughing the minute after he has been crying. He has got over his naughtiness about the queen Elizabuff, but not long, about 3 weeks ago, miss Southwood says I shall not buy any black ribband, thank you, partly because washing is dear here, and partly because I think it does not signify. Thank-you for your letter I think of you, and of my ancles never fear, even when I am busy and happy. Dear Mama, your affecte child Flo N.

My dear Gale, I am very happy here, though I want to see you all very much. Liticia came here yesterday
to see Vally and Willy. She is very pretty well. I have got a nice little room looking out on the distillery works. My clothes go on very well, except that one slip & one frock I have torn, the slip I have mended my- self, & Charlotte is going to mend my frock. Good-bye. Your affect. Flo. How do you find the poor people? Have they suffered much from the flood? I believe I am going to Aunt Mai to-morrow, if it is fine. We met her at Essex Chapel last Sunday. Dear Mama, Please to give my love to Papa. Do you like a green pattern of paper I enclose to cover my little trunk, if you do, I will buy some, or do you like your marone even better?

My dear mama
The other day I
went to see the Solar microscope
with Fred and Aunt Mai, the
insects in a drop of water we saw very much magnified, and the fishes in the space of half-a-crown swallowing insects as fast as they could. But very unluckily the sun went in, and we could not see much In the other room, we saw a common
fly and Diamond Beetle magnified and a view of Regent Street. The next day we went to the Zoological Gardens to tea, but there was nothing new except the arch & monkeys, 3 more brown bears, and a white Polar Bear. We have been to King Street Bazaar. Sunday rained all day. The day before, Uncle and Aunt Oc and Fred went to Dorking, and came back Monday, and I came to Duke Street with aunt Mai. This morning, Tuesday, I went to Soho Bazaar, & bought a shilling box for Val and a shilling slate for Wil to give to them from you. Thank you for your letter and 5 shillings. Dear Aunt Mai has paid me that, and for your presents. Grandmama Smith desires me to tell you to send back miss Prime's letter before Grandpapa ceases franking I have to see her twice. Your affecte. child Bo.

July 20th. Duke Street. [end 7:607]
Friday. July 30th
Thames Bank
My very dear mama & Papa
We are going to Leaming-ton with aunt Mai on Friday.
Saturday I went to Ham, and came back Today (Monday.) Fred has bought a goat, such a pretty little creature! Its name is Billy. It has been quite cold the 2 last days. Vally has been poorly, but is better again. He desires me to thank you for you present to him. Grandmama is not gone yet from here. Mr. Knyvett has come regularly every day since Wednesday. He says I am improved. I will tell you about Vauxhall when I see you, which I hope will be soon. Your affecte. Flo.
P.S. I cannot write any more.

Mrs. Nightingale
Lea Hurst
Wirksworth

Wednesday Fair-oaks

Dear Mama
Have you seen the sand hills? they are so pretty, all different, white, pink, yellow, red, dirty brown, & others the yellow is the colour of rhubarb. Easterday we got a spade & a trowel & we went & dug some wild primroses in flowers (wonderful is not it Mama?) carried them home & in the afternoon I planted them in Hilary's garden & then helped Jack to pull down the old house clear it away & give him the poles which he
hammered down in the ground
we all helped. Jack took up the
fish out of the little pond which
he has made & showed it to me
it was quite tame. In the morning
when we go to Miss C we go upstairs
& paint read & play. Alf comes to-
us very often she is such a merry
little fellow & so fat.

8991/59 4ff, signed letter

59:1 neat hand copy. Grandmama Shore {in middle of page}

59:2 Claydon Bundle 113 [113/2]

Embley. January the 8th 1832
Dear Grandmama,
We have a tame
pigeon and squirrel. We found in the
garden the pigeon; it was wounded and
nearly starved, and now it eats out of
our hands and flies upon our knees.
We think it must be a tame pigeon
that has escaped. Our squirrel comes
every day to be fed, which we do

with nuts. Mr. Knyvett, our music-
master, with his wife & little boy are
here. The little boy has had a bad cold &
cough, & Baby & Blanche have caught it.
Baby is such a sweet little thing, he
laughs a great deal. Blanche is
very fond of him. We have not yet
heard from Miss Comtesse, and
we do not know where to write to
her. We have not had a great deal

of company this Christmas, and
Mama is quite tired, and not
very well. We had a little ball
last night & we sat up till
past twelve. We had a little supper
then and went to bed, but Parthe
is telling Aunt Evans about it,
so good-bye, dear Grandmamma,
& believe me your affectionate
grand-daughter Flo.
Sunday. July 24th. Lea Hurst

Dear Grandmama,

We have had no account since we left you of our dear babe. Yesterday we had our school feast. It was a beautiful day. We worked very hard all that morning at dressing dolls, & making bags. Miss Arkwrights did not come, nor Lady Darwin but miss Swettenhams, aunt Evans, miss Hall, & some other ladies came. The children had Currant-tart for their dinner. There were 101 children of our school & 21 of another school, besides lookers-on. After dinner, we had a fiddler, & the children danced. Then we gave buns all round, & then the presents were spread out on newspapers on the terrace {folio torn} house, & 6 children came up at a time to choose. The day could not have been better, & all the children seemed very happy.
Poor Gale was unwell with a bad sick head-ache which she often has. Papa had gone to Derby, & so could not see the feast. I am very tired to-day with it. Mama had a good night last night, & is better to-day than she expected after yesterday's fatigue. Good-bye, & believe me, dear Grandmama, your affectionate grand-daughter Florence Nightingale.

My dear Grandmama,

We were exceedingly obliged to you for the shoes which fit very well indeed, the two smallest pairs he wears now & the other two are put by for next month. He was very much pleased with them & plays with them a good deal. We like the colours very much. Mama had hired for him a little cart for us to drag him about in, for he is become too heavy for Nurse to carry him much. He likes his little cart very much, & always says 'Gee' when he sets off. He is always tied in. He is remarkably well now, but Mama thinks that he is rather too forward for his age. We have called twice on Aunt Evans since you left her, she was very well indeed. We sent her your letter directly, which came in the parcel where Baby's shoes were.

Good-bye, dear Grandmama, and believe me your affectionate grand-daughter Florence Nightingale.
Novr. 25th. Embley. 1832.
Dear Grandmama,
  Aunt Mai, Blanche and dear
Baby left us on the fifth of this month with
Uncle Sam. They went off in pretty good
spirits. Baby was quite well. He has had
a bad cold since he got to Ham, but is
now so much better as to go out twice
one day. Aunt Mai says she is very
happy and comfortable and Blanche
goes on well though she has had a cold
too. Nurse, poor thing, has lost her husband,
but, Aunt Mai says, she bears it very well.
He died when she was at Lea Hurst,
but she was not told, for fear it should
hurt the Baby, her mother told her

when she came to London. We miss
dear Babe so much here, his nursery
is so dismal without him, and the house
is quite silent without his sweet little
voice. We have a very pretty little image
of him, which Aunt Mai had made by
a man who came here to do it, and
gave to Mama. He is holding up his
finger as if he was listening, which he
always did when he heard a bell or any
noise, with an open book on his knees.
He is without shoes or stockings and in
his shift which comes down to his knees.
We went to Ditcham on the ninth and
came back yesterday at half past ten
o'clock at night, we enjoyed being there
very much. Good-bye, please give my
love to Aunt Evans, and believe me your
affectionate grandchild Florence Nightingale.
Ditcham

My dear Grandmama,
Papa sent for
us to meet him here, & we
came here on Friday. We
left Aunt Mary & Baby
& Blanche quite well.
Mrs. Coltmann has been

confined with a boy, and
she has been in imminent
danger, though she is now
rather better, but still in
danger. She is in a high
fever, & may not see any
body, but her nurse &
doctor, not even her

baby, who is suckled [blotted out. by?]
another person.
This house is a delightful
place, on the top of a high
hill, with downs all
round. Good-bye, & believe
me, dear Grandmama,
your affectionate Flo N.
Sunday

Dearest Mama, When you went at twelve o'clock, I had your business to do about settling the carriage for Miss Pentons, which took me till near about half past twelve, when Grandmama came into the Music-room & walked nearly an hour with my arm, then I attended her to her roome & read Robinson Crusoe till dinner.

After dinner I did twenty-five minutes music with Aunt Mai, & then went out till near five, then I finished my music, held Baby while Nurse fetched Blanchy's supper, dressed, & Grandmama came down, & I walked her about, I supped, [lead?] & served her, then Parthe read & we went to bed, I at ½ past 8, I slept in your room, & Louise in your next room, but I was rather afraid of Messieurs les voleurs. Grandmama was very poorly last night, & had a bad night. Baby had a beautiful night, & only waked once, when Aunt Mai waked him, for she dreamt he was falling, & stretched out her hand to save him which waked him. Grandmama was very poorly last night & I have not seen her to-day, Blades says she's weaker than she was at Ditcham. I had not courage to tell her in the morning of Lady Brydge's death, because the best death affects her so very much, but I did tell her in the evening, & she could talk of nothing else all the evening.

[end 1:111]
She is very anxious about Gale, she who did not see Mr. Winter last night yesterday; but I went her to see three times & she seemed pretty well. She went out in Grandmama's carriage with Nurse & Baby, who did not like his ride & cried, he was very pale & they think he was sick. Afterwards Miss Pentons went home with in Grandmama's carriage. After four o'clock, Nurse came down stairs, carrying five little mice in her hand, which she found scattered about the Blue-room, & she saw an old mouse run off. She had been shaking the mattress, & she believes that the old mouse had made her nest there. Anne says, she never saw such small ones, & she says they can only be just born; Aunt Mai had heard the mouse making a strange noise for several nights. They are not an inch long, with such tiny paws & a long tail, very large head, & two bits of skin over their eyes. They have no hair at all & look like little bits of raw meat, they are perfect frights. One died directly, & Aunt Mai burnt it. We wrapped them up in wadding & put them in a basket by the fire & now & then put a drop of warm milk to their mouths, which I think they swallowed. They are such queer things, always stretching out their legs. Three died in the night, so only one is left, which revived just as I was going to bury it. The other four were evidently quite dead, & I buried them in my garden by my squirrel. This one I have wrapped up & put by the fire & I have given it some milk, & it moves about, I think it is possible it may live, poor little thing! I should like to rear one, only one, so much. It would be so much interesting to watch it. This morning I did fifty minutes exercises & sundries by eight o'clock. The twenty-five minutes for yesterday, I did not do very well, but the twenty-five minutes for to-day I did. Then Parthe & I read the Bible & Gilpin & prayed, then we breakfasted, I did a little Latin, looked after Gale, who has a bad sick head-ache to-day. It is so bad she can hardly speak, & I have not seen her, she has been to Mr. Winter, who said nothing particular to her foot but causticed it. It has is very much swelled to-day, & she has hardly any feeling in it. Then I read Bingly [?], took fed my pigeon put on my things to go out & took them off again, because it rained, till half past twelve, when I did music with Aunt Mai. Dined at one. Aunt Mai & I went to church. Fine day, though very blowy. I thought. The text was 12 C of Isaiah, 3V, but I find it is not, & Aunt Mai does not recollect it. It was a sort of Cholera Sermon, I think, talking about the Uncertainty of & the only use of life being to prepare for heaven, a very good sermon. When I came home from Church, I buried my mice, & I have been ever since writing this letter. Mrs. Penton is better, she was at church, but we did not go into her house. Love to Papa. Did the Gold-fish get safe Your affecte. child Flo. I can hardly write on this rough paper, I am afraid you can hardly read It is ¼ to seven. I must go & dress I will write learn some new poetry to-
night.

Good-bye, dear Mama.

Monday morning. As soon as I was dressed last night, I had to go & walk Grandmama. Then we supped, & then I ran up-stairs to learn my poetry, but, as it was so late, I could not learn a new piece, but I learnt three old ones

I said them to Grandmama & played her some Hymns, which I have been learning in the week. Then I went to bed. Our only remaining mouse died last night, a good thing for it, poor little dear. It had such pretty little paws. This morning, I have done my exercises, read Bible while Parthe read Gilpin, & prayed. I did my exercises better than usual, I think. Gale is much better. Good-bye.  

[end 1:113]

8991/65 2ff, ca.1833, signed letter Claydon Bundle 113/11 [7:616-18]

65:1

October 17th. Seaview.

My own dear Mama,

I wish you were here. I do not know what is become of those two umbrellas you gave us, for I was so sick in the boat, I did not see, so I suppose they were carried into the steam-boat; but I do not think that we shall want them I put them into the boat when we were going, and I did not see them afterwards, will you tell me whether you have them

After you left us, we walked along the pier, and Hilary & I had a tepid bath, at the Baths, & then we went to a shell shop

I spent half-a-crown on some very pretty shells, and Parthe spent 8.6 then we walked home by the sands, delightful,

This morning we moved into our new house, which we like very much, we have put our things in such beautiful order in our drawers and we intend to keep them so, and we have got such nice rooms. I have drawn every day as you desired, and we read our Bible and did all that this morning, which is the day after you went. We sleep together, of course
October 18th. To-day I believe we are going to Portsmouth with Fan & Harry who are going from there to Ditcham, and then we shall see poor Louisa, who is not at all better, they say. I am so sorry Harry is going away, I had rather he would stay than Alfy, for he has been here so long. Yesterday Fan went out with old Richard, and stayed out so long, we thought she was lost, long past dinner-time, for we dined without her. Yesterday old Richard made a labyrinth with his stick on the sands, which he called "The town of Troy" Aunt Julia says he looked so like a magician describing the circles on the sand. We have not yet been able to bathe, the sea has been so rough, we might bathe to-day, for the sea is as smooth as a glass, only we are going to Portsmouth at 10. We take long walks on the sands October 19th. Mama, I have so much to tell you, you don't know We have been to Portsmouth, and we saw the Edward Carters, it was a very bad day, & so we did not go any where else. Miss Finch, their governess, is such a sweet woman, and she reminded me of Miss Christie, when I did not look at her face, for she has a very sweet & pretty face, not noble & stern like Miss Christie's, quite another sort of virtue, but she was dressed like Miss Christie, and he manner was like hers, and she was poorly like her. She was is a Conchologist too, which just does for me and she told me a great deal about shells, and showed me many and I copied out a great many names into my Drawing.book for my shells at home, which she told me, she is so kind, she promised to get us some shells for 5-0 half-a-crown a piece, I wish she would come to Embley. Do you know that Captain Ross is found & come home, we heard it in this sea place, he has been gone 4 years, and quite given up, he lost his vessel the first year, and was obliged to get a whaler's boat to live in, he has got a wife, poor woman. Capt. Back did not find him, he does not know that he is found, and M{cut off. Mr? Mrs.?} E. Carter doubts whether they will tell him, I hope they will, to prevent his hunting about, but I suppose you know all this.
I wish you would ask Miss Finch and some of her little people and poor Louisa, who is not a bit better, to Embley. It would do them all good, and Miss Finch would help me in my shells, for dare say I shall not see her again, such a nice woman she is Poor Louisa cannot walk at all, and she has been obliged to have a wooden leg twining her own leg back, and fixing that on to walk with. Poor Lous. after all she suffered and so patiently But I dare say Aunt Joanna told you all about her in the boat. To morrow we are going to walk to Bembridge church, we must set off at ½ past 8 This morning we bathed, (I for the first time here) the sea was calm The first dip was wretched cold, but afterwards I got warm, and enjoyed the second and third dips very much I have got no cold, and I think it has made me warm for the whole day. We bathed ourselves by ourselves. Hilary & I stood upon the topmost step, and took hold of each other's hands, and doused in Parthe has lost her green shawl, but I hope we shall be able to find it. Richard Caw's is not such a nice man as Robert his brother. He got drunk last night, and that is not unusual, and he has smuggled, indeed all have smuggled but Anthony, and he wears charms, the town of Troy was a sort of charm you are to begin at the middle and find your way out; we did. We draw and read every morning as you desired, we are out most of the day I found this morning quite by chance the most beautiful rose-coloured Trochus I ever saw, with pink stripes, every body says so, I never saw such a beauty even in the shops. I am so proud of it Pray write to us and give us some idea of how long we are to stay. We are very happy, but we have a good deal of mending to do Pray give my love to Gale & Louise and a great many kisses to dear Shore F.N. [end 7:618]
66:1

Seaview. November 1st.

Dearest Aunt Mai,

How I do wish you would write to me and tell me all about poor Miss Contesse's letter. Mama never told me a word, Aunt J told me when she was gone. Poor dear! a very unhappy letter she says it was. I am very, very sorry I shall not see you before you go, nor Blanche, nor dear little Buffa. Blanche left a pair of shoes behind her, I send them by Mama.

Pray do write to me, as I shall not see you, my only comfort is that dear little Shore is going to stay. I felt somewhat forlorn when Mama & Papa departed, and my room & my bed are too large without Parthe. I have been writing to Aunt Emily to-night and to Louisa Carter; we have picked up a great many shells. I enjoy the bathing most of all, I think, we dive and dance about. Little Robert is very merry on the sands. Do write. I am so sorry I shall not see you. Bo

I must go to bed.
66:2

Sunday.

66:2

Dear Mama, my troubles in boils have begun again, I am sorry to say, but I hope I shall not have more than one
Last night we began Harry the Fifth, & read the 2 first Acts.
We have not heard anything about Aunt Joanna's coming here, though she has written 2 letters. Pray write to me.
I took a long walk last night with Aunt Julia, inland to Priory Farm, and then down by the sands home. It was nearly dark before we got home we met old Rick who walked with us home, though we did not want him
Give my love to Pop and tell her I will execute her commissions at Ryde, where we shall probably go this week, if Alf does not prevent us, as he has done twice.
May I buy a little comb? for Parthe took away ours and I want one to fasten up my hair behind, as you said I need not curl it any more. Hilary wants one too.
The cobbler here lives where the fever is, so I must take my shoes to Ryde to have a patch put on. I have

66:3

{begins at bottom quarter of page} been translating some Pellico this morning to Hilary and then we went out on the sands to think about him [break 7:618]
Alf comes to me very naturally, now that Parthe is gone.
Last night Aunt Julia sent me in to Mrs. Gurling's to ask after Robert, it was so dark I could hardly find my way back. Mrs. Gurling told me a great deal about Mr & Mrs. Coltman. She said that our going to see Robert after her death made him so unhappy
{in middle of page, c.90d}
Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
nr. Romsey
Hants
that he walked backwards & forwards for two hours without holding up his head or speaking, but he did not seem so much affected, did he? She says that he has felt so lonely, since he lost her, and no wonder that makes him {illeg. smoke?}

One day she was suckling Robert, and the nurse wanted to take him away, because he made a noise, but she said, "No, leave him alone, you make more noise than him." That was not like her, Mrs. Gurling thinks she was delirious. She used to see him every day, and when she saw him the day before she died, she shook her head, and looked at Mrs. Coltman, who was sitting by her bed-side, and Robert was taken out of the room. She said to her sister that he was the greatest trial she had. Mrs. Gurling was with her all through her illness. Good-bye. I am going out. [resumes 7:618]

Robert is so pleased with his new cart, it was made at Portsmouth, and is just like ours, except that the wheels are plates instead of having spokes.

He rode in it yester-day & to-day, & when he came in, he would not get out, but had the cart brought into his room, and sat in it there. The people do smoke so there, Mrs. Gurling thinks it is that makes her head-ach.

Good-bye, dearest mama, I read to myself and draw. Your affecte. Bo. [end 7:619]
Novber. 2nd. [7:618]

Dear Ma, Hilary and I have had such a nice bathe this morng. We put a white stone at the bottom of the sea, and then dived for it and got it. We were going to Ryde to-day, but Alfy is idle, and so Aunt Julia cannot take him, so we have for dinner the sandwiches we were going to take. I do not like them yet. Little Robert Collmann's cart is made and come home. That bite on my arm has gathered, you said it would not. It hurts a good deal, for it is not come to a head yet. I have been mending my clothes, such great holes which I had left, because I thought I was going home. Why did you not tell me anything about Miss Contesse's letter? Tell Pop I am glad she did not carry away the box Miss Finch sent our shells in as she has sent for it, and I have had to take out of it mine I was so cold last night for want of a bedfellow that I could not sleep, Hilary came into my bed at 5 o'clock this morng., feeling I suppose, something of the want. I was obliged to lie in bed till half-past seven this morng. to get warm.

8991/67 2ff, to Parthe and mother, postmarked 8 Nov 1833, signed [1:282]

67:1

Dear Pop,

We went to Ryde on Monday, and I took your Stair-case Trochus to change it. We walked up & down the street {illeg. 5?} times, looking for the shop, could not find it, at last we turned into a bakery shop, which looked like it and asked for it. The man said that had been the shop, but it was only set up for the season, and the woman was gone to Portsmouth. We asked at another shop, if they would take it, but they would not, we found some of the Buccinum turris, the two penny shell, we asked the price, it was 6,d. & the woman would not lower it so we have done no business for you, my poor Pop. I bought a 4d. operculum, & 2d Bulla because I did not like to go into the shop without buying something: you may have them if you like it; if not, I will keep them myself. We could not buy the great Operculum either, as the woman was gone. We could find nothing at Ryde for you, so Hilary will spend your shilling for you at Portsmouth & buy the {illeg. B.U.? - could be Buccinum undatum?}
67:1 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}
We found such a beautiful and perfect sea-jelly on the shore Sunday.
Aunt Julia said she never saw such a beautiful creature. It
was large as half a tea-tray, (N.B. this account is without exaggeration,
taken from Aunt Julia's observations & mine) of a beautiful
light sea-blue, something like an immense mushroom, the plate,
table, or whatever you choose to call the top, fringed with purple
mounted upon a sort of column with three large valves into which
you could put your hand, at the end of which were six legs, spreading
out all round, long, and three sided like a prism, and fringed with
a puckered fringe, just like a Savoy cabbage, the edge of which
was deep blue. Each leg had a flap of the same colour &c at the top.
It was very heavy and elastic, we carried it into the sea. In the
plate, which was quite transparent, you could see a mark, just
like on star-fish, perhaps it was one, which it had swallowed,
but we could find no mouth, it was so very beautiful, such a {illeg. blue?}

[67:2 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}]

67:2 [1:113]
Yesterday, which was the 5th of November, we had a famous
bon-fire on the brow of the cliff in the field, and guns were
fired, and Guy Fawkes, a boy dressed in a sheep-skin,
with a black-face, and old hat, a frightful figure went
to every door to get half-pence, which was given, of course
The bon-fire looked so beautiful against the dark sky,
and the boys, looking like devils or witches standing round.
I read Silvio Pellico to Hilary, when there is time. Flo.

67:2 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}
Dear Mama, I think that
I am learning something new.
Yesterday Aunt Ju & Hilary &
I read some Herschel,
and now I understand
which I never did before
about how summer & winter
& all the seasons together
with day & night are {illeg. mer..?}
and I understand a little
about the tides but not much
Will you tell Papa this,
that he may not think I am
very idle, I do a little Latin
sometimes. Love to Aunt Mai and
babes, and Gale. Bo.
Seaview. November 6th

Dear Mama,

I suppose you have heard that Mr. Coltmann has sent for dear little Robert to London, because of what you said to him, naughty girl about the crookedness of his leg, so that he will not come to Embley with me, I am so sorry. Aunt Julia says, it is all your fault, and she says more over, that it is much more likely to be cured at the sea than by any doctoring in London; oh! I am so sorry for it. It would have been so nice for us to go to Embley, and now if Aunt Julia does not come, you will have to send some body for me, but I hope you will not send any sooner.

My boil has broken, but Mrs. Gurling, who is a great doctor, makes me poultice it, because the matter is not all come out, and I am afraid that will bring another. I have been obliged to take some Castoroil this morning but it is the first time. I cannot write nicely, because I have got the poultice on my right arm on the boil.

{letter continues along left margin, across other writing, cc.90d} [1:114]

Last Sunday I read the Testament to myself, and I hope I spent it pretty well, Aunt Julia did not wish to go to church. Monday we walked to Ryde to do some business, I bought a shilling comb to fasten up my hair, we did not bathe. We have not bathed quite so much as usual lately, on Saturday we bathed, and had some fine fun. Sunday & Monday we did not bathe, missing two days instead of one, because the bathing-man was out. Yesterday we bathed, but it was cold, & thick & uninviting and so we only had our dips, and came out directly. It was so rainy yesterday, that we did not go out at all, except to bathe. I hope I am doing some little good here, Mama, but there are not many trials, I find, except in the way of putting up with little inconveniences, such as having tough old lion for a week, as we call our beef, and resisting temptations to do wrong, when there is nobody to tell you not, such as eating apple when one has taken Castoroil, which I resisted to-day.

your affecte. Bo. I have given up signing myself â¢ long.
November 7th

My dear Mama,

I got your letter yesterday after I had written all the rest of this letter. I was so glad of it. Please tell Aunt Mai that I am very much obliged to her for her letter, and her news of Miss Contesse. Aunt Julia thinks that I am very much improved in drawing, I have been drawing shells, which she thinks I do best. Tell Pop that now I know what she wants, I will get any shells I can for her, and that I do not sleep with Hilary, because Aunt Julia does not like it. These are answers to what she says in her letter, for I wrote the letter to her, before I got that. Dear little Robert goes tomorrow, he is with us all to-day, but is very cross with his teeth. Pray write to me again. It is very rainy to-day. It is possible that we may go to Portsmouth, tell Pop, so that we may buy her shells. Yesterday we were out almost all day. Hilary sat and drew at Four-stone Point and I translated Pellico to her. To-day it has been very rainy. Good-bye, dearest Ma, I want to see you again, but I am very happy here, and not doing nothing, I hope. Your affecte.

Bo.

8991/69 Claydon Bundle 113/12 2ff, to mother and father, dated ca. 1833, signed letter, stamped "Ryde" but no postmark, in regular, small, handwriting

Seaview. November 10th.

Dear Mama,

Our dear little Robert left us last Friday, we were all up before day-break, we walked to Ryde, and met him there, he went in the baker's chaise, then, what do you think he did, we stepped into the steam-boat, and went with him to Portsmouth. He would have gone in Robert Caws's wherry, but the wind was against us. In getting into the boat, I got very wet above my knees, and was obliged to sit in it till I got to Portsmouth. It was a bitter cold day, & the wet almost froze upon me, but I tried to bear it cheerfully. He was just in time for the coach which was to take him from Portsmouth to London. After he was gone, we went to Mr. Edward Carter's, where we
saw poor Louisa, she was so glad to see us. She walks very well upon her wooden leg, and says that she has felt hardly any pain in her ancle since she used it, but that her hip is sorer with the friction, but that she will get accustomed to that. She cannot walk out of the house with it, though, and has great difficulty in being lifted in or out of a carriage or boat. We asked her to come over here, but her father is so afraid of those difficulties, that she will not come. She is so cheerful, quite merry. They lent me dry things to change, and we dined there.

Miss Finch took us to a shell-shop, & we came home in a wherry. I saw Aunt Dolly, as they call her, she is as dark as a negro, and her hands fumble so she makes the table quite shake. She said that she remembered me, but I think if I had seen her before, I should have remembered her, she looks so extraordinary, I thought she was a negro, but then I remembered what you told me. It was very cold indeed going, but delightful returning.

We miss Robert very much, the day before he went, he was with us all day, he was very cross at first, but I took him, and we had such a nice game of play together, and he was so merry, he enjoys a good romp, then I gave him his supper and he was very silent, at first, but in the middle of it he burst into a loud laugh, without anything to laugh at, and then went on laughing and talking till the end.

He was so fond of me that day, that he would not leave go of me, and would not take his bread from any body but me. Hilary tried to give him a bit, and he refused it, and took it out of her hand, and put it into mine to give it to him. Yesterday Hilary went to Portsmouth to meet her Mama, and to stay there with her till to-morrow, then Uncle & Aunt Carter & Hilary come here, & Uncle & Aunt will stay till Wednesday. Aunt Julia would not like me to go though I was to come back directly. I have not yet done poulticing this nasty boil, and little boils are come out all round it. Mrs. Gurling made me go on poulticing it. We bathed on Thursday, Saturday we could not bathe, because of the high-tide, to-day is Sunday, to-morrow Hilary will not come home in time for it; and I do not bathe by myself, so that we shall not bathe till Tuesday, five days, from Saturday to Tuesday. Yesterday I added up & paid Aunt Julia's bills, & covered her books. I feel rather lonely without dear Hil, but Aunt Julia is very kind. Your affect.

Bo
Read this first

November 11th.

Dear Papa, I wrote these four three pages before we heard of poor Mama's accident, and I only send it because Aunt Julia thinks it will amuse her. At nine o'clock on Thursday morning I will be at Ryde for the steam-packer, if you will send somebody to meet me; if there is nobody, I can come back.

We will go to Mr. Kemp at the pier-house to meet him.

We conclude that the person who comes for me, will come the day before and sleep at Ryde, or come on here. I am very happy here, but now this has happened, I want to come back, but I cannot come till Thursday, for you will not be able to send any body before that. Aunt Julia will not come over, nor Aunt Joanna, who is here, but Uncle Carter is not coming.

How unlucky that Aunt Mai should be going just at this time. Give my love to poor Mama, I want to see her. Bo

Mrs. Mr. {written over Mrs.} Nightingale Esq.
Embley
nr. Romsey
Hants

Dear Aunt Mai,

Many thanks for your letter. I was very glad of your news of Miss Contesse and dear little Shore. You will be going now in a few days, I suppose. I wish you had come with Mama, then we might have seen you again. I shall think of you and your parting with Shore when the time comes poor Aunt Mai, but we shall all meet again soon I hope we shall not spoil him.

We live on here most happily, the sea exceedingly rough one day and as calm & transparent as a lake the next. The changes are so delightful. We are going to have spring-tide again soon very high very low tide. You wanted to know about the spring-tide. It happens every fortnight, at full moon and new moon, is not that curious? then the high-tide is exceedingly high, and the low exceedingly low. In common tides, there is not so much difference between high & low water. We like spring-tide very much, because at low water it is so very low,
we pick up a great many shells which the high-tide
has washed up. My love to all the dear Babes. I hope Shore
remembers Bo. I want to see you again, dearest Aunt Mai
Your affecte. Bo

70:2

My dear Pop

Now I must write to you on your shell business.
I had not good luck at Portsmouth at all, as Miss Finch says
[illeg] it is all [?] [illeg] The best shop in the place, which is a Jew's.
was shut up, because it was the Jew's sabbath, and it was at
that shop in Ryde you bought your Trochus Perspectivus.
At the other shell-shop I asked for Buccinum Turris
and what Miss Finch had bought for 3d., she charged 6d. However
Miss Finch told her she had bought some there for 3,d. and
so she let me have that & three other threepenny shells for 1s
which was all I bought, for I could get no nice Chitons or Venus
Diane [?], not anything which Miss Finch could recommend.
The shells I have got for the shilling are two Cypraeus, 1 Bucci
num Turris, which is certainly a very nice one & a spiral shell
which you may have, or I will keep, as you please.
We were quite mistaken about the prices of the shells
Miss Finch bought for us. I thought you guessed tem too high
The little white Nactius [?] were shilling a piece, instead of 6d.
and the [illeg] in which you wanted me to give 6d. for
was put in for nothing by the shop woman, with some
other shells Miss Finch bought. Miss Finch says, that you
should not buy shells one by one, but look out those you want,
and say, Will you let me have these for 1 or half-a-crown or so.
This was the way she bought our shells. Miss Finch, Louisa,
Mrs. Gurling, &c, &c, send you loves & regards & respects &c.
The basket-woman has not been here again. I will bring
{illeg. back?} the bits of {illeg.}-bored wood for you as well as for me.
I have picked up hardly any shells since you left, we have
{illeg.been busy?} with other things, Robert, & Portsmouth, & Ryde,
& the weather has been unfit, & Hilary has been idle & not able
in consequence to go out, & though I {illeg.} out, I did not care
much to pick up shells by myself but I have found a
{illeg.} and a beautiful little {illeg.} coloured Trochus, [Teochus?]
beside a {illeg.} Aunt Julia has got Aunt Emily's
Tales of the English, about William de Albini, lord of Buckenham
Castle, but I have only begun it. May I read any more of the
Hamlets. Your affecte. Bo. "I like/love you best at a distance."

8991/71 4ff dated ca. 1834, signed letter

71:1 Claydon Bundle 113/14

Mrs. Shore
Embley February 2nd.
My dear Grandmama,

What very rainy weather we have had, but Shore has not suffered from it all, though his less delicate sisters in London have both had colds, we hear. The accounts of Uncle Sam do not report him to improved very fast, not withstanding, his Doctors and Vapour Baths. What a very sad thing the sudden death of poor Eliza Shore is. I hope her father and sisters have got over it pretty well, they have the comfort of knowing that no one could be better prepared. Shore remembers his visit to Tapton, and often talks of it. A pair of beautiful ducks have been given me, which he is very fond of and goes to feed them. We have had snow-drops, primroses, daffodils and crocuses out a long while this mild weather, the snow-drops are nearly over. The laurel is also in blossom, the rain has brought them all out. Mama has been to see Colonel Shore at Southampton and has invited him to come here, but he cannot, he is too ill, what a sufferer he is! Good-bye, my dear Grandmama, I hope this will find you well, and believe me, ever your affectionate grand-child Florence Nightingale.

P.S. We expect Aunt Mary and her babes here on the 15th of this month if Uncle Sam is well enough to go on his Charity Commission tour.
Cowes. Thursday.

Dear Mama, I had a most prosperous voyage here, where Miss White was waiting for me at the Quay. All the children are well here, Shore has quite recovered his cold. Outside Southampton Water it was very rough, insomuch that the two poor babies beside whom I sat all the while were very sick & their nurse very frightened, one comforted herself with brandy and I took her baby, who lay very quiet wrapped up in my cloak & went to sleep till we got to Cowes. The other baby cried incessantly, and the nurse did not know how to comfort it. The water splashed up over the sides of the packet. There was only 1 lady & 2 gentlemen on the Quarter-deck & the lady was ill, so I might have sat there very safely, but I was very comfortable where I was, & much warmer for being so near the boiler. We were obliged to take a boat to land, the boat pitched very much but we were neither of us sick, Betsy had never been on the sea before, but she was not at all uncomfortable. She seems very well, she is out the greater part of the day, the sea-water to drink does not make her sick.

She has baths 3 times a week at 95, & myself twice, Miss White says you told her in your letter that she was to have them 3 times, & that mine were to be at 88, you told me 94 or 96 & I think 88 will be very cold this bitter weather I think it is much colder here than at Embley, it is a very cold house, I feel much colder than ever I did at Embley, so I shall be obliged to wear my striped pelisse in the eveng. and not my white frock. I have my feet bathed & rubbed morng. & eveng. in cold seawater, and I have been obliged to hire a great tub to stand in when I pour a bucket of water over myself. The things here are very dear here the tub is 1d a week. Miss White & Shore sleep now in a room [break 7:619] looking to the sea & so do Bee & I we have each a room to ourselves. This is such a cold house that I do not think [resumes 7:619] there is any danger of our making ourselves too hot, my hand is so cold now that I can hardly write: Shore is nevertheless pretty well Aunt Mai still suffers much from [break] tooth-ache, the last letter said that she had just had one tooth out. We get up about soon after 7 & getting the salt water ready and
using it & having my ankles rubbed &c. generally takes
till past 8. Miss White & Shore have salt water thrown all
over them too. Then I read Miss Martineau & pray with Betsy
At ½ past 8 we breakfast. Then we go out till ½ past 11 when the
children go to bed. Then I go into the dining-room (Miss W &
Bee stay upstairs) & do my little affairs till 2 when we dine.
Then we go out till 5 when we play with the children or
Miss White reads Mrs. Markham to Bee & I teach Betsy till 6
when they go have their supper at 1/2 past 6 when they to to bed. Then Miss
White and I tea at 7 & read Paris aloud alternately, one working while the
other reads till we go till bedtime. We like Paris very much, I am getting on with my collar but not very
fast, for the pattern does not fit the work. I get very hoarse
with reading aloud. There are no shells here to be picked
up & the shop shells are very dear. Miss White takes Shore
into the town & even into the market. She is going to hire a
little cart for him & Bertha who will not walk at all now it is
cold. Betsy reads the Testament & writes with me I draw & [resumes 7:620]
do my Latin literature & write remarks on chapters & write to Aunt
Mai & do my exercises teach Betsy & work from ½ past 11 or 11 till 2. We take
long walks far

[Claydon poss continues:

doctoring her & domineering over her
which has probably made her the nice
little thing she is. She is very good natured & submissive to them, but much better
when alone with me than at any other
time & very good when I refer her any
thing or do not not attend to her. She is excee
dingly good humoured. Bee [?] has got the [illeg]

72:4 {letter continues at bottom half of page} [Claydon on back]
beyond Egypt, we only begin them with the children & then
leave them only taking Bee with us. To-day is a beautiful
sunny day with a calm sea but very cold. We had a little
row on the water from 10 till 11, viz. Miss White, Betsy & Mary, I &
the 3 children this morning. Blanche is very much improved. [break 7:620]
Shore is a nice little fellow, but very fretful, but I believe that is
because he is not quite well, Miss White generally takes his part,
he generally always cries when he is to go out with Mary, he only likes
going out with Miss W. Bertha is the nicest little thing you
ever saw, she feels the cold more than any of them, she will
hardly walk at all when she is out, her little hands are always
like ice & she likes being nursed much better than she did,
she always wishes to be on one's knew. She is very much grown
& improved, she exceedingly kind to me, she took to me directly
and always runs to me when cold or in distress. She is now standing at my knee, with her picture-book on my lap, cooing & talking about naughty doggy so good by herself. I never saw any child feel the cold so much, she shrugs up her shoulders & shivers & says Wind bows (blows) so but she has no chops yet. Blanche & Shore are always doctoring her & domineering over her which has probably made her the nice little thing she is. She is very good-natured & submissive to them, but much better when alone with me than at any other time & very good when I refuse her anything or do not attend to her. She is exceedingly good-humoured; Bee has got the droll[cut off]

72:1 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d} lest tone & language when talking to the children as she calls them. Now, lovey, do this & do that & those are chickens, (talking of the partridges,) & I must give the babbies some crumbs else they will not respect me or setting Shore right with her great wisdom every moment &c &c. They all took very kindly to me, Bee is very good-natured to the little ones notwithstanding this doctoring Miss W. is exceedingly happy & cheerful & all the children in very high spirits. It is such a pleasure to have little Bertha on one's knee, she is such a funny little thing & understands a joke so well, she is full of fun & talks about dat vessel & dat steam-packer as knowingly as any one. Her "Oh!Bee" and appeal to Bo is as plaintive as Shore's used to be but she is very fond of Matawari as she calls him who is more gentle with her. Poor persecuted Bee is very fond of me & my muff Mrs. Cary, Miss & Master were here yesterday on their way to Freemantles. Pray give my love to poor Mrs. Staples, I hope she is pretty well Give my love to Louise & Gale, I hope my pens go on well. Bee is very fond of Bertha, whose nose grows much smaller she is so blue. Pray send me [7:620] political news. Your affecte. Bo
The walking on the beach is so very bad, there being nothing at all but shingle, very fatiguing to walk upon. Miss White often takes her afternoon walk further inland but always within view of the sea, & I shall be obliged to go too, as there is so little beach that when the tide is up, you cannot get to Egypt house. There are a great many steamers & vessels which come in here every day & make it very entertaining. It is nearly post-time so I must write again. We are all very well, Betsy is very regular to her duties, going out & taking her salt water. All the little things are in their purple frocks, Bertha has short-sleeves. She is playing so nicely.

Good-bye my dear Mama, give my love to Gd.mama, we hear here that nothing can be done till Sir Rt. Peel arrives.

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey

The hamper arrived quite safe last night. Many thanks for the munificent presents contained therein, for the fowls & for the seed-cake which came very opportunely. What extraordinary news you have sent us & how quietly you take it. It quite convulsed our quiet little world, i.e., Miss White, Parthe & myself. Parthe after a deep reading of the letter in which she neither heard nor saw anything which passed around, screamed out, Papa is going to be M.P. for Andover, Miss White & I stood aghast, I could not believe my ears & Parthe said a dozen times, I wish I was at home, I wish I had seen the deputation. Such is the effect on us who have been living alone I could not sleep after it, I slept so lightly that I had the feeling on my mind that something very extraordinary or dreadful had happened & I kept waking to find out what it was. I am so sorry,
we shall not see half so much of dear Papa and he will not be able to teach us as he did. We shall live half the year in London, and he will be like Uncle Carter & say 'Pooh, pooh' because he is a great man. I had much rather he should be a little one, & oh! perhaps we shall have a Governess. But I suppose I must be a patriot too in my small way & give up a man like Papa (who cannot fail to do good, because he is so disinterested) to the country instead of having him kept in his family. Parthe is rather glad than otherwise, I think I should like to be at home, I am so afraid of 6 months in London instead of our nice delightful country places & we shall see much less of Lea Hurst & Embley & the poor people or worse still, we shall be separated from dear papa for 2 or 3 months, if you cannot live in London. I shall long to see Papa in his new character, Mr. Giffard will see now how much he was mistaken if canvassing for The Whig cause will ever make Papa give up the life he is so fond of. I hope if dear Papa must become a London MP that he will get over his disinclination thereunto & be a great man like Uncle Carter. But we shall see very little of Papa & pray, pray, no governess. we will do our lessons by ourselves if he will still be so good as to go on teaching us at intervals. So the D of Gloucester is dead & a public mourning ordered, I suppose we need not trouble ourselves. Yesterday we took a boat & went to Portsmouth & a most delightful trajet we had, & though we saw Mr. E. Carter & staid sometime at his house with dear Louisa & Miss Finch, not a word did we hear of this grand business. We did not see Uncle C. Mr. E. Carter said, I suppose your father is canvassing, but we thought he meant for Ld. Palmerston & he said no more about it which was very odd. We went all over the Dockyards with a most agreeable man
a Police-man with so entirely the air & manners
of a gentleman that Miss White settled he must
have been one. He was extremely obliging & told
us a great deal. There is a large ship building called
the Royal Frederic the largest in the world larger
than the Neptune. We took Betsy [Bessy?] with us & I shewed
her every thing & told her about them & she seemed
much interested. We saw some most curious &
interesting things which I will tell you about a-
other time as this to us greater event has taken
up all my room. We then went to Mr. E. Carter's
saw Miss Finch's shells, beautiful! were pressed
very much to stay & sleep but of course could
not, visited the shell-shops in a great hurry,
bought some pretty shells, & returned home.
They made us promise to come again, for we
were in a great hurry, as Miss W. was quite in a
fever to get home again. They were exceedingly
kind. Betsy is very well, she takes baths twice
a week, & seems better as to her wound. We take
shower baths 3 times a week, we do not dislike them
very much, & I think they strengthen me much.
My bowels are much more open. Parthe is much
better & we are both very strong. She takes her pills,
I do not take hers regularly, as my nose is nearly
well. Before Parthe came, I read regularly with
Betsy & was always ready for breakfast. To-day is
the first time we have read together before breakfast
since we came. The first day I waited ½ an hour
for her & then it was too late & we did not read at
all, Parthe was reading Arabian Nights while I was
expecting her & thinking she was not ready. One day I
read alone with Betsy & one day we only prayed

after waiting in vain for Parthe. I am very sorry
indeed for this, but I don't think it is my fault,
and I shall not wait any more for her, as she
prefers Arabian Nights. We walk regularly before
breakfast. Parthe teaches Betsy but she insists on
setting her copies which she does not see her write
which I think does her no good, as she writes
large quite well enough. I am so glad to hear
such good accounts of good Mrs. Staples, my love to her & to Louise & Gale. Pray send us news of Pa's canvass. [5:332]
I only hope the parliament
[letter continues, upside down, at bottom of page]
will not after all be dissolved or the Whig ministry
begin & then Papa will subside again into his own
quiet life. News news pray. Dear Mama, ever your
affectionate child Bo. The children are very well.
Bertha has 3/4 of a double tooth through, which no doubt
occasioned that little irritation. Now of her, dear
little body, another time. Have you heard of Aunt Mai?

8991/74 4ff, dated ca. 1835, signed letter [7:621]

74:1

Mrs. Shore
Tapton Grove

74:2

Wimbledon. March 29

My dear Grandmama_
We come up every
Sunday to see Aunt Mai, going
to church on our way and go
back Monday. She is very
well, & so are the children.
Shore is much stronger, he is
very much grown & looks quite
healthy. Baby too is much grown
Blanch & Bertha are as usual
blooming. We take lessons in
music, singing, drawing and
dancing.

We have been to see a good many
pictures, & we have been to one
concert & are going to another to-
morrow. Aunt Mai seems very
comfortable at Wimbledon and
it agrees with the children un-
commonly well. Uncle Octavius
has had an attack of Lumbago
very like Uncle Sam's. He is now
better. Aunt Nicholson came to town
last Monday, bringing her family
with her. We see a good deal of them.
One night we went to the French play and were very much amused. The site for Uncle Sam's future house is exceedingly pretty and a nice warm spot for Shore. Aunt Carter & Hilary are with us in town.

Pray give my best love to Aunt Evans and believe me, my dear Grandmama, your affectionate Grand-daughter
Florence Nightingale.

8991/75 4ff, dated ca 1835?, unsigned letter, arch: copied

Claydon Bundle 113/10 Wellcome MS 8991 75:1
Mrs. Nightingale

75:2
Dear Mama

I was very much disappointed not to see you yesterday for I half expected you without Aunt J. since you said you would come over this week, & as Thursday was Papa's meeting-day I thought that would be your day. We are very glad indeed to have Hilary with us, though she is so fond of Parthe that she always runs away with her & leaves Miss W. & I or Aunt J. & I by ourselves. When you come over, please bring another ship [?] box & some more wool of which there is plenty in
the space of my cabinet,
my sand bottles are wrapped
up in it. Please empty
the contents of the said box
into one of the empty top
drawers as I do not wish
them to be mixed, for Miss
Xtie. gave some of them to me, or rather
they & some were sent to me
after her death. Aunt J. says
a dissolution is certain, so
Papa is, I am afraid, in for
it & cannot escape being an
M.P without losing his election
but after all the disappoint
ment only lasts a month
& success 7 years, so although
I cannot say I wish him
to lose it, I am very glad, I
have not the settling of it
for perhaps I should be sorry
afterwards if I were to give
it him & quite as sorry if
I were to make him lose it.
Thanks for the placards (of
which some are very droll
each saying the Andovers [?]
they are sure, will not allow
such a member to come in).
th for Aunt Mai's nice letter,
for Mr. Burnet's & for the money.
The bathing is an immense
bill & I have not paid for
the washing either, not having where
with to pay. Miss W. hope nobody
will come during the few

last packing-days. I should
not be sorry to come home.
Pray come soon & shall you, bring the boys?
Mr. Day's first question always is
How does your father's canvass
go on? & he forgot Parthe's pills for
75:2 {letter continues at top of page}
2 days having other things to
think of. I have finished
your purchases for Miss W.
I long to see At. Mai & little
Beatrice. Gd.by
In great haste as I had not time
to write last night. Your affect. child

{over top of other writing, across vertical, not clear where it fits in to
letter}
Parthe & Hilary slept together, though
my bed was the largest of the
two & therefore should by rights
have held her but Parthe claimed
her, they were still in bed when
I last heard.

8991/76 2ff, postmarked 27 Mar 1836, signed letter Bundle 113/17

Many thanks dear Pop for all your letters. They
have enhanced my solitude very much. I am
still in bed & am not to go out of my
room to day, so no hope of going to
Wimbledon to Mama, but I hope to
go on Sunday - the reason is my cough is
furious- I wanted to have gone to the
Play on Monday when Charles Kimble
Mcready & Thendan [?] Knowles are all to
act in Julius Caesar but Papa
says I must not go, which
is not pleasant. I have
a watch case for my Watch
price [?] 1/6 - does yours gain? mine gained ½ an
hour till Molyneux stopped it - we sent
Uncle Adams a capital response in kind
yesterday. Jack wrote the best part. Mama
& I the rest. I want very much to see
little Puff & her three nieces - all my
desire is to get to Wimbledon - you who
are there, cannot be half so unhappy
as I am.. your croaking Sister Flo.

Ex cubile meo, ad cubilem
tuam
Friday 3 orto
Miss Nightingale
at Rev E. Lindsay's
Wimbledon
My dear Grandmama,

We hope that you are now quite recovered from your accident. We were very sorry indeed to hear from Aunt Evans that you had changed your plan of coming here, but we hope that you will change your mind again as we should be so very sorry not to see you again before we leave Derbyshire. Hilary Parthe & I have been sketching Cromford Bridge, we spent Friday with Aunt Evans & brought her home with us. The Carters are still with us, Uncle Carter came back from town on Saturday, we hope they will stay with us a week or two longer. Jack is going back to his tutor's Tuesday next. We had a very nice letter from Aunt Mai yesterday, saying how Blanche enjoyed her rides in the donkey-car, how strong Shore is, how Uncle Sam, who has just been down to see them, never enjoyed a week so much in his life. Blanche & Alice are bosom friends & Shore & Hugh. Alfy drives Harry, Alice & Blanch all together in a new donkey-car which has just been made for them. Good bye, dear Gd.mama, we hope to see you soon, believe me your affecte. Grandchild Florence- Lea Hurst. Aug 14th
Miss Nightingale
Lea Hurst
Derby

Dear Pop

We had a very nice day yesterday after we had sorrowfully left the dear little housey. It waxed rather a dull day but did not rain at all. Arrived at the Dog & Partridge we took one of the old women an article which was quite astonishingly plentiful in those parts. accompanied by her, I say, as a guide [illeg] Dove Dale, whose details I will give you another time. Suffice it to say, that Thorpe Cloud, a steep pyramidal square hill with an over-hanging Hungarian cap-peak {small diagram of a pyramid} at the beginning, Aunt Joanna's sitting down in the middle, & a set of little Quaker girls merrily dining at the end were the principal features. The Twelve Apostles, with a few supernumerary ones, the Seven Sugarloaves &c you must be well acquainted with tall pointed rocks, sticking out from the sides. It is rather very like the Lathhill, on a larger & bolder scale. I am with Chantrey's monument of Mrs. Watts Russell's father was our next sight, this which we were supported by Sundry small bits of bread & Kitty's delicatessen sandwiches, whetting our appetites to dinner & bed at Ashbourne where we remain this rainy Sunday, particulars of all which shall duly come to hand We shd. most likely spend Monday morn. at Betley
your affecte. Flo
Will you please enclose Jack's letter
which Hilly left behind to Uncle Carter
at Buxton- Love to Mamy_ Aunt Joanna, Hil
& I sleep together. Ilam was beautiful with its
Dahlias & river Manyfold. A house, something like
Hardwich, with low porch supported by pillars, long window reaching
from top of house to \textit{bottom} porch, beautifully carved at \textit{bottom}
square bows on each side & flanked by
[tiny sketch long low colonnades & splendid Dahlias
of house in gardens. A bunch of high towers & chimneys
this corner] crowns it.

8991/79 2ff, postmarked twice, 16&17 Nov 1836, signed letter [Claydon 113/20]

79:1
{in middle of page}
Hastings November sixteen
Mrs. Shore
Tapton Grove
Sheffield

79:2
My dear Grandmama
I send these little notes to you and
Aunt Evans, not because they are worth sending
by themselves but that you may see that I can
never forget either you or my dear Aunt Evans,
or the kindness of both of you to us. I hope Aunt
Evans is still at Tapton & that you are both quite
well. Good-bye my dear Grandmama & believe
me your affectionate Grandchild Florence

Embley. Monday Nov. 14th.

P.S. We are always very glad indeed to hear from you
but pray do not trouble yourself to write if it is in-
convenient to you. Will you be so good as to forward
this note to Aunt Evans if she is not at Tapton as she
was so good as to write to us some time since.
Thanks for your letter my dear Pop, the extravagances of my grief at not joining your party & of joy as the noble offers of good Uncle Nic & Co wrestle for the victory. I searched all your drawers & receptacles for the bit of silver paper you mention, but it was not. On examining my Arkwright thus, the only vacancy I find in it was if my memory serves me right, the enclosed, which I hope therefore is the one you mean, if not, we can send Miss Tulwell [?] the right one after you come back. We go on here uncommon well. The children taking into consideration my forlorn state have taken up & an unexpectedly righteous Shore a model of veracity, & obedience, Bertha of submission &c & as Shore seemed, to wish it & said to me the first day about ½ past twelve, 'What did I tell you I was come down for?' I do his lessons as usual. Today he has written a tidy note to his Mama & at his own desire drawn for her your little china cup, "the whole very rich & neat". I was very sorry to hear of Papa's mishaps but the whole village parish here is one mass of illness, very unlucky, as every body is away & I chained to my ten toes. Gale says her time is taken up with applicants. 1st. poor George Rennell has been at Death's door with sudden & violent inflammation in the bowels bled & leeched twice & has had our great bath up which the Dr. said if it did not relieve him, he wd. not live through the night. But this morning he is better. Betsy Sillence [Lillence?], whose wedding day was settled for to-day, has been with him since Monday night when he was took & her sister & mother & Mrs. Major & our Betsy has spent all her time there, & old Mary Noyce, has been crying and yowling (as Gale expresses herself_ for fondness of him. So he has had plenty of nurses, he being a general favourite. 2nd. Old Dan is ill with the same complaint & Rachel was sent back in a great hurry yesterday to nurse him & Gale dosed him & Doctor saw him & Kitty said he wd. not live & so he is better.
Gale put a great pot of gruel on the fire this morn for all her patients. 3rd. Humby, father of the many children, is bad in bed. 4th. Moody at Frencheys ditto 5th. Mr. Alsop ditto. 6th. Mrs. Bungay ditto. 7th. Ann Batton is come back ill to the Andrews's. 8th. Poor Noyce is not much better with the arms. 9th. Old Seammell has a very bad hand while Gale thinks wen or cancer or som'at bad. So much for them, now for me. On Tuesday Gale wd. not let me go out as it rained very hard. I went to bed at 8 o'clock & Gale & I had a consultation whether it would be advisable to have Major in as there was only Joseph to sleep in the pantry who wd. not hear if all the plate was severally devested. But we determined not for Gale said she hoped the Almighty would take care of the pantry. Wednesday I sat in the drawing-room as they were cleaning this room & I took a long walk of 3 hours & a half. First, to gather Mrs. Breton's nosegay which was rather nipped by a sharp frost, 2nd to the school, where a quarrel about a lost glove is awaiting Mama's arbitrement & where Mrs. Fox had 3rd to Noyce's where I read, he seemed to like it, but his arm was very painful as another small bone had been set yesterday. You may tell Mama that I have not time to read at all & Papa that I have not taken needle in hand since the day you went, so much I am occupied with the cares of the household & the children, which devolved on me yesterday in consequence of Mary's going to Romsey. My practising is diligent. I was much disconcerted when I found yr. music left. Tell Papa that Thomas Webb the coachman has been here on purpose to thank him but that he does not want a place at present as he is in some employment. Gale desires me to give her love & to say she expected orders for us that is, children & her & me & Joseph to go off in a carriage & 4 to Waverley. There have been two sharp frosts these two nights & rain & snow to-day though not lying on the ground.
I find the going to bed at 8 & getting up proportionally Early a most agreeable plan, as I was always partial to ea[rly] rising & never liked the long evening hours solitary, you know. I have written sundry letters too which had been waiting for some years to be written, so that shells & needle work are alas! left in the lurch. You give but a dubious account of the gay Waverleyites present my best respects, love & duty to all & each of them from their & yours grateful servant FN. I hope you will persuade some of them to come back with you. I suppose you have seen nought of Hilary or of her relations. Gale congratulates herself on the not buying of a dress as it was not needed. She has been most maternally careful of me & has been my play-fellow besides.

I have arranged the pattern so [cut off] as little molested as possible to [cut off] of my ability, so I did not put it on [cut off] as desired. Please buy on your retur[n] Winchester a wooden doll for me for she is so fond of a headless monster [cut off] ster dressed up, also an egg hour sand gla[ss] practising if convenient

Miss Nightingale
Waverley Abbey
Farnham

80:1 {at top of page, upside down:}
The sweeps come to-morrow. The house is undergoing a thoro-rough cleaning. Primroses, violets & snow-drops are out, notwith standing frosts. Jan 12th.
My dear Pop

Disappointment & dolor are still my lot which were perhaps greater when I saw them return without you than when I saw them depart without me. Shore is expelling the 9 lives out of my body one by one yet he & I are great friends, but I grow thin under his discipline particularly when I have the whole responsibility of his mental health & parts of that of his bodily upon me. But he has been very good these two last days, dear boy! so I must not complain of him. I have been working like 10 dogs while you have been away at literature & the children, so that although I have been always up before 6 & sometimes before 5 I have not allowed myself 5 minutes play since you went away either in needle work or books of "entertainment combined with instruction" Oh! what a good boy am I! Friday will therefore be a day of Jubilate for me from the prospect of a little mental relaxation & of seeing you & your friends. I am desire to write to ask Hilary and Jack!!! [illeg............

.........writing..........] Papa desires me to say that you are to go on where you left off in Dante, & that he is will be anxious to see the translation you will produce of Canto I revised & corrected by Miss J. to whom remember me as well as to the rest of la noblesse. Thank Maryanne & Lolly very much for their documents which are of gt. use in expelling the blue devil. As I hope to see them all so soon, I do not bore them with my lack of news Poor George Renhell [?] has had a relapse & is as bad as ever. Betsy S. has not been to bed since Monday week. I saw her to-day- she is really quite admirable in her composure & indefatigable exertions as old Mary says he wd. make kick up a terrible to-do if any body were to do anything for him
but her" Gale & I rejoice in your convalescence. She thot. you wd. be left behind but I had no idea of our parents' hardheartedness. Jervis is come back to Southton. I have heard from E.E. all the parish here is ill of Influenza & 300 people ditto at Romsey. They have used up all the Leeches & cannot get any in the country for love or money. Your Bo _

[from here on not clear if mother or FN writing]
I have had a letter from Hilary - enclosing your letter from Aunt Jane & a small billet-doux for you from herself Edith quite well. She will no come here for it was an epistle of condolence for staying at home. [end 1:283]
[rest of letter by FN's mother]

8991/82 signed letter 4ff to Parthe, dated ca. Jan. 1837 [1:284]

Claydon Bundle 113 81:1
Miss Nightingale

82:2 [Claydon 113/21a]
Dear Pop
My manifold businesses curtail my promised epistle and at ½ p 9 I sit down to this wee bit_ I sleep now with Shore, whose extraordinary snortings, groanings & grumblings à la walrus mingle agreeably with my dreams. He is however astonishingly well, alone in the house he keeps so! I shall be dolorous till you come home now Papa leaves me. I have had a nice letter from Hil, her father's indig-
nation which had reached an
awful summit at her prolonged
stay here, burst before her arrival
and left her unscathed, little
harm was done to her she tells
me- Mary Jane & Eliza are
there, Jerry [?] after being abroad
for 3 weeks returned to be
laid up for a week here & then
departed on Sunday night after
afternoon church (the fidget!)
to visit his Eliza. The Influenza
has laid low Moses Noyce's wife
and all his children successively,
ditto at Ryedown, poor wretches!

Dan was supposed dying, Rachel
his nurse, who expressed her sus-
cceptibility of a tender feeling towards
Dan most pathetically to me -
is also ill. Elseys, Humby's &c &c
ditto. George Rennell [?] better but
Betsy Sillence [?] has not left him yet.
Our Betsy left us this morn
for Mrs. Ottley's, full of tears,
poor dear & very affectionate.
very sorry not to see you & Thérése
again - sent her duty to you -
She is to write to us_ I made
her up a handsome present
a sort of conglomerated miscellany
101

82:1 {letter continues at bottom quarter of page}
Papa does not seem well, he is fidgetty but says a "go" will set him up. Gale sends various articles which, dear soul! she ordered me to-night from her bed to get ready & to tell you were

82:2 {letter continues at top of page}
to be well aired before you dared to touch them. Her charity is indefatigable indeed. Goodbye my dear, would I cd. come to Waverley in Paby's pocket. Your affecte. Bo.

8991/83 signed Claydon Bundle 113/22 2ff dated 2 Feb 1837,

Dear Pop

Notwithstanding your ungracious silence towards me after the 2 propitiatory notes I had sent imploring forgiveness & the title of music which I was to send, I write to tell you that Gale continues improving. Her cough is still troublesome & her pulse high, but she had a good night & gets up to-day. Mr. B. gives good hopes of her. Shore was in bed yesterday but to-day is up again & Mr. B. says there is little the matter with him. I sleep with him in the Yellow Room, he tries to persuade me he is very bad but this affectionate solicitude is in vain. He is very good & Bertha without any one to set her on to mischievous actions as Shore is confined to the nursery is angelic & reigns sole mistress of my heart. Gale enquires minutely after you every day & did so when at the worst whenever she was able to speak. She is as obstinate as in London ever about taking her medicine.
In the middle of her woes she insisted on explaining to me about the sending & airing of your shifts by Papa. I am very glad you have seen him. He was poorly & low on account of his late solitude & nursing cares him. But that will vanish as soon as he gets away from home! So Uncle Carter is gone to town! Hilary sends me a letter of Aunt Pat's which is to wait your return which to all appearance will now be protracted till years have laid their heavy hands on both our heads. Mama & I seem doomed to solitude & anxiety in February but we sing a duet of our own composition every evening to the tune of Nod, nod, nodding & Mama actually went to bed last night before 10 o'clock!! Shore talked to me this morn for 2 hours before I woke & my sleeping answers sound ludicrously in my ears e'en now.

I could not send your music by Pa he was so full & as you have no evening gown there was no use in sending the long black mits duly brt. by Mrs. Collins. Love to Thérése Your affecte Bo Mama is pretty well

G. Runnell is out again - We have had two nice warm days here. Mr. & Mrs. Donne are gone to a living of £60 a year near Shaftesbury which suits them very well Mrs. D has a good fortune & went in her own carriage! says gossipping Mr. B.!!!
Dearest Pop

I send you all the letters of your correspondents which have arrived during your lengthened absence, viz. 2 & a bit. The bit enclosed, the old letter of Aunt Jane's which you lent to Hilly & which she therein returned. The new letter of At. Jane's which you expected & which I hereby send, you see I have taken the liberty to open presuming from the black seal that I shd. find Depuis ma lettre écrite elle était je suis morte hier. These letters have been long in reaching you but I expected you home daily. Gale continues slowly recovering. She had more leeches on yesterday but to-day is up & free from troublesome cough. Shore went out yesterday, his cough almost well. To-day it rains incessantly. Mama & I continue very happily together only disputing for

the precedency in prescribing & dealing out the Medi Compound Senna bottle which sometimes ends in the unhappy patient's receiving double dose, one from the hand of each independent practitioner. Except these professional squabbles & a few brawls between the medical man & medical ladies, Mr. B & Mrs. Gale we console ourselves for your absence &

letter continues at bottom quarter of page)
that of your friends by Unity & Concord. Will you copy out & send me the words of Fairy Queen in German Popular Tales which are at Waverley. The song is in a story of a little girl being carried wandering into a dark wood & thence into the fairy haunts. The children are desirous fond of the song, all of which I cannot remember. A nice letter from Papa describing his arri-

{letter continues along left margin, in middle section, cc.90d] val at ye Hurst, & his sticking by the Coach spite of 4 horses which made all [illeg] alight but him was afraid of the cold & his being shoved up the hills- arrived this morng Love to all your party & so fare thee well
Dear Pop & Maryanne

Aware that your excellence in the epistolary line did not meet with a suitable return from us, I have been wishing to write for these three days but Mama wd. not let me write till she could write herself always saying she wd. do so the next day & so it has not been done at all. All our people are going on well—Gale down-stairs again in the H. Keeper's room & resisting Mama's exhortations, menaces, warnings & entreaties to make her sit in one of the rooms upstairs where she will not be exposed to a constant draught from the Back-door & to the entrées & [illeg] sortis of all the servants referring to her for every-thing. In consequence of this her determination, your return will again be delayed for some time, as while Gale sits down-stairs, an increased household wd. bring increased care upon her. Kitty is recovering from a sharp attack of ague (dreadful head:ache) which she had for 3 or 4 days so that Gale & she used to sit up in the two beds opposite each other looking rueful, but now, Kitty declares herself quite well. I thought that I was going to be left sole wielder of the Bottle & administrator of the reins of the household by Mama's violent head ache & chills one eveng. which she thought promised ague of the same nature as Kitty's. But a drive next day in pouring rain restored her to her pristine vigour. We have had such hurricanes of wind & pelting rain for two days
& nights as have laid fields under water, filled the pond, & yesterday when we went to W. Wellow, the new causeway was the only thing visible in a sea of floods which almost reached the level of the grand work. Three unhappy ponies were standing on a little bit of land just big eno' to hold them without other land near when some naughty boys were supposed to have driven them, but Mr. Alsop (?) who was applied to on behalf of his own ponies said that they wd. come to no harm. To-day is a beautiful day & the floods have fallen, I saw on my way to the school, but the water is lying in all the hollows of the park & common. We hear this morng. that Uncle Ben is again in marching order but not wanted at coming to the House till he is wanted that Uncle C. is not very well having had slight Influenza but all others prosper at Ditcham. At. Joan is detained in her room by a cold, but Baby flourishes wonderful{cut off} & sucks & grows & grows & sucks continually. Very good accounts from Combe, Uncle Sam & all well, & as happy nothing stands between them & perfect happiness but the mutability of human affairs, says Ju. At. Mai says that Baby knows all her letters but 4-!!! which bright example I
hold up to un-book-loving Puff but I fear in vain. At. Mai says that all she hopes for from the little dunce who loves nought but play is that she & Baby will be able to pursue their learning together, difference of age? making no difference in their acquirements. They are very good indeed but Shore's nightly confession contains sometimes strange things. One day Puff secreted some apple in her hand at dinner in her little hand & her deep depravity not appearing in her hypocritical face, succeeded in making her exit from the room & giving it to Shore. She seldom steals for self. I saw them going lovingly up-stairs together & suspected some'at whenever they seem particularly amiable hand in hand. Shore comes into my bed now i'the morning & makes me tell him stories before I am awake. It is incredible what some people's industry will perform, e.g. the piles of manuscripts which have arisen like mushrooms under my pen during this last month, which I have been nurse, governess, assistant curate & doctor in the absence of Mr. G, at all events I have killed no patients though I have cured few. But the lives of British Worthies, the histories, the analyses which I have achieved, enough to smother Papa when he returns. I feel rather awed & subdued by your boasted acquirements ma chère soeur, & hope you will communicate them gently & by degrees to me at yr. return & not stifle me at once. I wish to put the best by foremost & boast of my own doings too as much as possible. The solitude which you speak
as about to be yr. lot is dissipation compared to ours but we will endeavour to relieve it by our epistolary sympathy during the absence of yr. relatives We have finished the Talisman: it is so harmless that no doubt you may read it to yr.self when you come home, Pop. We have not yet begun anything new.

[letter continues along left margin, crossed, cc.90d]

dear Marianne & Pop
accept my heartfelt thanks for your letters which are merry companions at my solitary breakfast. I read them & every morning to Gale who likes them much.
I have had a charming letter from Papa speaking of the Universal Influenza, but he is uncommon merry. Little Renshaw no better Yeoman's man had a hurt at the quarry woman pretty well. Geo. Flint dead. A sharp frost has totally cut off the bud of my hopes of going to Waverley. It is impossible. Your affecte Bo

8991/87 4ff, signed letter

87:1

Mrs. Shore
Cromford Bridge

Claydon Bundle 113/24 87:2
Embley. Feb 16th 1837

My dear Grandmama
We are very glad to hear from Papa so good an account of you all. He has no doubt told you how our whole neighbourhood has been suffering from Influenza. I think we have escaped very well, as although there is not one in the house who has entirely escaped, Gale is the only one who has had it severely. A sharp attack of inflammation
of the lungs has confined her
to the house now for four weeks,
but she too is rapidly recovering
her strength and spirits and
we hope soon to see her as well
and active as usual, doing
every thing for every body and
taking no care of herself. Shore
and Parthe who were the two
for whom there was anxie-
ty are those for whom we are
most thankful. Parthe has
escaped it entirely by being
most fortunately left at
Waverley and has thus got
through the winter without
any illness. Shore is almost
the only one in the house who
has had no
touch of Influenza. He has never
passed a winter before with
so little cold and cough -
He goes out now as usual.
Mama is pretty well again
and we shall hope to hear the
same of you, dear Grandmama
& believe me ever your most
affecte. Granddaughter Florence.
Dear & exemplary Pop

Gale sends you her love

Daily & hourly are the praises bestowed

on your epistolary merits in this house devoted to

Calomel & Castor oil, having only a glimpse of the

external world from your letters. You will be happy

to hear that our labours in the above line have recom-
menced from the internal exhibition (medical term) of a small Ivory

ball swallowed by Puff on Thursday last & which has not yet made its re appearance notwithstanding the reme-
dies afore mentioned, but Mr. B bids us not be uneasy as in such convenient rotundular bodies he has known the reception of a halfpenny produce no inconvenience.

Yesterday was celebrated Miss Bertha's birth day,

which was solemnized by a ride to Romsey, the first

of which was a couple of magnetic swans as a present

from myself, & which have produced great satisfaction,

- the little tea things - a kettle-holder cross-stitched by himself from her brother - a bag from Gale - & which perhaps caused the greatest satisfaction of all, bread sauce for dinner & a Twelfth cake of jelly crowned with bay leaves, which were duly sucked by the delinquents -- & lastly exemption from exercises, the only profit which accrued to me from the day, which otherwise only caused impoverishment of pocket. I must not however omit an old apron of Mama's conferred upon me by the bountiful Puff, as my own was hanging in rags. She looked beautiful in the eveng., in a crown of Camellias & Roses. She is however notwithstanding her exuberance of colour & spi-
rits a good deal pulled down by the flenzie, her rotun
dity we discover is produced by her fashionable dress which stands out from her on all sides, she is really rather thin & long of the Shore make & is often flushed Shore is very well but we take them out now in the carriage as both are rather relaxed by weather & confinement in-doors not to say the absorption of sundry morsels of cheese, apple, butter & sugar, ivory glass &c. which have taken place as you know during the last five weeks, the former some from the Nur-
sery cupboard, the others notwithstanding our vigilance owing to their unexampled depraved appetites & hypocrisy All these thing come round to me however in aur-
icular confession at night_ But these iniquities
apart they are much improved. Puff Oh!
miraculous triumph! Knows all her letters great
& small. I always thought she knew them but
either her goodwill or her knowledge have sprou-
ted so wonderfully that now she will say them all
and even the invincible D has been conquered by
Being D for dunce. Yet even now, so is she mistress
of her art that if a fit of perverseness comes over her

for a few minutes any one wd. declare she did not
know them. She often asks now however to say her
letters. Gale is still better but her recovery is so very
slow that without any actual disease she often
relapses into her former lying in bed all the
morng.- weakness - & bad nights though the
day before she seemed rapidly recovering. Such
is the case to-day but her spirits are now as good
as usual. Her weakness is very great, as she will
exert her strength some days to the utmost
& then you find her after dressing herself, trem-
bling with exhaustion & after a few minutes being
with the children obliged to go & lie down. She has
not been down-stairs yet as altho' she in-
tends to do it every day & altho' she declares
herself quite well, we feel that a very slight
exertion of cold wd. quite upset her, she looks [or cold? see]
so thin & ill. Mr. B however thinks very well of
her recovery - & I only give you this acct. of her weak-
ness which is her only bad symptom to show you
that it is impossible for us to come to you, much
as your secluded servants desire it or for you
to come to us till you are summoned which, I joyfully
expect will be next week, when Baby comes home
We have had another nice letter from him. Uc. Ben
better & in town- At. Joan better & going out. You hear of the

88:1 [letter continues at top of page, upside down]
misfortune of the failure of the Stafford question. I shd. think
Uncle C. wd. annoy himself terribly, as his one vote wd.
have turned it the other way & that spiteful Buckingham
has voted [illeg] support against his former wd. be princi-
ples a grand exhibition before his going to America. Mr. Giffard as
usual croaks & grumbles about the possibility of ministers going out & of a
revolution following the introduction of Tory Ministers
till I believe he almost persuades himself that the said
event has already taken place, & the bad state
of affairs begun. His disappointment
at not going to Ditcham which visit was to
have taken place this week has probably pro-
duced this gloomy turn. Mama & all the
maids are gone to church this morn. in a
storm of wind & rain leaving me to cudgel the
brats & read to as Gale but as she is in bed I cannot do both arduous
offices ipso ipsimus tempore. The little sense & learning
is rapidly leaving me - to the darkness of idiocy & so
farewell my beloved sister_ I look forward to rebeholding you & your adopted
family
in a few days.

88:4 {letter continues at bottom half of page} [1:468]

Embley. Feb 19th
My dear Marianne I cannot leave your numerous
kind notices of your degenerate cousin without expressing
my gratitude notwithstanding the bewilderment of my
brains between the noise of the elements without & the
brats within. Alas! that the unpossibility of expressing
it viva voce at Waverley remains unchanged as it would
really do Mama a deal of good as she is rather worn &
languid. But we hope now in a few days to welcome
you to this den of past sickness & present iniquity
which although it be but a hut compared with your
illustrious abode is as desirous to be honoured with
your presence. I use the language of the Betrothed
which we are now reading on account of its brevity
It is very pretty however, do you know it. Pray express the
same gratitude for their notice to your renowned brothers
whom I shall never see again & to whom I cannot write

{letter continues in top half of page, along right margin, c.90d}
in terms so eloquent as I know you are
capable of employing for me. Alas! for the
local concerts, I read the M[usi]cal World assidu-
ously. Au revoir my dear. your affecte. FN.
I think the revoir so often put off & planned
is now really coming to pass-
Embley March 2

My dear Grandmama

You will be glad to hear how much better Parthe is. She is now moved into another room, & her strength is returning every day. Her cough is almost gone, & she sleeps well & eats with great appetite. She is very cheerful & looks & talks just like herself. She is now allowed to see Aunt Julia & Hilary who are here a great deal. The weather here is very changeable but does not hurt her in her warm rooms. She is now allowed to have jelly & eggs. She is read to a great deal. Mama is now quite easy about her & we hope that by keeping her in the house March & April, she will be quite as strong as ever. With best love to Aunt Evans, believe me, my dear Grandmama, your affectionate Florence

Mrs. Shore

My dear Grandmama

We were very glad to hear of your arrival at Cromford Bridge, as we hope it is a sign that your are better. You will be pleased to hear that Parthe is much better and gaining strength.
To-day the country is covered with snow. Aunt Julia and Hilary Carter are now here. Alfred is much better in health, but the sight of his eye is quite gone, it is feared. I have not time to say more, so with best love to Aunt Evans, & remembrances to Miss Hall, believe me, my dear Grandmama, your most affectionate Grandchild Florence Nightingale.

Embley Friday

8991/91 2ff, signed letter, postmarked 1837, [Claydon 113/26]

Lea Hurst. July 7

My dear Grandmama,

We are very glad to hear from Miss Hall that we may expect to see you now in a week. This place is beginning to look very pretty with all the roses coming out, and these few warm days have ripened the strawberries all at once. Aunt Evans has not begun her hay yet but there is a good deal cut about here although we are later than you are. We think Aunt Evans looking remarkably well and quite strong. She has walked up here to breakfast & walked both ways twice. Hoping to see you without fail at the end of this week, believe me, dear Grandmama ever your affectionate granddaugther Florence.

We should have written by Miss Hall but had no one to send it by.
My dear Grandmama

Parthe has told you all the news, so I can only say that we are looking forward to seeing you before we leave here. The Offley Shores cannot come here as they promised as Mrs. Offley has not been well and they are engaged to go somewhere else. We are very sorry not to see the children, who are very nice little things, are they not? The rose Mrs. Bagshaw was so very kind as to send us, has flowered beautifully. Our strawberries & raspberries are all ripe, and all our flowers out so that we look much gayer than when you were here. We expect Aunt Julia and her [letter continues in bottom half of page]

friend Emily Taylor next Saturday. Aunt Julia has been staying with Uncle Ben at Norwich during his election, which has delayed her coming here. Aunt Maria Coape too is coming in August before we leave here. Papa has been at the Assizes and Election at Derby and does not come back till to-morrow. It is so pleasant on our hill-top, so cool, for on the hottest day there is always a breeze that we shall be very sorry to leave it. Aunt Mai and her children seem to have spent some time at Waverley, she left the two youngest there for a few days, and Lydia Shore brought them back in her carriage. Good bye my dear Grandmama & believe me ever your affectionate
Lea Hurst July 26th. Grandchild Florence.

{at top of page, in middle, c.90d}

Mrs Shore
Tapton
Sheffield
Dear Marianne

In these our remote Nissard gaieties our thoughts often turn to the Waverley Xmas doings which I suppose are now preparing minus us & on which we ruminate with sobs & cries the live long night. But I must tell you of our humble imitation of you here. We have not heard a note of good music since we left England till a day or two ago when we went to an amateur Philharmonic concert where there was a 'violon de première force' & several good men singers but without women's voices concerts are always incomplete. How differently these things are managed from the cramming of an English concert. Imaginez vous, three gentlemen whom we had never seen before took us into the rooms in their hands and as we were late & the room was full, three rows of gentlemen moved to give us seats. Such a commotion is somewhat awkward. There are a great many people here whom we know & many English. The Usbornes [?] who met you met at Geneva, they say, the eldest of whom does not go out, being serious. Mr. J Martin who saw them too at Geneva says that with sundry blandishments & smooth words he persuaded Mrs. U. not to come to spend the winter at Pan for fear of cholera! You may judge of the credibility of the man. The Miss Milnes’s & the Wyvills whom Mama knew in early days are here too. Henrietta Wyvill is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw & such a nice creature. & my young friends Marmaduke & Christopher, the first of whom Sam will remember at Cambridge, are very fair in their way. But let us proceed to the profitable results accruing from these acquaintances, viz, two dances last night & the night before. The first at the Miss Milnes's was a very wee & dull affair, but last night we dined at the Wyvills', a dîner à la Russe, dessert covering the table all the time from beginning to end all but one small vacuity in which one dishes were successively put one by one at a time. After dinner there was a dance though you are not allowed to dance here during Advent to the music of a band but only to a pianoforte. There were very few English besides a white lady 6 ft high, dame d'honneur of a Russian princess, the mother of 8 children, who danced the whole evening & waltzed by far the [illeg] most beautifully of any one there. Before you {cut off} been in Nice many hours, you are asked six times by every person you meet whether you waltz, that being the key-note here- There were Germans Nissards, Italians, French, Jews, Russians & Poles all together last night, though the latter whispered about how very savage the Russians looked & there is a Calmuck-look about them said lady & about four girl sisters all the same size who always go out all together with father & mother & brother, which says friend Marmaduke "rather swamps a party"- 'nothing but quadrilles & waltzes were danced, alas! for Waverley country dances & Lancers which no one here knows anything about save to call them vulgar. A certain Mr. Plunket, the only un-long-faced dancing man of the night before last, did not dance last night to Parthe's great
dismay who intended to have had him for herself again you know her propensity to have merry partners, but the poor man who is at Nice for health is not always in dancing condition. He told us a great deal about the Queen's dancing for he had figured in the same quadrille with her when Princess Victoria. It is very melanchilly altho' we seem to take it easy, do not we? to be among a set of long, pale-faced scraggy invalids with bad coughs all here for health. Parties break up very early & we went away before 12 as we were obliged to go with an old Frenchman & his wife whom we have made acquaintance with & took there. She is such a very nice woman, very clever & showed us a beautiful portrait done by her self of her only daughter aged 19 from whom being just married she is separated for the first time. She looks herself about 30, anything rather than a Grandmama- She educated her daughter entirely herself altho' she is a Catholic & her husband & daughter Protestants, & as she says, "J'ai bien étudié la religion protestante, car j'avais à en enseigner les premier principes à ma fille, vous savez -
She & her husband, an ancien militaire, devoted to Napoleon, who was stripped by the Cossacks on the Russian field of every thing but his flannel shirt, treated us just like their children ——

Nice is a charming place, bright blue sea & brilliant July sun which gives us a second summer in December. Cactuses, aloes, & sundry other plants quite unknown to the learned of England ramp about here wild & in the gardens you see orange-trees covered with fruit & even flowers, palm trees with dates, & all sorts of hot-house plants now. The grand promenade is on the tops of a row of houses, most of which are painted in fresco. I need not repeat to you the oft-told tale of the situation of Nice in an amphitheatre of triple mountains, the outer range of which is covered with snow in Dec while Nice itself is rather too hot, the town separated from its port by a high rock, & the number of white Bastides or country-houses scattered all round. We have staid here much longer than we expected, so agreeable a place and I suppose we shall stay now till after Christmas for the Carnival & the Governor's grand ball on New Year's Day but we i.e. P & I begin to wish to change already for we want a piano which we shall not have till we are settled & we had much rather see all these things at Genoa, when, the Cardinal & the Court being there, all ceremonies, both religious & moral, will be on a grander scale. However the Opera of Nice which is good re-opens on the day after Xmas Day being shut during Advent! We do not mean to be at Florence now till the end of January as Papa says 2 months of it will be quite enough for him - Goodbye, my dear, I write little to relations friends in England, the voluminous publications in the form of a Journal which I am preparing for the press
taking up much of my time. Poor Embley must be looking forlorn Not so Waverley!
Will le Caporal deign to accept my poor hommages? Love to dear Lolli FN.

93:3 written by Parthe

93:4 mostly Parthe

Miss Nicholson
Waverley Abbey
Farnham
{Surrey?}
Angleterre
Miss Nightingale

Dear Pop. I have nothing new but the old saw. All here go on well. Gale wonderful. Was moved upstairs into the Double:bedded room & is in much better spirits this afternoon – Bertha and Shore queerer nor ever. The former's birthday is on Saturday on which day she expects some wonderful metamorphosis to take place of what nature is not exactly ascertained, except that she "I will be as tall as I am you are & the I will shall
know all my letters on my birthday perhaps. Gale was much pleased with your note, ditto I with the flattering notices of my cousins under your compulsory powers. J.T.G came to tea again last night & read us his Journal of the last French Tour, addressed to Ld [?] Ld [?] removing all objectionable parts. It was some'at like a Guide-book & Mama went to sleep on the Sofa, I much alarmed ventriloquizing the appropriate hems, has, go tos &

in good sooths' Papa writes word to day that he leaves Lea Hurst on Wednesday or Thursday for London!! he did not intend to go return till the end of the month You will be astonished to hear that Baby Beatrice knows all her letters but 4- & Bertha goes about the house proclaiming "Baby know 22 letters & I know 6! isn't that a great many? won't it be funny if Baby teaches me my letters?" without the least shame at her ignorance or rather I believe fancying

94:1 {letter continues at bottom of page} that 6 is as big or bigger a number than 22. She is however getting on with her letters now after a good cry Mama gave her one day in their behalf. My grateful love to M.N to whom I do not write, al tho' I owe her so many because this note exhausts my dull intellects & because I still hope to see her
94:2  {letter continues at top of page}
here soon. Your relations are by this
time returned. A poor child has been
dreadfully burnt near here. Mama saw
it to-day. It made some impression
on our delinquents who eat cheese set for
traps &c &c then ask if it's poison.

8991/95 2ff, unsigned letter [Claydon 113/31]

Pisa to Florence  [7:20-21]
Saturday. Feb. 24. 1838,
An important day for us, arriving at our furthest
distance from home & at the city where we expec-
ted most of interest, & felt most of enthusiasm, it
being the scene of the great days of the republicanism
of the 13th & 14th century. The floods rains fell from the
time we left the walls of Pisa till we had reached Florence, the floods had
overflowed even the high river banks
& the fertile valley of the Arno now flooding was thus for us deprived of its
charms
& only dark towers of all the days from those of the
Romans to those of the fall of Florence in the 16th.
century, shewed pictures of time of perpetual contest
between the vigorous republicans of Florence & Pisa
What with the rain & a little snow even the other
wise gay villages of {illeg} were without life
save only from the saffron coloured umbrellas
& galloping carritelle. Empoli is the only large
town on the road, which the Paladin of Florence,
Francesco Ferrucci once made his head quarters
in the famous seige of Florence which was
held out defended during 11 months by his sole exertions &
which "fell with him unwilling to outlive the good
he did her"
The flourishing valley & luxurious vines trained to
the trees, belied the evidence which the strings of beggars
reaching the greater part of the way from Pisa to
Florence would seem to give. The last changing house
before Florence is La Lastra, famous for having
been in 1304 the place of rendezvous of the exiled
party of the Branchi (among whom were Dante & the father
of Petrarch,) which made an ineffectual attempt
to regain possession of Florence & actually pene-
trated in broad daylight as far as the
Piazza San Marco. Soon after La Lastra
begins the beautiful avenue as it were of palaces &
gardens which leads to the [illeg Porta San Frediano?] walls of Florence
& under the high gateway of Porta San Frediano we entered at last
through numbers files of unfortunate carts & peasants
who were waiting the vexatious pleasure of
the Dagana, besides ourselves - [dogana?]
After threading several long streets, the gay Arno
suddenly bursts forth & the Ponte della Trinità the
most elegant graceful of bridges leads to the Albergo dell'
Arno formerly the ancient Palazzo Acciajuole near
the Ponte Vecchio.

8991/96 unsigned letter 3ff, dated ca. 1838, Claydon 113/32n

Florence. March 3rd. [7:21-23]

My dear Grandmama

We were very much pleased to hear a few days ago from
Aunt Mai so excellent an account of all the children and that
you and Aunt Evans were still together and both well. We
arrived at Florence last Saturday, the 24th, and we have got
some beautiful rooms in a very nice hotel by the river-side so
that we have all the sun that there is. The hotel (dell' Arno_
was formerly a palace, and the rooms are the largest and most
magnificent that we have seen, all very well painted, and very
complete, for there are baths, and several pianos moreover on
which we practise very hard, as we have had no opportunity for
so long - As this is not the season at Florence, these fine things
are much cheaper too than usual. The day after we arrived,
we had a letter from Aunt Mai and one from Aunt Julia,
telling us of the rapid change for the worse that had taken place
in poor Uncle Carter. And two days after we heard of his
death. We expected it very little so soon & so suddenly and
it has put Papa into very low spirits, such a kind friend
as he has always been to us all and leaving so many to
mourn him. For himself, it is a release from great sufferings,
but he would like to have seen Jack of age first which he will
not be till next November
We have had an immense quantity of rain since we came to Florence, but much warmer weather than any where else. The town is full of English, and we have made acquaintance with two English families already. We have letters besides to several Italians, and amongst others to Catalani, the great singer who is married and living here, very rich. But we have not seen any of them yet, as this sad news arrived so soon after we came here. The letters are ten days coming from England, and snow on the mountains has made them lately still longer. We staid three days at Pisa, as we had an Italian acquaintance there, a very sweet woman. We went to a Court ball, for the Grand Duke is not now at Florence but at Pisa.

The ball was a very elegant one indeed, the Grand Duke who is a good-natured but very awkward looking man, and his sister are exceedingly polite and talked to us a good deal as well as the little Archduchess, his eldest daughter, who was the most pleasing, elegant girl in the room, very simply dressed dancing very nicely but looking sadly consumptive. The Grand Duchess, his second wife was just confined and did not appear.

We were very sorry indeed to leave Genoa & the kindest friends we [illeg] ever had out of England. We had been there five weeks and had enjoyed every hour of the time. One lady, a Miss Bird whom Mama had known 18 years ago at Naples was particularly kind to us and the Genoese were so hospitable. Not indeed in receiving us into their houses, for that is not the fashion, but in doing every thing they could to give us pleasure. I am afraid it will be a long while, if ever, before we see them again, and their absence makes us find Florence rather dull, as there are new friends to be made, but not like those - We are going to have a music and a singing-master; as we have a very good piano & perhaps a master in perspective. We have got through the winter very easily, without the suffering from cold which I am afraid England has had, and without the least cough on Parthe's side. The pictures & statues in Florence are well worth seeing, the churches not so fine as in Genoa. Altogether, we like Italy, a great deal better than France and shall be sorry to leave it for France again. We have heard a great deal of music lately, particularly at Genoa when the Opera is excellent, while in France there is little good music out of Paris. We expect to stay here till the first of April when if the weather is sufficiently settled we shall leave Florence to go to Bologna.
My dear Grandmama

We have put off writing to you for a few days for we have been travelling from Geneva to Paris for 6 days from 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night. The journey was exceedingly uninteresting after we had crossed the Jura mountains above the Lake of Geneva and were passing through the plains of France, but we were not travelling alone, we had an old friend of Mama's with us, Miss Allen, a sister of Lady Mackintosh, who was anxious to leave Geneva immediately and so came in the carriage with us to Paris, a very entertaining companion she is. We are now at Fontainebleau, spending Sunday, to see one of the magnificent royal palaces about 30 miles from Paris, where we shall go on Monday to spend three months & then we return to England. We hope at Paris to find letters from Aunt Mai from whom we have not heard for a month, but we had the news from home that Uncle Sam was recovered & returned to Combe. What a disappointment it was to you and Aunt Evans not to see them, but we will hope that it will be for another year and then we shall hope to see them too. Blanch & Bertha seem to have been prospering very well under Miss Wicksteed's care who must take a great deal of anxiety off Aunt Mai. We were six weeks at Geneva, which we enjoyed exceedingly, although it was very bad weather - we know so many kind people, Madame de Sismondi, an Englishwoman, one of the Miss Allens, who had married a celebrated...
Genevese— a good many Italians and several Genevese
These received us with open arms, for they all remembered Papa
when he was at Geneva twenty-two years ago in 1816. One family
particularly welcomed us in the kindest way for his sake, old
Madame Cramer, in whose house he lived for eleven months
before he married, she is now grown rather infirm and never
stirs out of the house except to church, but she was delighted
to see him again and kissed us all round and introduced us
to her five sons who are all married round her. She was
a most anxious mother when Papa knew her last for she
had suffered a great deal. In the Revolution of 1792
her father-in-law was shot in the streets when she was
only 18 and her husband lost his whole fortune.
Then she was obliged to set up a Boarding-house and
Papa was one of the first boarders she had and she
says she never should have got on without him for the
other young men were very troublesome and never satisfied
with anything— whereas he never went out till the afternoon
but staid at home all the morning writing French exercises.
She taught him French & felt, she says, as if she was his
mother. Now she has given up her Boarding-house but she
was very anxious when we left her at the beginning of last week
because she had just seen her youngest sons march by among the
troops which were preparing to resist the French if they besieged
the town as was feared. The French troops had been marching
to the frontier, in consequence of this quarrel with the Swiss
about Louis Buonaparte whom the French had desired them to expel from Switzerland as a pretender to the throne of Louis Philippe. Many of the Cantons refused but without waiting for the decision of the general Council, Louis Philippe sent troops to the frontier which is close to Geneva to overawe them. to acquiescence. But the Genevese were determined to resist to the utmost and when we came away, were arming their soldiers, raising their fortifications and bristling them with stockades. The poor soldiers had been working all Sunday (like tigers) up to their knees in water and planting the cannon on the ramparts. It is hoped however that the cause of all these misfortunes, Louis Buonaparte will move off of his own accord. Lord Granville, our minister at Paris, has offered him a passport into England, where the French will allow him to be without molestation. This tyrannical demand of from Louis Philippe to the poor little Swiss has excited a great deal of hatred against him in Switzerland and even in France, where his own subjects disapprove of this measure. We shall be anxious to hear that the misfortunes of the poor Swiss are ended for they have put out of our heads all our expectations of Paris where I hope we shall hear a great deal of music and be very happy. I shall write to our music-mistress in London for the name of a very excellent music-master at Paris and I hope we shall have singing lessons. We shall know a
good many people as we have done almost every where
for we have several letters, chiefly to Italian refugees at
Paris. The Emperor of Austria however at his Coronation which
took place early in September at Milan; published a general
pardon to the Italian prisoners and exiles and we hope
this will take a great many of them home. There was a
great commotion about it at Geneva when we were there
and a great deal of joy, but some of our old friends,
Italians whom we had known in England and who had been
out of their
country 17
Mrs Shore years, feared
Tapton that they
Sheffield should be
excluded even from
Angleterre this general
{address cc.90d} pardon.
We shall
like to see
the fêtes of
the christening of the Count of Paris, Louis Philippe's grand-son
which is to be soon. The Duke of Devonshire whom we
met at Geneva, was so good-natured as to give us a letter to Lady
Granville, our Ambassadress at Paris, which will be of
great use to us, for as he said to Mama, your young ladies will
like going to her balls. To-morrow we shall be at see this long-
expected capital where we shall arrive early, because it is so
crowded with English already that most of the hotels are full
and it is difficult to find rooms. We girls had rather have
spent the winter in Italy though than in Paris.

97:1 {letter continues at top of page}
Good-bye my dear Grandmama, pray give our best love and many
kisses to dear Aunt Evans, we shall see you both very soon again
Now, Papa and Mama and
Parthe all send you their loves.
And believe me, dear Grandmama, ever your affectionate grandchild
Florence
Dear Aunt Pat,

We met your friend Miss Clarke at the Garnets & talked to her about you. She has been very kind since and has introduced us at Mme. Recamier's who is very good-natured indeed. We went to a curious séance at her house to hear M Delécluze read his M S Memoirs of his recollections of the Atelier de David where he was pupil & of the Revolution. M. de Châteaubriand, Lacretelle, M. de Noailles were there. The French do not seem to mind rushing into these recollections, for without mentioning the names, Delécluze described meeting the sister-in-law of Châteaubriand going to the guillotine in the charrette & studying with Mme. Noailles, (the relation of the Duc present,) in David's atelier, whose father he had also seen going to the guillotine.

Mme. Recamier as she took possession of her dark corner said that she had chosen it that she might be at liberty to indulge the "émotions que ces lectures me font souvent" Delécluze is better than a father to us & is coming to finish these MS at our house, as he says reading them at Mme. Recamier's is very like publishing them, and he could not do that because there are so many anecdotes of living persons. We see a good deal of Confalonieri, who is the only person who never disappointed us after hearing a great deal of him before. He goes with us to the Opera & is in high spirits when there is no one else, for a great party he says bewilders him.

The du Collegnos, (she is a sweet little woman) have just left Paris for Bordeaux but promise to come & visit us in England.

Camillo Ugoni has set out on his return.
to Italy. You know, or perhaps you do
not know that all the condannati those condemned to
death are excepted from the amnesty
so that Arconati, Filippo Ugoni Arrivabene Demèstre & Porro
are among the number - F. Ugoni is coming
to Paris, but Porro cannot afford to come,
as he intended, if the amnesty restored him
his goods- Mme. Arconati has just been
to Milan to be present at the marriage
of her brother Frotti with Manzoni's daughter
& thinks that solicitations might obtain her
husband's return, but as she will never
make them, she is now joining her husband
& son who are waiting for her in Switzerland
Arrivabene has petitioned for his legal emigra-
tion but has received no answer yet -
He will most likely be refused has just received it- favourable- with his
fortune Berchet
is gone to Bordeaux with the Collegnos-
We have seen old General Demestre who is
miserably sick & poor- Mama desired one
to give you all these particulars as she
thot. they wd. interest you. To crown all
the disappointments of this vile amnesty,
there is a cavil about those transported
to America, who, they Austrians say, have lost all rights
upon Italy. And Castillia and Borsieri
who are just arrived to Paris, sent for
from America at the express word of the
Vice-King have been told by their ambassador
here that they have not even the right to
petition - Confalonieri is of course in the
same category. The Emperor & Viceking were
told in all haste that they must not
compromise themselves any more by sending
messages - through the relations of the exiles.
Castillia was very angry, which is not his
character, we saw him at Mme. Mojon's who
is his cousin. We are amusing ourselves here
very much, at the Italian Opera & looking at
Marshal Loban's funeral which was 1½ hours passing
under our windows.
We have not been able to meet Mrs Marley yet.
Your affecte. Flo.

My dear, I have nothing particular to
tell thee, as Jack will have all the news
to tell except that we hope you will
be still at Ditcham for your vacations
when we come back, as without this,
we should be most inclined to prolong
our stay here. We were so glad to see
Jack & so surprised, we send him back,
we hope you will think better in health;
the streets of Paris are now one puddle
of slush & ice in which the horses
go swimming & slipping about &
the snow is on the ground _ Alas!-
Genoa la Superba, you were never in
so barbarous a state, in the depth of the
winter. and Nice, where the flowers ever
blossom, the beams ever shine. Ah! my
dear when Jack brot. us home the
Assedio di Firenze last night. how
it did bring into our minds the place
where we last read it
& were obliged to hide it behind the cushions for it was forbidden by Govt the
chapel of the Palazzo Acciajuoli where we
lived and the bath-room, even furnished
with divans of green satin Parthe & I
slept in the chapel & from our windows
we saw the Arno & the Ponte Vecchio
at the foot of which a Buondelmonte was once killed,
which was the beginning of the wars
of all the Guelphs & Ghibellines.
Wellcome Ms 8991

This sounds like dry history but it is not when you are brushing your hair & look out on the place where the man on his white palfrey passed & fell, slain for the love of his ladye fair. Oh! my dear, it is only Florence where the statues stand in the streets, and you run against Michael Angelos & Centaurs in the corners of the piazze. You will not say however that foreign travel has improved my writing, and Jack is calling me to breakfast, for Papa is gone to a great trial of an ex-préfet, where a friend of his, a deputy is to get him in. & Jack & we two breakfast alone.

8991/99a 4ff, signed, postmarked 25 May 1838 [Claydon 113/33] [7:29-32]

Venice - May 15
My dear Grandmama

I dare say that you remembered the day that I was eighteen, you are so good in thinking of us, the first birth day that I have spent out of our own family. We are at Venice now, a most curious town, for it is built in the middle of the sea, or rather what they call Laguna for it is not quite the open sea. However there are hardly any streets as the [illeg? waters?] runs between all the houses, & we go about everywhere in a long pointed black boat, which they call *gondola*, to the churches & to shops & to evening parties. On Saturday there was a great storm & so there was no milk to be has in all the town, because no boat would venture out to the mainland to get it. We have had exceedingly hot weather the first week in May & now it is quite cold again after this storm. We left Florence where we had been very happy, on the 25th of April and the changes of weather are quite as great in Italy as they are in England, for we slept that night in the middle of the snow, & that day week was as hot as our hottest day in summer. But between Florence & Bologna it is true that there are mountains to be crossed, though not very high. At Bologna where we stayed a few days, there are the finest pictures in the world, there is a leaning tower, built of brick & very ugly, & another tower in the same square, which has hardly any building to stand upon, more than 300 feet high- We stayed at Florence longer than we intended, that we might see the Holy Week, the week before Easter - on the Thursday before Easter, which the Italians keep as we do Good Friday the Grand Duchess washed the feet of 12 old women, the poorest & oldest in the town, that is to say, she washed a little place on each of their feet for herself to kiss. She is a beautiful woman and did it very gracefully, but it was not much penance, for she had a chamberlain
on one side and a lady on the other to help her to kneel down and get up before each of the old women. All the court ladies were dressed with black veils over their heads & looked very pretty. They put the supper of the old women on the table themselves & then put it into baskets to carry home with them. Meanwhile the Grand Duke, with a white apron round his waist was doing the same at the other end of the room for twelve old men. They were all clothed for the occasion, the old women in back with white handkerchiefs over their heads. Some of them were above 90 & were carried in & out in the arms of the servants, who were very good-natured to them. In the afternoon the Court visited seven churches on foot, it was exceedingly hot and the poor Grand Duchess who had not long been confined & the Arch Duchess looked dreadfully tired. for all the gentlemen walked without their hats & all the ladies with only veils on their heads. They were followed by the Royal Guards on horse-back. They stayed about ten minutes kneeling in each of the churches, and did not get home till two hours after they set out. All the bells are fastened up & no clock strikes nor bell rings from Thursday till Saturday, the time that the Catholics suppose that our Saviour remained in the grave. On Saturday there were fire-works & rejoicings, and the fire which had been put out in the Cathedral during those two days was re-lighted with a mock-dove which was set fire to by flints brought from Jerusalem. On Sunday the mourning being over, the Court went to the Cathedral in full dress and the great doors were opened for them. There was an immense crowd on all these occasions, as you may imagine
We went to a ball at Court after Easter, the room was lighted with several hundred candles arranged in branches like trees up the columns, and a most brilliant ball it was in every respect, and we enjoyed ourselves very much dancing. The young Arch Duchess danced with the English minister, Mr. Abercrombie. We were a week coming from Florence here (Venice) we left our carriage on the main-land about 8 miles from here and came in a gondola. The first sight of the domes of Venice rising out of the sea is very striking, and the town is no less so now that we have seen more of its interior. But most of the splendid old palaces are falling into ruin, those only which the Austrian government has taken for itself are kept up. Pesaro the possessor of the finest palace in Venice abandoned it when his country lost her independance & he came to London, where he lived thirty years & died there two or three years ago - he could not bear to live under the Austrians. The Venetians have been kinder to us than any of the Italians, though it would be very ungrateful to forget our Genoese and Florentine friends. We know a great many people here and have been out almost every night. One lady the Contessa Crivelli, to whom we brought a letter from her brother-in-law, whom Papa & Mama knew very well in England, has been kindness itself in doing every thing she could for us, taking us to see something almost every day & coming in her gondola to introduce us at some party at night. No one can be more hospitable than the Venetians, their great ambition is to imitate the English in their tea-parties, and the lady sits at her table to make her own tea. At the house of the governor, who is an Austrian of course and receives every night, we saw the Vice Queen of Lombardy
(letter continues at bottom third of page)

who is an Arch-duchess of Austria & a splendid-looking woman. The Coronation at Milan of the Emperor of Austria, who is almost a fool is to take place in September if he is well enough, but I am afraid we shall not see it and we shall miss our own Coronation too which would be a much prettier sight with our little Queen. We thought it a very long while before we heard from home, till we came here, where we found letters waiting for us, one from poor Aunt Joanna and Hilary, but none from Aunt Mai.

We heard however that they were all well and that she had been at Ditcham with Shore and Bertha, where I am sure their her visit must have done a great deal of good. I am so glad that she can leave Blanch with Miss Wicksteed, what a comfort she must be to her!

(letter continues at top of page)

Mama & Parthe & Gale & all of us are very well. I hope that we shall soon hear from Aunt Mai of you and dear Aunt Evans. Parthe has been taking drawing-lessons since she has been here and we have been practising a good deal, as we find a piano in most of these good Italian inns. They are much better than the French. We had several masters at Florence, music & drawing & we find ourselves getting more fluent in speaking Italian. I hope, dear Grandmama, that you will be satisfied with us when we get home.

Papa sends his particular love & believe me, with all our loves to you & dear Aunt Evans, whom we hope is quite well, ever your affectionate grand-daughter Florence. We hope to see you again now before many months are over.

(letter continues in middle section, along left margin, cc.90d)

We have the most entertaining view [of the quay] under our windows. Greeks & Turks & women with their veils over their heads & every night singing men & women & two ’Punches to amuse the people - & in the morning bird-cages & all sorts of things to sell arranged under mats which are stuck up by sticks to screen them from the sun

{in middle of page, c.90d}

Mrs. Wm. Shore
Tapton Grove
Sheffield
Angleterre
Jan 18.  22 Place Vendôme  [7:56-58]

Dear Aunt Pat  I hope we shall not leave Paris yet for we are very much interested here. We have had tickets almost everyday for the Chambre & have heard Thiers & Guizot & Odilon Barrot who are 3 of the 4 great speakers & Molé. The noise & uproar there is seems very unstatesman-like. Thiers had twice disputed for the tribune with another orator who has barred the entrance & made him go down again, when he returned to his place pale with rage & addressing the chambre, shouted out, "Cela m'est égal, cela m'est bien égal" And then the president rings his bell desparately, & tells them that they are the most troublesome chamber that have worried a president for 25 years - And when "interpellé" to obtain silence, he answers, "Je ne puis que demander le silence, si j'avais à le commander, vous seriez tous muets" The day before yesterday the ministry was actually defeated by a majority of 9 but by their drowned efforts to obtain a full house, yesterday they obtained an absolute majority of 3 (a real majority of 7). It was the fullest house since the opening of the session. Molé was in the tribune 3 times having no orator to help him & looked worn to a thread. Mama & I were 7 hours there, & the house was at last so tired that it rose en masse, leaving the orator in the middle of his speech & the president, who had been on his legs 3 times, making speeches {or maybe 'on his legs making speeches 3 times,'} to keep them in their places, put on his great coat & went away too. To-day Papa is gone, a legitimist deputy, who gives him all these tickets, having written to him that this will most likely be the last séance, i.e that ministers are probably going out in case of a defeat to-day. We see a good deal of French people, The said legitimist & his gracious wife whom we made acquaintance with at the table d'hôte at Geneva, Mme. Desroges, daughter of Gen. Hoche, whose wife, left a beautiful widow at 19, never married again & preserved herself irreproachable through those troublous times, bringing up this baby who has now married a Pair de France & with whom Madame Hoche still lives. Hoche, they say, would
have been a second Napoleon had he lived. Your friend, Miss Clarke, our best friend in Paris, introduced us to this lady, & to Mme. Tastu the poetess a most agreeable & good woman. We have been several times to Mme. Recamier's & her niece Mme. Lenormand who has married the lecturer & keeper of the Bibliothécaire du Roi. M. Lenormant is a friend of Papa's & good old M. Fauriel with his magnificent cat another lecturer & habitué of Miss Clarke's for the last 14 years, (& not a charlatan as M. Lenormant is somewhat) of mine. All fêtes, the death of the Princesse Marie has of course put an end to, & the poor King is said to be so overcome as to do nothing but "sangloter." We have seen Madame de Barboutane, who, you know, is a stirring managing woman & her pretty Leonardo da Vinci daughter, also Mme. Comte who seems a very nice person. To Princesse Czartoryska's house we go too. M. Confalonieri is gone sorry are we to say, & Andryane whom some of us, have seen is not a very interesting person to be introduced to M. Castillia is gone with Confalonieri to [illeg] Porro at Marseilles M. Delécluze & Dumont are exceedingly kind, coming several times a week-

{in middle of page, cc.90d} Miss Smith 5 Blandford Marylebone
We send this by the ambassador's bag, or it should have gone before

Paris. February 2nd. 1839

Dear Grandmama

It is a long while since we have heard from Aunt Mai or have heard news of you. We are coming home quite soon now that she does not perhaps think it worth while to write. We expected to have left Paris before now but are waiting till the weather is a little warmer before we begin the journey. The snow is on the ground now but we have not had a severe winter, I hope yours has been no colder. There has been a great deal of interest here lately for Papa, we have been several times to the House of Commons where ladies are admitted here and which is very entertaining. But now the ministry has resigned and the king would not accept their resignations, so he is going to dissolve the House of Commons.

All the drawing-rooms and balls of the Queen have been put an end to by the death of poor Princess Marie, her daughter. All Paris was ready dressed and we among others for the first drawing-rooms when that very day the poor Princess died. It was kept secret for some time from the Queen who was so exces-
sively attached to her that she has been ill ever since. The baby who is not six months old, has just arrived in Paris where it is come to be taken care of by the Queen—The Princess, its mother, died in Italy, but she was brought here to be buried. We have quite enough going out though without this, and know a great many people. Mama went to a private concert last Wednesday where she heard a girl of 17, Mademoiselle Garcia, (the sister of poor Malibran who died some years ago at the Manchester festival) sing beautifully.

We have, living in the same house with us, a Yorkshire lady with her sister whose name perhaps you may know, Mrs. Walker Ferrand. She is a widow and very beautiful and very much we like her. There is a most extraordinary actress here at the great French theatre, who promises to be as fine as our Mrs. Siddons, she is only 17, her name is Mademoiselle Rachel. This is the time of the Carnival when there are masked balls at all the theatres, but we have not been to see any. Pray give our best love to dear Aunt Evans, we suppose that she has left Tapton or we should write to her. Papa and Mama send you their love and believe me, dear Grandmama, ever your affectionate grand daughter Florence.
8991/102 Claydon Bundle 113 signed, 4ff, dated 10 May 1839, postmarked Sheffield May 10 [HCV May 10 1839] [Claydon 114/] [1:413-14]

My dear Grandmama You will be glad to hear that Uncle Sam has been moved from Thames Bank to a lodging in Hyde Park, which they are both very much pleased with. They are nice cheerful rooms, within a pleasant walk from us, and we see them several times a day. It was by Sir Benj. Brodie's advice that he was moved and who is attending him now, greatly to Aunt Mai's satisfaction, as all the family have such an opinion of Brodie that it takes any anxiety off her mind. She herself is very well. & very glad to be near the best advice in London and in such a good situation. We have very nice weather again now, and shall stay in London through May. Parthe has been enjoying herself very much & does not seem at all the worse for it. We are going to-night to the play with the Miss Shores, whom we have seen several times. they are looking very well, but have been mostly busy in buying furniture. Miss Lydia Malin called upon us the other day very affectionately. Aunt Octavius has weaned her baby & both are much the better for it- nothing could have been kinder than they were all the while Uncle Sam was at Thames Bank. Miss Coape is still there. I believe [1:413] Mama and I are going to the queen's birth-day drawing-room on the 19th. I was presented at the last Drawing-room
and was not nearly so much frightened as I expected. Mr. Parker went with us, greatly to our satisfaction. The queen looked flushed and tired, but the whole sight was very pretty. Aunt Mai reads to Uncle Sam almost all day and is therefore very much engaged. I am at their house now. She takes a walk however every day. Aunt Julia is with the Nicholsons and much better. Papa is very merry in London and in the evening always out. We shall go back to Embley for a fortnight at the beginning of June, when Mrs. Margaret and Miss Storin (?) are coming to us and at the end of the month shall be at Lea Hurst. With all our best loves, believe me, dear Grandmama, ever your affectionate grand-child Florence

18 Upper Southwick St. May 10th.

{letter continues at bottom of page}

Shore is almost well and is going to-morrow with Mrs. Shore to Combe for a little time. Uncle Sam has less pain to-day.

{in middle of page, cc.90d}

Mrs. Shore
Tapton
Sheffield
Aunt Joanna's two youngest children seem so delicate that we do not reckon upon their promised visit at Lea Hurst with the whole family as at all certain. The Nicholsons are with us here and Marianne and I are working hard at our music. We have been to the Opera once which we enjoyed exceedingly. We dined at Mrs. William Evans's the other day & met all the family, the Babingtons, the Macaulays & the Gisbornes. They have a very nice house at Kensington Gore. We have seen Lady Sitwell & Mrs. Gaskell several times. London is very full, the Queen is very gay and goes almost every opera night to the Opera. Tonight there is a grand illumination all over London in honour of her birth-day & the lamps are putting up now in front of our hotel. Goodbye my dear Grandmama & with all our best loves to you and dear At. Evans, believe me ever your affectionate Grandchild Florence

{letter continues at top of page, upside down
We shall leave London about the first week in June as there is still carpeting & curtains to be bought and are all looking forward, to seeing you dear Grandmama and Aunt Evans Papa desires his particular love
Wellcome Ms 8991

{rest is by FN's mother}

8991/104 incomplete letter 8ff, dated ca. after 22 Oct 1839, signed letter [reference to Miss Florence? so perhaps not by her?]

handsome though Mama thinks it too heavy & not in character with the room. Mama does not seem to have much to do, I think, so little over-looking, you know is necessary at present. The music-room does not look so well as it did, its green colour is ugly & its mouldings are wanting. The pianni is just arrived, & a goodly sight it is to see & ludicrous to the e'en. Miss Florence sticking up in the midst of the lumber among which it is put, in the dining-room which is full of it, practising among washing-stands & lumps of carpets which smell some'at musty with the little minute glass before her, & every body who passes by outside with their wheel-barrows stops to look as well they may but there [illeg] is not much of it except before breakfasts. [3:496-97]

It arrived just in time for the poor Giffards to have the packing-case for theirs. They went off very low, after the farewell sermon on Sunday which was very well done when he said that they wd. see his face no more & begged every body's pardon whom he might have offended & hope they wd. forgive him [illeg] & people began to cry - then he said "if any body thinks he has offended me (I know of none) he may be assured that it is not only forgiven but forgotten." Matters got worser he said that he had passed the happiest years of his life there
that he might be excused the painful feelings of his separation though it was but for so short a time & his voice faltered. He bitterly reproached himself he said for the want of zeal, the unsteadiness in his good actions, the opportunities of doing good he had wasted ever since he had been in this happy place" ["?]

& here there wd. have been a general yell if it had been any congregation but an English one, "for what zeal however he had shown (which had always been sincere though not fervent he had never gone into their cottages to do good to their bodies but hoped to do some to their souls)

for what zeal he had shown however he had received an ample reward, he thanked them for the cordial welcome he had always received fm rich & poor for their increasing attendance at Church & Sacrament (there had been 3 times the number that morning at Sacrament that Mr. Penton ever had) for their numbers this evening. (there was hardly standing-room in the church) he could only return them he said a little good advice & then he went into particulars even including the Cricket-Club, which ended his sermon. Then people went out at the side door sobbing for the dear life & scrambled away over the graves
104:h
for the funeral stopped the way
& we cried it out a little quietly in the
garden before Mrs. Jervis came
down from up-stairs where she had taken
refuge. I wish you had been there
you hard-hearted villian for
tho' you wd. only have cried for
sympathy, yet you wd. have cried.
Eliza was perfectly composed, I
was quite surprised & how much so I like
her better now then ever I
did in my fanciful life, she was so quiet
& so grieved while I who did
not mean to cry but made a
fool of myself. Poor soul! there is
another little ruffian coming
in 3 months to take the bread out
of their mouths & this one so delicate
but such a nice good-humoured
thing & coming to me as if it had

104:i
known me before it was born-
& they abusing their father for
moving them out of this happy place
for the love of lucre which they
wd. never have done of themselves. [end 3:497]
Last night I was in the dining-
room practising it being quite dark
& without a candle when a fly
Carriage drives up & I runs
away & lo! Aunt Jane, Uncle Oc
& Sam & Henry & their favourite
nephew Gerard who had left
Waverley an hour after it had
come into their heads & stage-
coached it here. The raptures
were uproarious tho' we had
only a truss of straw to put
under them & a slice of pudding
each but a great many can sleep
in the Mezzonine, & they were so
frightened at coming on us sudden after we had refused others that they were astonished at their accommodation. Sam is only come for one day tho' going back so he hopes & we have with difficulty persuaded the others to stay two. They are delighted with the exterior of the house & with the drawing-room as well they may be & even do not find fault with the junk Dresden China rosettes but Uncle Oc is vicious about the book-cases & bowroom altogether & bears out Mama agst the green paper. They think the drawing-room abundantly light eno'. They have stayed out shooting to-day spite o' the rain after Papa had been driven home by it there being nothing to do inside but to read "The Maid of all Work" & sit on a stool in the absence of a Chair. very merry they are. Gerard & we this morn to the Grotto, he is now under a course of doctoring from At Jane Uncle Ben is gone abroad, Jack I suppose by this time with you at Harrogate, the Waverlyites in their usual force of number, Marianne poor soul! having been neither to Thalberg nor Persiani, delighted with your effusion which Henry declares to have been all written just to please her as Thalberg often comes to Cambridge, (even when he does not come to England) he comes over merely for a day to Cambridge & The Henry pronounces him no great shakes. There is a host at Waverley & dinner-parties & Marianne singing songs which she seems to be practising diligently

The Norwich festival was a grand affair. You seem to be making merry with Prester John & it is to be hoped soon with Uncle Sam & will not come home yet. I suppose- naithless we shall be very glad to see you. this invasion has made a great diversion to our solitude but we shall have another fortnight of it to which however I accomo-

date myself very well. Papa has not been well and does not like it much. Aunt Jane has left all her legion at Waverley & looks very well in their absence.

{in centre of page, c.90d}
Miss Nightingale
Dearest Pop & Hil/ I read your letters this morning, while we were still in bed somewhere in the attics, with great improvement & edification The Thalberg waked me up quite & made me jump up You have been very good in writing. I have been very bad, but the enclosed volumes were all put up to be sent yesterday & then there was no one to take them to the Post, we being all in a scrummage between moving & not moving, so they have been re-opened to receive this second out-pouring which I fear me will not be so acceptable as if it came in two. We came down to the house last night Papa going in the morning to act the housemaid, we following in the afternoon as we could, the road being considerably under water & the coach & one, alias cart going to & fro upon the earth all day, or rather upon the water all day, the last importation not having been made, which also was to bring the household who stayed to have their tea, till near 9 o'clock. We three therefore remained in undisputed possession of the empty house till that time & sat by the fire in the Servants hall no candles or other lights being procurable. Mr. George having forgotten to send down all the groceries ordered Hogg was the only being who came to see whether we were dead or alive & in an affecting voice which I had never heard from his guttural tones before, murmured, almost with tears in his eyes. That I should see your maam wandering about in the passage in the dark & the master sitting by the Servants hall it's very strange! The water by this time had come into the passage but the mattresses by the fire were almost dry, when it was discovered that Mr. Hallin the stable, i.e the coachman had got a wan light. One was forthwith
procured from the carriage lanterns, we got on such dry things as were forth coming & began our search, the most important thing to be done as soon as we had light in the larder. Some raw meat was visible, & also at last some bread which was brought out to be dried by the fire. & we took up our station in the passage to open the back-door to passengers. At last Major appeared in a great cloak, bearing, poor comfort! a looking-glass. but soon the last journey of the coach & one was accomplished, why so delayed we could not discover & food was procured, not having had any for 24 hours & [illeg] being kept up to a late hour, at 11 we were housed, Mama in the late Spare Nursery bedroom now by the bye a very nice room & ought to be a state room- Nursery with two chains & the two white & gold drawing-room book-cases our sitting-room, what a nice room it is, the adjoining bedroom with all the grand furniture of the house ranged round it. Papa's dressing-room, & the
right-angled room now transferred to the E. side of the house, we must have one of that shape it seems, is mine. Last night was a favourable change of the moon, this morning but Master Noah's hazy weather was a fool to it & when the floods are to go next is doubtful. We were to have gone to day to the Sherfield sale including "7 odd volumes of les Aventures d'une Jolie Femme" & "twelve sundry Dutch or German books" & Mr. & Mrs. Lockhart's full length portraits, but poor Mr. Lockhart's things will be bought for nothing in this weather. Mary Roberts is to be our kitchen-maid, the young Curtis's were to have been groom boys but do not think themselves "polite enough." The Mezzonine does not look so dark as it did & has a bed in it. the house does not strike us as very large though there are so many new rooms, no foreign boxes shall be unpacked till you come home. We have had a very nice entertaining letter from Miss Clarke beginning "dear Madam & all of you" Old Noyce is still alive & very glad to see us.+

105:2 (letter continues at top of page) + I have seen her twice she hopes to see you before she dies. The rain is getting into our ceiling a little, I am sorry to say, but then the fishes are beginning to stick in the elms, Vide Hilly, & all portents becoming natural.
My dearie Life is going on very quietly here, I hope it is the same with you. We are going into the He [?] to-day or rather into the nursery flat, the nursery being our sitting-room you are probably in haste to know your fate so I will begin at the beginning. We arrived here at ½p 4 on Friday & posted down to the house immediately, the drawing-room is the admiration of all beholders & well it deserves it for, to put you out of your pain at once, it is superb. I might distend at length on the harmony & unity of the colouring, the richness of the moulding & the beauty of the conception without at all too much raising your expectations. The oak ceiling & pendant is beautiful & the paper quite the thing & the cornices over looking-glasses not now objectionable, now that the whole thing is coloured. But there are sundry pink roses got there nobody knows how, which have so singular an effect that Mama thinks of sending for some one from Winchester to re-paint them. As we approached the house & looked in at the window, our bosoms to palpitate began & Papa ran round the corner & hid himself but though the room is by no means now a light one & looks smaller as well as darker, the whole could not be better. The dining-room is much lighter. All the workmen went out on Saturday & we began putting up the beds immediately. Mama does not at all like the light green papers in the music-room, our 2 bedrooms & hers & thinks the walls of Bow-room & ante room painted green very inharmonious for which the unhappy Herbert has received manifold
animadversions, the green is cheerful however & the state bed-rooms for the Duke & Duchess & the Contessine are beautifully papered. The book-cases, my dear are a failure, resign thyself_ The cup-boards under them are shabby & on the shelves, silence is the best comment_ The Garden Room is one of the prettiest in the house, both as to paper & everything. The green was certainly a pity & they have painted all the window shutters & woodwork of our rooms off the bottle & & decidedly on the grass to match. At. Mai's the yellow room is as light as out of doors. & there are some nice rooms up-stairs. But the drawing-room is a consolation for all failures, it is all one colour & the warmth & richness of the same is impossible to depict. The new terrace also in half as glowing colours as those upon the wall. The new terrace also looks well. Of flowers there are few, of fruits none, not a grape or a plum to be seen & apples have failed everywhere. Rain has been almost incessant ever since we came. Our mattrasses on which we are to sleep have just gone down & will probably soon have become the pool of Siloam. We ought to have ridden down atop of them to protect them from the deluge. Shall I now retrace our adventures? By my unparalleled exertions & with astonishment bordering on insanity, we I mounted the carriage at ½p 10 & we reached the door at the same time as Miss Strutt & all sat together. [end 1:292] Miss Birch was stupid that day d[itt]o Balfe, Ivanoff has got such a way of forcing out his voice with a jerk that it seems
as if it never wd. come back again & all its beautiful sweetness is merged in a shout. But of Thalberg how [1:292-93] I can ever say enough, of that beautiful andante, & of the Don Giovanni, the last variation of which was vociferously encored, in which he is playing "Meco tu dei ballure [?]" with his left hand with a mighty noise as of many trumpets while the right is making long swimming scales up to the highest note & down again like a musical box He is so immensely improved & is really now a Malibran on the piano, he is voice, instrument, orchestra & all together. His singing of Och [?] vieni alla finestra & Scendi ael [?] piccol legne [lyne?] in the Donna del hage [lago?] was quite an illusion but it is impossible to give any description of it. We agreed that he played those studies which we heard at Bridge Hill too fast so that one could not follow the modulation & Miss Strutt thought that with the exception of the one famous run Mr. Schulz played the andante with as much execution & with more expression even than Thalberg. The [illeg] former worthy I did not see much as Thalberg carried him off to Manchester with him Thalberg is a remarkably agreeable man, but of him more anon. The evening at Derby was lugubrious, one's spirits fall after the immense excitement of music, but we had a pleasant journey up to town the next day with Col. Buckley full of the Queen's virtues & Ld. Melbourne's easy & good term with her. He calls her dog a frightful little beast & sometimes contradicts her flat, all which she takes in good part, she reads all the newspapers & know all that the Tories say of her
and makes up her mind to it but hates 'em cordial.

In town I told you what we did, the Dioram is not worth seeing, Coronation bad & Santa Croce, tho' a wonderful illusion & midnight map very beautiful, not as far as I remember, a portrait. Saw at MacLean's? a great many funny & pretty things, an admirable portrait of L of Como & another d[itt]o of Pauline Garcia. Came & Saw Jack who arrived the morning after we & by dint of many a good whip spoiled, consented to go down to Harrogate, we hope. Came down to Basingstoke in two hours & posted on in 4½. Jervis goes on the 23rd. so that next Sunday is his farewell Sermon. I never saw him so agreeable as when he dined on Sunday with us. Baby very miserable but well. Choice of Bishops of Wellow now reduced to two. Went to the Sunday Sch: i'th morn, babies reduced to 20. We are waiting to go down to the house till a moment when wrapping our petticoats round our heads in a way which Hilly alone can appreciate we can rush down without being consigned to be the inhabitants of a watery deep. The floods are up- the rain falling like Swit land
our own great bed-room looks beautiful, I shall be very glad when you come home, my dear
I have been absorbed quite in the reading of some thing of George Sand's which I want to talk to you about. Mme. Tastu has written
you a very affectionate letter. I do not feel that I have said half enough about the drawing-room
Mama & I went all over the house last night with two expiring candles while we were waiting for our supper, & it struck us
that the house lighted uncommonly well, even the green window-shutters & wood-work which look queer when seen against the scarlet outside, look well by candle light.

{in centre of bottom half of page, cc.90d}

Miss Nightingale
     P.O.
         Harrogate
             Yorkshire
We live in a nonchalant peaceable way & I find my task pretty easy, except indeed when I was with Julia when it sufficed for one to enounce an opinion for the other who had none before to take up the cudgels & fight for the dear life for the contrary opinion I was getting tired of this way of life when we came here where certainly quiet I have a great deal more to tell you. but how? I am afraid you will not be able to read this [fixed at Claydon]
Thanks for the epistle just received, dear Pop, you can have nothing to do but writing to us so you must keep it up with spirit. Yesterday morn our friends departed, very early i.e as soon as Uncle Oc could be embarked, Gerard had been in bed all ye day before with a bilious attack so we hardly expected them to go at all. & very discon- solate were we without them till a mighty irruption arrived to lunch on the Drawing-room floor, first Mr Duckworth then Mr. & Mrs. Trayett [?], then Mrs. Duckworth heading Mrs Peter Ainsworth & her husband (you know that is the way they two shd. be classed) Calcined Magnesia [?] & his wife (in the form of Dr & Mrs. Henry) & his wife who are seeking of rest for the soles of their feet in the Forest & thinking of Cuffnalls, Mr. Whishaw & young Spring Rice. [illeg] I swore an "eternal friendship" with Mrs Peter for I was so relieved after talking about crops & summers to your lady like & quiet woman like Mrs.T & Mrs D & Mrs. H that I was fit to fall like Jacob on Mrs Peter's such. She admired the papers, & the house & everything talked abt. Mrs. Walker Ferrand & raved about the view, you know the sort of woman it is. Besides this we had two invitations for dinner one from the Hanleys to meet the Heathcotes the reason of refusing which you will see enclosed & one from the Ducks which we accept next Thursday to meet the Collmans. [Coltmans?] Mrs. Magney [?]s very iligant & young Sp Rice quite 'arm 'us? poor thing! You ask if we received Mrs Davenport we refused her two offers for where she was to sleep unless in the new grates & where she was to hang her wardr clothes unless as I do my whole wardrobe over the top of my door unless open for that purpose, & she Mama says a particular delicate woman I do not
know. We were very merry with the
Waverley party which At. Anne was
so good as to send us because as she
said "she liked to see other people on the
gad when she was not so herself-"
Henry desired me to make his excuses to
Jack for not coming to shoot it seems they got one
hired quadruped with which they set
forth one morn & which fell lame at
the end of ten miles- then the skies
fell out flooding the flood it was then 10 o'clock & calculating
that the beast wd. not get them to Ditcham
till near one o'clock they most unwillingly
turned back. This is their story let Jack
digest it. Henry was in high spirits at having
had a magnificent day some very good
shooting here to compensate for the partial
failure of the first_ for tho' they persevered
till 6 o'clock (I saw them as they came back
from gathering sour apples in the garden
after the day,) without shoes or coats & their shirt
sleeves sticking to their arms after which
they dawdled about for awhile as I told
you & then Uncle Oc took a cold bath, &
went to bed while he dried his trousers at the fire & the
braces not accomplishing the same process
in time he came down, the clothes frequently
parting company during the evening & he
walking about with the indispensables
in one hand & the waistcoat in the other.
They killed 15 brace one day I forget what the other, Sam went
away after the bad day always good-natured
as usual & we were so merry which
I think I told you before but though
you know I do not dislike solitude at all,
yet the process of stupefaction had
become some time. They are very anxious
to come again to shoot pheasants but
Henry says Sam will not move again
being a regular fixture. They give hopes
of a to-do this winter but Ma says
it will not be till the last extremity
if we do not give one— Eliza G sends
you her particular love & Jervis
has left a sacred book for your
profane moeurs— Papa says get Hallam [3nd 1:295]
certainly. I send you a nice Courtin [cousin?] [seems to end here abruptly]
effusion & the letter to {illeg.}  

which I have only just got Mama to write out-

Aunt Jane was in a hurry to get back to her tot at Waverley  
we sent off in the little carriage they were going to stop 
at Alresford a few hours, to see poor Mrs Hopkins who, we 
are afraid, is in a very melancholy way. from what 
At. Jane says- "I cannot but lament my childless condition 
still", 'the morbid misery is still her tone & poor Mr H 
says with bitterness in his voice "she is pretty well but you saw her letter," 

tho' he keeps 

up pretty well. Jane Elsey & old Betsy are both sinking 
but not rapidly. I go to-day to read Mr G's farewell 

sermon to them. Poor Major cried like a child & ditto 

many others when we talked about him. 

We hear from the Ducks of a Mr. & Mrs. Shore of 

our family a great wind fall of a liberal 

literary & enlightened clergyman & admirable wife 

if they were not now at Madeira but perhaps the 

matter will not drop here. He has beautiful daughters too 

& it wd. be a great thing if we cd. get some such companions but 

I set up my little back because he takes 4 pupils & if we are 
to have that sort of animal coursing about the common & 

setting fire occasionally to the Vicarage as At Jane says is 
the common practice of pupils we shall not be able 
to walk about by ourselves in freedom. He is cousin 
to Ld. Teynemouth & a most agreeable man with information 
flowing like oil. So much__ The day before Yesterday was the only find day we 
have had since 

the Deluge, now fine mornings & rain again. Tomorrow they are 
to go to Souhton to dine at Ad. Giffard's & see Baby Giffard 
as he is called (of whose virtues 
& graces by the bye I did not think I have told you half eno') & a 
butler & sweet Mary Jane whom I hope we shall not lose because 
the Giffards are gone & whom has bestirred herself to get us but {illeg.has?} 

[end 1:295]
Embley - November 6th
My dear Grandmama

We have not written to you for a long while but have been thinking of you very often and now that Aunt Mai has left you, you will be glad to hear from us perhaps. Uncle Sam seems to have borne the journey very well & to be pretty well now- We have heard of him in London several times. We returned the week before last from Ditcham, Aunt Joanna's where we had been to fetch Parthe whom we think looking much better and who was almost as glad to get home as we were to have her. She brought us a pretty good account of you and we hope your cold is now quite well. The Carters & Parthe came to town quite safe & Parthe was very much amused going with them to the play. They were in town three days and we joined them almost immediately on their arrival at Ditcham where we spent a week altogether.

Goodbye my dear Grandmama we shall be very much pleased to go on writing to you regularly as we did abroad if you are so good as to wish to hear from us. and believe me with best love to dear Aunt Evans ever your affectionate and obliged Grand child Florence.

{in middle of page, c.90d:}
Mrs. Shore
Tapton
Sheffield
Mama is rather dissatisfied with her household I am afraid, with Mackintosh & no under housemaid yet so we have a poor woman Mrs Major's sister whose husband has been [illeg] transported in spite of Uncle Oc's much talk about the imprudence of it

Little Curtis is become butter boy, Joseph in the tables the former a little loutish. & poor Goose as At. Maria persisted in calling him to his face notwithstanding our observations that tho' of the tribe of Goose he was not of that name looks overdone with work.

This morning we got into Bow room, of course being agreeable to the patriarch's mode of sitting. Uncle Oc says we must paper it marine & make the bookcases into wardrobes & have others up to the ceiling with supports to correspond with the [illeg] compartments of the ceiling, which is certainly the thing, as the present book-cases do not fit into the recesses nor into the ceiling but every body admires the drawing room & exterior to our hearts contents & the spare rooms & yours & my room which is the gem of all. & Mr. Duckworth says that the green paper is reckoned exceedingly salutary to the eyes, therefore you will wear green spectacles for the first month or so in the Drawing room & say that the papers [illeg] in the other rooms were calculated for our eyes- for this suggestion of Mr D's we will forgive him the eternal remark which has enraged me from all the people we
have seen since we got home "how very much delighted you must be to get back to England." Aunt Maria whom we persuaded to go by rail, it has succeeded with admirably. I beg your pardon for writing such an idle letter but I am very lazy to-day & when you want something to do you may decipher this if you can for I suppose you are not overloaded with business. Thank Mr Hutton much pray when you receive this frank, I do not think (having deliberated) that we shd. have ventured without your this morn's letter Did Jack hear of the letter forged by Uncle Adams in bed offering Uncle [illeg] the Nicholsons a day's shooting a day's at White Wool I think it was in Jack's absence & signed JBC, they thot. it very handsome of Jack & were going to profit by so liberal an invitation to shoot his birds when Uncle Oc. who had been present at the concoction unluckily for them let the cat out of the bag they had never suspected any thing every body having agreed that the hand writing was Fan's & Jack the dictator. I am afraid that we must put up some of the books before you come as matters cannot proceed without disbarassing some of the places which contain them
but you will have the arranging of them
in their places & nothing interesting
has been done yet, I have not even
got the keys of our cabinets & vessels
& not a sheet of music as the Lea Hurst
boxes are not yet unpacked (not having
anywhere to deposit their contents,) other
wise you shd. have your pattern but I
have not looked over any of our old papers
or property yet, & am obliged to practise
by heart when at all which is not much
You ask for all particulars but you will
not read all these I’s (?) aloud William is
a treasure, foster him & treat him tenderly
& mush him up for sis - The Wo’rcester
music meeting has failed though better than
last time! & the stewards are £ 200
out of pocket. This is a pity alas! We heard
of Fan's drawing lessons & Aunt Julia
better & Bldfd Sq going on cheerily but
nothing of the music lessons or anything
more- What a blessing when this penny
post comes _ Now we are minus franks to a
disagreeable degree. Mr Trayett preaches
here next Sunday I shall stay in bed & am
also inclined thereunto for other reasons. We
are rejoicing here with great joy over Macaulay's
{letter continues at bottom third of page:}
[4]
appointment to the War Secretary Ship, it is a grand step, not
because he is fitted for the place (anything but) but if D Clarendon
as is said, comes in too, the improvement in the ministry is decided_ (Mr
Duckth. & Papa agree
very well on those subjects) and now the got. will have two great speakers,
Shiel (?) & Macaulay. We condole with you on the loss of oracle you are you
much to be pitied now but your sufferings will soon be at an end &* you
seem exceedingly merry. I think the Ditcham plan is quite on the
wings of a favourable breeze & so we are looking forward to seeing
you in ten days or a fortnight at most but Mama says that
you are not to hurry Aunt Joanna which saying I am so mag-
nanimous as to repeat It is very hard that you have not Jack
in the same house.
{letter continues in top quarter of page:}
[5]
Did I tell you that poor Ma (?) has not been to Reading Festival nor to nay
thing.
I have a great deal to tell you about Thalberg [illeg] when we meet [illeg] it certainly was famous Parry is [illeg] in Buffo imitating Grisi, Ivanoff sang in that duct from Roberto D beautiful, and Thalberg what can be said about him but that we appreciated him much more than the first time. I had got thus far when Ad & Mrs Giffard & Mary Jane came in from Southton, a very nice visit_ Miss Hobbs had not so much execution as Laura & gargled the chromatic passages in "Vien diletto" so as to set one's teeth on edge.
8992/1 unsigned letter, 1f, pen, arch: ca. late 30s/early 40s

Mama
dear Mum. You need not send
any fly now, because Hilary has got
Bavastro now [illeg] Mr. Taylor
done my job to-day, but it was
a very long one & required as much
force, he said, as taking out a
tooth. & much worse than I
expected. As you need not send
to meet us, I do not think I
can say more - about certainty
Ever yr. affecte. child

8992/2 [Claydon 113/46] incomplete signed letter, 2ff, pen
dmeet Dr Bowstead
the new Bishop of
Lichfield who is a
most Liberal & agreeable
man & very well in-
formed. He is a Geologist
too. Uncle Octavius
the father of poor Fred,
does not recover his
e
spirits as we could
wish. The children
are just gone out as
Shore is quite set at
liberty now from fear
of weather & I must
follow them, so with
all good wishes for the
f
new year & hoping
that Papa will see
you soon pretty well,
believe me, my dear
Grandmama, with both
our best loves to
you & dear Aunt
Evans, ever your affec
Embley. Jan 23rd. 1840

8992/3 [Claydon 113/48] 1f, pen, initialed letter postmarked 2 Feb 1840

The old Archbp. was so flurried as to make a sad bungle of it. Fan

crying she was on the wrong side of the altar, he kept pulling her to
move which wd. have had the effect of "making the whole bevy
of bridesmaids dance a cotillion" but she knew she was right &
kept firm till Bp. of London tapped the Archbp. on the shoulder.
Everybody was delighted with Albert, beyond measure, she
and among the people there was great cheering and
all the way from London to Windsor, they kept bowing
vigorously of their heads he, on one side & the Queen
on the other without a moment's respite. She is coming
back for levee to town to morrow! & besides
this, was a great dinner at Windsor on Tuesday!

Not a servant on the carriage. no royal liveries, a carriage &two,
& carriage & 4 with Queen & Albt. alone in it, & except a
few lancers quite like a private cortège. The Horners got
places in the state apartmts. at St James' to see the Queen pass!

Mr Wyse was in the Park & told Mr Parker that he was standing
by two Yorkshiremen waiting to see the queen go to Windsor after
the luncheon "We've been here since 12 o'clock," said one,
and it's now four, she's a dangit long time." "Eh. man, thee [?]
must let her have time to take her breakfast" "Why, man
she's been at it these four hours & if I ben't fairly done..." "Eh! but can't you thee don't consider, she takes a bit & then she waits a bit, and takes a bit and talks a bit, she don't wolf it like thee & me." Aunt Jane is so happy about Gerard & his treatment—The Carters are coming to you when the soon, and Aunt Mai is going to propose in her thoughtful care for Hugh, a removal, as she thinks Shore too much for him, but I hope it need not come to pass as both she & Aunt Jane are so anxious that Gerard's treatment & quiet after it shd. be carried out & even poor Uncle Oc. you see is so far softened as to consent to this which he wd. never have done before, they say. You naughty monsters, what a long while it is since I have heard from you! So you staid at Salisbury till Tuesday. We had no wedding rejoicing here & saw no favours nor nothing Ever yours FN Combe Hurst

Thursday

Paid

to be returned {neither line in FN hand?}

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey

8992/4 unsigned letter, 6ff, pen arch: Feb 1840 [7:622-23]

a
Dear people all both great & small
I have a great deal to tell you tho' no favours nor wedding medals nor bride cake have blest our e'en except a day too late for the fair. On Monday morn at 10 the horses were at the door to take us to town but on Monday morn at 10 the rain was heavy & Jack was ill & to us considering that being hemmed in by the crowds in Piccadilly & to see nought but men's heads in St James's bow little or no
b

relation to the queen's wedding, it was voted by a large majority, Aunt Mai & I versus Fan to stay at home, of which afterwards we were right glad as Dumey [?] told us we cd. not have got near his door. The next day up we went, the sweet little cherubs VR & AP were still up aloft in various transparencies, initials & lamps— & the illuminations were said to have been the finest ever known. First Aunt Mai & I attended Puff & Bee into Dumey [?]'s for a struggle was expected.

c

but Puff with the most dignified calm had 3 teeth out, the last, a double one broke, two pieces came out, but when we came home & not till then, we discovered that the whole of the fangs were left in & the old traitor had never told altho' the piece left in [illeg] entirely fills up the hole. From Dumey [?] we set off rushing and never stopped till we had shot straight into the Bazaar where we remained 2 hours. Could I tell of all the medals suspended by favours, of Victoria & Albert under the huge misshapen fins of the Archbishop,

d
could I tell of the horrible cold. drawings of the Queen in wedding-garments & of Albert in the clothes which no doubt he borrowed to be married in, stuck on the title page of the song which he composed for her, of the horrid violets in the midst of which the profiles of their majesties may be traced, or of the still more remarkable "Royal Pearl of Windsor" which all the admiring world of the Bazaar was contemplating represented by a huge yellow pair which you lift up & under it you see the still more yellower persons of the unfortunate pair, could I, I would, if it were only to prove that in spite of my anxious
researches to bring home something to astonish the natives, it was impossible which being established, we set off to walk to Thas Bank & having wandered all over Chelsea at last miraculously traced out the river & followed its course to Thas Bank. Vally received us & was very much overcome, not having seen me before. You will be glad to hear that Aunt Jane saw me, she was not the least excited, she looks wofully, so thin and says that she is never out of pain but her manner was perfectly placid, she shed no tears & was exactly like herself.

She feels so much the importance of never giving way before Uncle Oc not to give him the additional remorse of seeing her a sacrifice as well as her boy to what he now evidently feels was entirely his doing that she makes it her one object, so much so as quite to divert her thoughts sometimes from the one engrossing grief. She & I were alone at first, but Uncle Oc came in as I went out. Poor Uncle Oc he is very different, he saw Aunt Mai, was so overcome as to be quite lost & left the house directly to avoid seeing me, she says- He will not come to Embley & Aunt Mai is afraid that he will never go anywhere for a longtime. Aunt Jane's devotion is working out her own recovery of cheerfulness but she looks as if the effort had cost her the last earthly part of herself, had broken the last link to earth. One can hardly fancy her more spiritual than she is now, even when she is a disembodied spirit. Forly looks very ill & the long hair is getting quite a bother Aunt Jane says for it has never been cut & looks very unhealthy. Baby, or
h

Essence as Uncle Oc calls her (Essence of Ugliness curtailed) is on the contrary a picture of health. Sometimes At. Jane has quite her old manner when Uncle Sam came in & exerted himself to amuse her. She pressed me very much to come & stay some days at Thas Bank & said I must before I went home. so I have given up having the piano which Uncle Sam had insisted on hiring for me here as theirs is always occupied in the Dressg. room but Aunt Mai says I must not go home with Papa. Wicky is gone to her friends & so the

i

education of the children in Transylvanian, Sanscrit, Hebrew Greek, & the mathematical & diabolical instruments devolves upon us. Bee & I get on very well in Virgil and Euclid. Jack is better and up, but not an enquiry has he ever made after At. Jane, even when we were first returned from her, so absorbed is he in ___. Fan & Aunt Joanna are still here & stay till the end of the week, I suppose & the beginning of next week, Frances & Susan Horner arrive & not a word have I hardly had with Aunt Mai yet,

j

except in our walks. We are hard at work at our German in the 30 years war _ Aunt Mai & I have begun getting up very early
Dear Pop. I hope I have found an opportunity for Genoa in a friend of Miss Shey's, a governess, I think, who is going in 3 weeks to Marseilles & by sea to Genoa. Miss Shey & Mr Lucquet (?) come here weekly. I have never had Andrews' direction for portfolios. Jack's address is out, very short & good, he talks of Cambridge on the 27th. And now I suppose I must tell something about the wedding. A long story.
In the first place there were but 3 Tories there. Ld. Melbourne pressed the queen to ask more, told her how obnoxious it was, queen said, it is my marriage & I will only have those who can sympathize with me, she asked D. of Wellington as a public character, Ld. Liverpool & the Jenkinsons as her private friends & Ld. Ashley because he married a Cowper. but not even the Duchess of Northumberland. We heard from the Horners that Mr Harcourt (who was by) told Ld. Colchester, that there was a great levee to receive the prince & they were all standing with the Queen ready to receive him when his carriage was announced. She rushed out of the room, nobody could conceive

what she was going to do & before any one cd. stop her, she had run downstairs & was in his arms. Mrs Lefevre who was only ten feet from her during the whole ceremony told Uncle Sam that she was perfectly composed and spoke distinctly & well but that every orange flower in her head was quivering & she was very pale & her eyes red as if she had not slept. But she signed her name like a lion & was so anxious that AP shd. appear to advantage that she touched his elbow whenever he was going to do wrong, showed him where to sign his name & put him right when he set the ring on the wrong finger. After the marriage she cleared up & looked quite happy as the procession moved back, he handing her by the left hand.
4:a

I forgot to tell you that At Joanna & I set off at ½past 4 on Sunday according to custom to walk to Kingston & proved to L. Dutton where we saw a very nice establishment of Giffards tho' she, poor soul, is longing to get back to Embley. Nice bab. Monthly nurse & Betsy their only servants, so, very anxious to get a good plain active middle-aged not young cook. & a strong housemaid the latter at very small wages - Marianne Noyce might do, I thought, in a year or two. Johnny the picture of disease - They Want to get Anne Noyce an easy place as she is consumptive and stupid and At Mai has been keeping her here all this time _ Aunt Jane wants to recommend to you an admirable young housemaid minimum of wages £12, now probably she wd. ask more.

very much, whether at the dismal prospect of having to send me a pross [?] every day to correct or at losing me may be guessed by the discerning public. I left the Horners there, they are to stay a fortnight or more they have been there since Tuesday, Frances & Susan. I like Susan much the best. Uncle Sam has [1:474] bought me a Dreiszigejahrige Krieg to go on with here, as our whole German literature at Embley consists in a stage-copy of the Fidelio, I thot it wd not be unacceptable & I am to report regularly of progress to Bea. I am brimful of grammar & improve slowly in the herculean task of telling stories, much to the littlies' approbation. Goodbye, my [end 1:474] dearest, write to me soon, for I am sad & solitary here but expect to see Papa on Tuesday or so. I am so glad that you
are going to have Hillie. Jack wrote to me the other day - bad acct of himself. probably will give up Cambridge. The Horners had a great outpouring to make about the Queen's veil & paleness & Albert's beauty - they were in the hall at Buckm Palace. I shall not have so much to do here & so shall report of matters here often which will interest you so much. Aunt Mai's rash is baddish. She was shocked to hear of your fagging so at the Fowlers & mind you take care of yourself now. I have had two famous letters from Papa, very stirring & without any answer of mine between, but I could not write to him, you know, & his were very beautiful & his Xtian virtue was thus called out I am very sorry to be away from Combe while he is there but I hope he will come & sleep a night here. I shall write to Mamy to-morrow

8992/6 incomplete signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Jan/Feb 1840

from the time she first proposed it. Poor Gerard- every one here wishes so that a little course cd. be tried on him by Dr Beddome how sorry we are to hear yr. little improved acct. So here is the quiet for which you were so furiously anxious to drive me away, going out forsooth for two days & letting others come in. Another time the noodle will not be caught in a trap with equal facility, a burnt child fears the fire,
your tea is a very fine plan but I am sorry for your sakes that you are going to leave those nice chicks. I am doing the 30 years war with At Mai. You will be glad to hear that Miss Lolff (?) is much happier at Kentchurch than she expected- she sits with Mrs. Scudamore teaching her German all the morng. & in the evening Mr Scudamore gives her a lesson in politics & also drives her out. But as she is getting no money there, she will not scarcely come to us on her return as she is then going to take pupils in town. I hear from the Nicholsons that they are going up on the 15th. of April to the darling Carlton for two months for the sake of lessons for Laura & are excessively anxious that we shd. be there at the sametime, we can have what rooms we like of course. 

Ju has had bad headaches. At Joan has had a letter from Mrs Martin. Acct. of Robt. Norman very bad, his legs are discolouring from weakness & Mrs Norman has not been out of the house for a month & Mrs Martin tho' she goes every day has never seen him. I have had a nice note from Papa the morng. he left town Goodbye. Ego sum in diserto without vos, as from Fred wrote to his mother, when he first went to Mr Brown's. Jack has had a letter from Henry a glass & mirror of fine writing, which but that is
Dear Mama

You will have heard no doubt
that poor Miss Martin's sufferings are
ended. She died last Thursday.
We are a reduced party here Aunt
Mai & Ju, Jack & myself. Aunt Joanne
took the boys & Fan up to town to-day,
to have their teeth out, with Uncle Sam
who did not seem very well last night
& complained of back ache. Jack
was not well eno' to go & is pinned
here for some days I suppose, as
doctor comes every day. I do not know
how long he will be before he is able
to return. The plan of Fan's staying
in town with Ju is put an end to, as
Aunt Patty is not well eno' to have
the racket in the house. The boys
go to the play to-night & to school to-
morrow. All the Carters look deplorably. [end 1:115]

Uncle Sam was examining vigorously all
yesterday & this morn except
when he was killing rabbits with
a ferret & the result is tolerable
for Alf & not very good for Harry who

went ran away weeping, this is not
quite decisive as to their leaving
Mr. Mallison's at Easter. There
are reports of Lt. Grey's appointmt
to be Govt Resident of King George's Sound
(a good way to the S. of Perth) & doubts
about his returning- in that case he
will not, much to At. Jane's disappoint-
ment who says - I wish in that case
he had sent home the Journal. Mr.
Walker has been wrecked & lost all
his property, a disastrous year for
him indeed. as Aunt Jane says -
She has been suffering from an attack of pain so sharp as to leave her "in an extremely weak & sensitive condition" as she says, she has been obliged to keep entirely quiet as Dr Lee is positive about having the tooth left in, but she has been using mustard plaisters. Miss Shey is coming here to-day. Today has been very rainy. Dear Pop, [1:115]
I am doing German with Aunt Mai, I have not found my black gloves. I find that it is sometimes 2 days post from Kingston to Embley but they cannot make out the reason, why sometimes it is & sometimes not; so I write today tho' with little to say except in case you shd. not have heard of Miss. Martin's death Thanks for your [end 1:115]

{at top of next page, above salutation} letter. There was no post from here on Sunday Beatrice is violently épuise with me & is more wonderfully to me than that "tame oyster in following me about like a loving little dog." They are not a bit grown & more beautiful than ever. Your poor acct. of Gerard is grievous, we have not sent it to At. Jane. Tuesday. [end 1:115]

{along left margin, crossed over top of other writing} Last night we spent in reading the debate aloud O Connell & Sir R Peel. Jack has got a racking cough. I try to vie in minuteness of information with your acct. of Shore's black frock's disaster which particularity was very particularly welcome to me. We are all here a lot of sick dogs. always excepting the Herculean Bee. I could not sleep a wink of sleep last night for want of you in the bed. I hope Mama is getting out again.
Dear Pop. Aunt Jane still going on well—been out today for the first time & is all the better for it. She went out at twelve o'clock just after she was out of bed & so escaped all deleterious Thas Bank vapours. Mrs. Hitchings is coming on Friday, a great trial to her, as she has not seen her since Freddy's loss—by which Mrs. Hitchings was so overcome that they are afraid she will not be able to command herself. Aunt Jane looks forward to it with some dread but does not think it right to refuse to see her when she is in town for so short a time. Aunt Jenny is anxious to know whether worms are still coming away from Gerard, what sort of worms &c & desired me to write this letter to ask all particulars as to how many there were, whether they are considered as exagg eradicated & whether they were a bad sort feeding on the liver she fancies them to have been. I hope you can contradict this but perhaps had better not write to her.

I am sure their being with you is her hourly comfort. to have him away from here & I must say, from Uncle Oc she thinks will save him. She says constantly, entre nous, under that discipline he must have wasted away and died and nothing would have been done for him. it did break my heart to see him dying by inches. She is so comfortable about him that I should not be at all surprised at the L.Hurst Plan succeeding, I have mentioned it once or twice to stop her mouth when she was afraid of leaving him so long at Embley and it succeeded. Many thanks for the brace and accompanying note. Aunt Jane is certainly better but was very tired last night after sitting up the whole afternoon as she has no idea of checking any body who is making a noise & when she is lying on the sofa in her most nervous state allows the boys to rub electrical sparks close to her!! She has such a wonderful command of her temper, that nothing ever seems to ruffle her nerves, and Uncle Oc carries Flora out of the
room with the two boys carrying him and she makes no objection & it hardly seems to annoy her she only says_ Occy does make a tremendous noise sometimes, don't you think. and he calls himself a remarkably quiet person_ Today is such a lovely warm day but we have had such sharp frosts & fogs - horrid raw weather. but to-day will quite restore At. Jane. On Sunday walking home from chapel, Uncle Oc & I saw the Queen, a capital view, she a care-worn flabby countenance, poor soul, I thought, he a remarkably agreeable-looking youth. Mrs. Hibbert called yesterday but Aunt Jane could not see her of course, & I was very glad of it, for she Mrs H. was very teasing about poor Freddy. but she finished with her most particular love to Mama and a most kind & pressing invitation that Mama would leave Parthe at Dulwich with her during the whole

{at bottom of page}
time we are in London. I hear that Papa has taken rooms at the Carlton for part of some time in April but do not believe it _ Ever yours FN_

{in middle of page}

Paid

Miss Nightingale
Embley
Romsey

{at top of page, upside down:}
Aunt Jenny was much interested in your little word about G. Sand. pray tell us about all you read. she likes it so much & it distracts her
Miss Nightingale

My dearest How tempting your work looks that beautiful pattern no grounding-work for Wm. & so difficult to find a present for gentlemen. but alas! when is it to be done? I have not touched a piece of work, since I came here, & have been obliged to give up some of Mr Gillespie's lessons as with a good deal on my mind, they were a constant weight on my spirits _ it wd. be wrong to keep it, for it never wd. get done, and so I am constrained to send it back, tho' I shd. like of all things, to keep it to do at Combe, if so be that anythings are to be sent him by a future conveyance. Aunt Jane is not quite so well._ yesterday (having been over.excited, & had a good deal of talk with Ju)__ she was seriously alarmed lest that shd. be coming on immediately, but opiates have given her a quiet night, & she said that she must be quite quiet all day_ so to-day she is comfortable again & on the sofa__ tho' she suffered much from pain yesterday eveng._ Uncle Oc was so much better for Papa's visit, but he is very different, seen in
that way, from what he is, seen all
day long by one in the house with him Ju cried bitterly about
him yesterday, but she herself
looks so shaken that I dare say
she exaggerates to herself the danger. but At
Jenny is very anxious that he shd.
go somewhere (to Embley) to recover
a little spirits before Lt. Grey's
return, which, she says, will be an
immense trial. He dined out on
Wedy. for the first time to At. Jane's
great joy - it was at good Mr Lynch's
Ash Wedy. dinner. I am very
sorry to hear, dear soul, that
you are so pious. Papa's return
will do you good. I have little
news- but forgot to tell you that your
book, beautifully packed in Vally's
little box, is, I thank my good angel,
gone & gone long before you receive
this. The day Papa was here Aunt Jane
was so seriously ill & confused in her
head from Laudanum that I was quite
distract with the weight of the book & of Flora
else I cannot think how I came not to shew
him the Drg. Room. I thot. I had, but now it
occurs to me that I shewed it to At. Jane & every
body else (Ever yours FN) Mama never writes to me
I hope she is quite well.
Your letters are most welcome.

{not clear where this fits in}
Forly & I do our lessons all the morng.
day this afternoon she is gone out with Mary to
Waterloo Ho. [?]. an unusual piece of sub-
mission. Mr. Gillespie talks immensely
of Fred & staid 1¼ hour after his last
lesson talking Theology - &c to me - his
accts. of Fred are delightful. He rather
put Fred up against Unitarianism,
he is a Presbyterian, strong in
Church doctrines but agst. Ch. discipline,
a great argumt., admits Uncle Oc,
for ch. doctrines.
Dear people all Your letters are the greatest of pleasures to Aunt Jenny & me, pray go on writing for little is the time we have to write in return. The excitement of seeing William on Sunday has brought on another of poor Aunt Jenny's distressing attacks and she can scarcely hear any noise in her room though to day is the first day that she really has allowed herself to be laid up. Pour comble de malheur, this very day poor Mr. Vickers was seized with Cholera Morbus, is now better, but quite unable to come here The dear boys however are good & quiet to the last degree, Baby calls me Mamy, & the only difficulty is with Forly who is a most affectionate little soul but such a spoilt child that if she refuses to go out of doors, she is yielded to & if she will stay with Aunt Jane, At. Jane allows it & there is no getting her out of the room. But it is possible to work on her feelings which are so cultivated & to keep her out of the room, if once out, on the plea of Mamy going to sleep. Henry is just gone, he slept here last night after having just caught up William & seen him off. You know he sailed on Tuesday, and Monday & Tuesday which we spent here in shopping for him, the produce
which we sent off will be too late. But it seems quite worth while as he went off without another parting. Henry was quite in good spirits about him- he Wm talked so cheerfully, chiefly abt. the last run he had had with the harriers! oh! Those boys! This additional excitement, Aunt Jane allows, has injured her- though she is so quiet that nobody suspects it. Do you know that that visit which Uncle Nicholson paid her & which he said did not agitate her in the least, she told me cost her the severest fit of tooth-ache afterwards she ever had in her life & another visit the same. Entire quiet must be necessary. The unexpected visit of Henry tho' it injured her, does Uncle Oc good - Any distraction is good for him- he sometimes hardly sleeps all night & looks so ill. I have had 3 charming lessons of Mr Gillespie, tho' he gives me so much work to do that I can hardly find time for it except at nights. He is a most awful man except when he talks of Fred.

Aunt Jane never ceases talking of him. she has read Mr Roe's letter over & over again & goes over every particular with me, discussing whether the men were kind to him, whether they left him where he was found &c. If it were not for her gentle voice the stillness wd be awful almost with which she says, "The first day (before Mr Grey's letter came) it was nothing short of bodily agony, I felt as if I cd have walked miles" & "Octavius says if he had not heard a certain account,
of the manner of his death, he must have died" But any thing is possible to bear together, she says, "& after all I have suffered, I had rather have a son die as he has done of exhaustion & exertion, than see one before my eyes always at home without any other object but living from breakfast till dinner. I cd. bear any thing but that" Oh! she is a wonderful creature, an instance, one feels of special interposition almost, The picture we seldom look at together it is always covered, for it is so like, that pleasant as is

the sight of a composed dead body one can no more look at this among common occupations than one cd wish to have that always before one's eyes. But she has shown me all his things, letters, Mr Roe & Mr Grey's & c I wish I could tell you all, Uncle Oc often says that he shall go some day to see the place. Sometimes she thanks God that it is allright & wonders at herself for regretting at all, what he has been rejoicing at now for 4 (?) months. Then she says, for sometime before the news, I used to expect him in, every moment as I sat at work in the dining-room, & what a providence it was that I had this certainty of his return instead of being worn by anxiety. Think of her saying that

{crossed over other writing}
She is so happy in Gerard's present position. I hope she will see no/one now for some time. I am very happy here & hear nothing of Hilly's coming. I should have to go there
Dearest dears, write, write, write Ever yours FN-

Bab is the most good natured of babs & the candle of my heart.
Dearest creatures I must just tell you about yesterday when Mr. Walker came in just after we had got up from dinner without the least preparation or sending in of message I am afraid his account, very diff't from Mr Grey's, has sadly unsettled their beautiful resignation & aggravated the circumstances in their minds. By his acct, Fred was perfectly rational & himself till the moment he left him, tho' weak & languid more than the others. He suffered agonies from the change of food which produced such dreadful pain in the stomach that he used to lie down in the sea. Mr Walker's opinion of the cause of his death is that it was purely accidental. {His acct is that Fred became so disgusted with the men, that, wishing for a night's rest alone, he remained behind telling them he wd join them in the morng- He probably walked on a short diste. alone, then lay down & during sleep, rolled partially off the sand bank, & the head dropping considerably below the body, apoplexy followed. Mr W. said. Had it not been for this, I see no reason why he shd not have returned with the others. Ruston retd. in the morng. to look for him but unable to find him & probably
from exhaustion, unable to trace the foot-steps, supposed that he had gone inland & wd. join them. He added but fortunately when Uncle Oc & At J. were neither of them in the room that Fred went "lest people shd. call him a coward - for I represented to him how very ill I thot of the expedn. & offered when he said that, to stay behind if he would." Twice Fred was the means of saving their lives, once by the swimming on shore, after which he lay down & slept in a boat half full of water till the sea broke over & washed him out - & also by bringing his fishing-tackle the only one who did so, which was afterwards their only means of subsistence. He carried mentioned his home, said Mr. W., several times to me & his father & mother not as wishing to convey any message to them but as a burst of affection forcing itself out" He sent a piece of his hair this morng. which Aunt Ju intends to send back! as having been evidently put up for himself - Aunt Jenny repeats - "had he but remained with Fred, there seems no reason now why he shd. not have been brot. back to Perth with the others & returned here safe. If he had not been left with his disgusting companions, as Mr. W describes them. & wished to be alone that night he might have been saved" But this morng. she had agreed that Mr Walker's account is not to be depended on, that he was evidently anxious to exculpate himself which nothing cd. do more thoroughly than his representing Fred as perfectly rational) there was evidently a great deal to conceal & his manner was excessively con
8992/12 incomplete signed letter, 4ff, pen arch: Spring 1840

hardly hold the umbrella as the wind had got round to the E
My poor bonnet is a perfect dog & has come out with great yellow stains in spite of the hood & of all the rubbing it got. but we were as dry as moles. The coachman was desired to get a paper envelope for the veil but at the railway station & in the violent confusion of an unusually large train of passengers in the dark, such article was of course not to be had. We drove to the station at Basingstoke directly, & came up with an Exeter man who talked a little. but it was quite dark. Aunt Ju looks better & Aunt Mai so pretty in a certain cap & Bertha & Beatrice as beautiful as ever & extremely condescending & affable to me whom they requested to go out with them in the garden to-day & we had a tremendous game at a plank or drawbridge over a trench in the garden- Harry as Horatius Cockles, Beatrice as The Etrurian army, Blanche as Clelia & the other personages distributed as the age, personal appearance, & relative size of the parties denoted as proper, Bertha being Porsenna & myself the Roman army, the Romans being distinguished by plaids, & it being considered convenient that the stories of Cockles & Mutius Scavola shd. be mixed up for the completeness of the whole [? the burning
scene followed in a bush but was unfortunately interrupted by the hand thrust in being hastily withdrawn & by a sucking of the thumb of the hand th induced by the scratching of the sticks, lastly, Cockles having bravely defended the pass, Clelia Blanche having jumped the trench & peace being made, the Etrurian army (Beatrice) was made to defile along the plank & seated in a furze-bush, Porsenna being made to following & the entertainment concluded with the Consular triumph, [illeg] which was aptly represented by Horatius Cockles catching a cow by the tail & hanging on thereby which aptly [illeg] the cow consenting to personate the biga & 8 cream-coloured horses at once. The cow performed her part to admiration.

& the Roman army & Cockles wen then streamed down the path in to the arms of the Senate. Bertha & Beatrice look beautiful in their most becoming little black frocks & bows _ I like Harry very much. This morning saw me magnificently arrayed by 9 o'clock Jack is very ill & very cross. Uncle Sam read Dr. Priestley to us in the morning. There is a man here, by name Morgan, his residence Ham who is all agog to the effect the same system the Socialists with the Christian religion. Papa & Uncle Sam are gone to see him this afternoon, & he is coming to dine here on Wednesday & the other man is coming too. who calls you Friend Florence or Friend Mary or if he cannot discover the Xtion name he calls me mother or Aunt Mai Sister_ The Carters [end 7:609] go up to town tomorrow with the boys for their teeth who then go on to school but Tuesday night Aunt Joanna
& Fan again sleep here, Aunt Joanna returning to Ditcham on Wednesday & Fan going to Blandford Sq with Ju on Thursday for 3 weeks to have Mr Taylor's singing lessons _ Friday night's division which came on sooner than was expected was better than expected _ 21, Baring Wall voting for ministers, & the Tories losing their tempers completely & making a terrible crash of it, Peel actually quoting a passage from the Eneid & [ille] comparing Macaulay to Aeneas coming a penniless beggar to her (Dido's) shores & Dido's receiving him of which he they made a personal application to Macaulay!! - disgraceful, every one says- Bertha & Beatrice are the most beautiful of their sex, I can tell you that. Today has been so fine & warm & sunny & now at 5 o'clock it is quite light. I have watched the beauty of the day with horror hoping that the influx of your precious Sunday school boys might have been prevented - Papa's & my gowns were fortunately not wetted_ Send me Miss Clarke's letter directly for At. Ju_ she says too that she has never had certain message from her {along left margin, crossed over other writing} which Miss C wonders, at her not having answered - & At Ju wants to know all about her loss of money & letting of rooms which she is openly talking about!! in a way I{written very large & ornately} should not do. simply yours FN Sunday. Combe
Baby flourishes exceedingly & looks better-

May 12     Thas Bank
At Jane is not quite so well this afternoon, if this weather continues we shall not be able to come on Saty. as she has not been out yet in the carriage but I do not despair yet.

Dear Mama
Matters are going on very well here. Flora is a great deal better & I did not commit suicide in the course of the day. The day you sent was such an atrocious day here that Flora was worse & Aunt Jane did not go out of the two rooms or take her intended drive but to-day so far Flora is better & I hope we may still come on Saty.- Ever yrs FN

Aunt Jane seems to catch at the L H plan for Gerd. Her only objection the trouble to us I think she will be too glad to accept it. Will you tell dear Hil that I kept back her invite to At Jane of Flora, as it was impracticable now from Influenza, and knowing how the least proposition abt. Flora annoyed At. Jane.

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Dearest Mum

There we are coming on Monday - without fail I hope - it was really quite impossible to come on Saturday. Aunt Jane has been very poorly & much pulled down & so low sometimes that she would hardly speak & at one time I was afraid she should not come at all - for she said - "if we cannot go on Monday, and I shall not go unless the weather changes, I shall not go at all for I cannot be there while your company is there and it would not be worth while to go for so short a time [illeg] I am [illeg] go till the weather changes. very sorry she knows that we are going to have anybody

I think trust when she is there, she may possibly change her mind, but I am sure that she would not come if she did not expect us to be quite entirely alone at first. Dear Pop / such a disaster! I have just received your box from Combe by the Parcel Delivery Company _ & on opening it quite accidentally I did not know why, unnailing the lid,
no portfolio was there, nothing but the 
Birdy's letter & the wadding. I writ 
off post haste to Combe to know if 
they cd. by possibility have sent the box 
without the portfolio & will institute 
forthwith the most active enquiries 
at the Parcel Delivery Office. 
Only think if I had sent the box all 
the way to Genoa without anything in it. 
Dr Lee has seen At. Jenny again. his acct 
of her was not very favourable, he said that 
he expected her to be low, advised that all 
mention of Fred shd. be avoided at present, 
wished her to send for him again if she 
did not get stronger better he strongly advo-
cated change of air for her & for us all & I 
think that there is not the least doubt of our 
coming on Monday, so that the carriage may be 
there _ I cannot tell exactly what time, as Uncle 
Oc is not in, but we shall most likely come by 
the 12 o'clock train, as the fast train at 3 would 
be rather too late for her_ & too expensive too_as 
the boys go by 2nd class & they fast takes none besides that the babies 
must go by a stopping train or they will put us to open shame. We shall 
be at Southton betn. 3 & 6. I shd. suppose 
as we shall set off from here betn. 11 & 3 we are not quite sure which 
hour. She 
has been to church return thanks to-day (Friday) & out in the 
carriage yesterday & tho' it was followed by a sick 
headache, she is on the whole I think stronger 
& in rather better spirits _ I am Pygmalion & when I 
speak, let no dog bark, for my educational cares 
increase daily & now I've Vally _ Flora & Baby 
have been out yesterday & look better, though 
(along left margin, crossed over other writing) 
they are half their original 
size. Mrs. Vickers has seen 
Dr Lee, who declares her 
likely to do exceedingly well 
& that she will recover after her 
confinement & never was 
a poor woman so relieved. 
We have seen At. Maria, 
looking poorly & altered - 
At. Ju is going at Lady Coltman's 
Ever yrs. FN 
love to dearest Hil & thanks for her dear note, the
brilliant account in which of beautiful
Embley much encouraged At Jenny
I do hope to bring her down safe after all

Do not let these letters
of mine be made visible

Mrs Nightingale
Embley
Romsey

8992/15 initialed letter, 2ff, pen postmarked 16 May 1840 [Claydon 113/51]

Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey
Dear Mama We came
on Monday, the children
as at present arranged by
the 1 o'clock train, arriving
at Southton at 10 minutes
to 4, & Uncle Oc & Aunt
Jane by the fast 3 o'clock
train in grand style
arriving at 6. You will
be so good as to send
the open carriage with all
the leathers, as it wd. otherwise
be too cold for her_ & I propose
that if the station is now by
the sea-side, as was talked of,
that it shd. not go to our
usual inn above bar, but
to the Castle by the sea-
side, so that the children
might have a nice blow by
the sea till the mother comes.
She will not hear of altering any of your usual carriage arrangements, but as she cannot bear the least fatigue & thinks herself much worse now than she was a week ago, it wd. be a great saving to her if the carriage cd. take her up at the station without any interloping cabs _ if this is possible _ but we must leave this to your discretion as well as whether to send close or open carriage but how the close is to hold us, I cannot imagine - May we bring all our

{along left margin, crossed over other writing} baggage by carriage? Please write, ultimately [?] narrating all arrangements _ & suggesting what the children shall do while waiting, (Mr Vickers & the boys will go to see the town) so that we may hear on Monday before we go & have no dragging her up & down the town, as I cannot conceive how she is to bear the journey at all. & the whole thing was nearly put an end to last night by Uncle Oc's saying that he shd. be obliged to return to town on Wedy. which made her say that they only want to

{crossed over other writing} give him a holiday- Ever yrs FN Saty.
Salutation Inn -

Dear Mama What queer critters you are never to write to me and I now been out ten days. All the way to the P.O did I walk after going up Skiddaw but no letters at Keswick, none either at Ambleside. yesterday & to-day have been days of rain perfectly unceasing but, only think how lucky! the only day we have had without rain since we came out we went up to Skiddaw & we talked to a man who had been waiting at Keswick three weeks for a fine day to go up.

Skiddaw is the highest mountain in England except Scawfell & Helvellyn. Our rigging out to go up was a model & guide to future generations. We rode up (Aunt Anne did not go) & did it in less than 6 hours. It was such a splendid day. & from the top the most beautiful view I ever saw. Over the Cheviots we saw 80 or 90 miles into Scotland, Dumfries, the mouth of the Clyde, they said- & the Isle of Man looked so tempting - & Carlisle. All the mountains were as clear as possible & Derwent Waters in the boozum of its hills - such a lovely little lake. We
cd. see Whitehaven & its shipping & a steamboat crossing the Solway Firth. It was the most delightful expedition, though the horses were very bad. So Vally is gone to Fellenberg's. a piece of news we have just heard, though not from you, though not from you, though not from you__ really gone & Fan going to Tynemouth. A mania is spreading & something about pecore from [illeg] Hilary gives us to understand that you did not go to Embley till Thursday - what have you been doing about town? but I suppose you have forgotten me_ I really was uneasy till we heard from Hilary. No doubt you have seen Aunt Jane then! what does she say about Hofwyl. There is not the least chance of our going to town - We have not done Ullswater or Ambleside yet, owing partly to the horrid weather. We have 5 days now to get as much as we can into, next Tuesday we go to Lancaster, Wednesday by rail to Birmingham, Friday we shall be at Colwall & possibly Tuesday at Embley but this is quite uncertain_ I suppose the Sams are with you by this time

Ever yrs. FN
Wellcome Ms 8992

{crossed over other writing, in top left corner}
I have heard from Bee & it
struck me (but I do not say
except to you)
that the letter was become
schoolgirlish & flippant
rather & unlike her former
letters.

8992/17 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen arch: Sept 1840

My dearest Long have I waited
to write & long have I waited
to be written to __ je prends
l'initiative. I miss you very
much here_ you save me the
trouble of admiring or at least
of deciding to admire, whereas
with these good people who
seem much more actuated
by a wish to do the thing
than by any other motive,
I feel myself called upon
to make the unwonted exertion

your "position auprès de moi"
is therefore indispensable
Grasmere & Windermere are
"dead beat" by Derwent Waters.
but I think the long day we
have just made, in which
we have done 4 lakes, Buttermere, Crummock Waters, Lowes
Water & Bassenthwaite is most
beautiful of all. We have had
horrid weather, miserably
cold & wet, not one day without
rain, but yesterday was the
best & by dint of 3 pairs of
stockings & two veils, I manage to exist. We are to have a day at Birmingham Festival but not a Mendelsohn day & therefore not a Strutt day for it will not be till Wednesday night for I believe we shall be out, nearly three weeks altogether. Lancaster is a most curious place & we went all over the Gaol which melancholy to say the magnificent old castle is turned into. Windermere is decidedly ill proportioned, I said that its proportions were bad only from looking at it in the map

but sweet Conistone Waters with its little inn, seen as we saw it (and every other place) in a storm reminded me of Lago di Garda. Yesterday we made a most beautiful expedition, from Keswick up Derwent Water in a boat, beautiful Derwent Water, did two waterfalls & then walked a most splendid walk two miles up the valley to the entrance of Bourndale. (very like that part of Bellinzona valley where it divides into San Gottardo & the Bernardine -up to the Bowder Stone a
great rock standing on its points
The Marshalls have now got Lord Derwentwater's sequestered in 1715 estate. what a change is there. but all Buttermere Lowes Water, half Crummock Water, Ulls Waters & Derwent Water belong to the Marshalls I cannot tell you particulars, you must wait for them, in the morning, till we come back, I mean. Goodbye- I am almost asleep. Suffice it to say that to morrow we
Wellcome Ms 8992

Waverley. Thursday

Dear Mama I have not been able
to write these two last days to
tell you of our changes of plan, as
we did not get in to Oxford
till 9 o'clock, nor here till ditto
But they could not make up
their minds to come to Embley,
Uncle N. especially was so very
anxious to be home _ and
they talk now of not going to
Embley till the second week in
October when they will be able
to stay a day or two longer then,
than if they had come this now
time _ & will bring me back,
or perhaps you will send for
me before. We slept Monday
night at Woollashill - the Han-
fords seem an unhappy
ménage - but Woollashill
looked beautiful. Came on
late to Oxford whence Uncle
N. went to London: saw the

go up Skiddaw that we have
had a most splendid day
today & Crummock Waters
beats everything except the
Seculijo for savage wildness
while the view over the plain of Cockermouth to the sea Solway Firth
[illeg]
mountains, & the Chain of mountains frm? Helvellyn to Skiddaw
is really grand for England or anywhere.
(Grasmere is nothing, entre nous)
On Saturday we came from
Bowness to Keswick_ could
get neither horses nor lodging
at Ambleside or Grasmere,
the latter was too bad to
put up at at last at
5 o'clock, got a pair of return

8992/18 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Sept 1840
whole of Oxford College next morning before two. & came on here afterwards- arriving not till after Uncle N. Aunt Jane seems quite as calm as one wd. expect (as we hear from Aunt Ju) after Grey's visit. Miss Thomas did not know he was arrived but His account seems very satisfactory not as to diminishing the sufferings but as to Fred's spirits- on setting out & conduct before - but confirms the idea of his head's having been more affected in consequence of the injury. I hope that you will write to me & pray mention all that you have heard about Grey So Fan is not going to Tynemouth, whither Ju is probably en route by this time. Sam is not here (at Ditcham) so I have no news from home.

8992/19 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Oct 1840

My dear How do you do? I am so glad you have Voyage autour de ma Chambre. I want to see you very much, you spoil me for all other society & you know when I have you I do not want any one else I have a great deal to tell you pray divert yourself with Ma Chambre. I dare say you can read it again with me when I come back. I want to hear your say so much- There is a good
deal about "Men & Manners"
I cannot write, which I want to
tell you- I have heard some
things about Marme., which make
me sorry for him, but glad for
myself. henry seems to me
vastly improved by two or three
months of hard good principle_,
hardy-not softy- as Wordsworth wd. {blotted out. say?}
for we have been reading the
Excursion- & seems to have a
good deal more serious view of life,

than you ever gave him credit
for. We saw a good deal of two
men- young Vignalles & Compton
at Colwall wh both very good
clever & certainly not bad, which
makes me appreciate our own
family state more. nevertheless,
I am afraid there is little
chance of my seeing you now for
10 days or a fortnight Nothing
can have been kinder than Aunt
Anne has been some, and Uncle

Nic I need not descant upon to
you_. Henry returns to hardwork
to-morrow, stopping here only one
day. Lolly has been very merry
All the journey a jolly little soul!
& looks well, very. but a dugracious
little pog as ever was. The Dahlias
& things here are sadly cut off &
trees changing. I am afraid all
the flowers at Embley will be gone
when I come back. Farewell, my
dear, I did not mean to write to
thee; seeing I had nothing particular
to write only things one cannot write _ but have run on. I hope thou art
happy with Aunt Mai & the little ones.

{at top of page, above salutation}
I have been reading this morn Plumer
Ward's essay on Providential Interfe-
rences, introducing the Offley ghost & we
are going to ride be read to by Aunt Anne
8992/20 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Autumn 1840 from Waverley

My dear friend the blow of
James' marriage had already
been broken to me- it having
been told me some time ago with
An express order not to tell even
the reeds by the river-side as it
was then uncertain when it would
take place _ as Miss Arnold's
parents dislike it so much that
it is to take place at her grand-
mother's. but of this dislike also you are
not to breathe a word to anyone,
They are very anxious to keep
me here & very kind in pressing
it - at least till after [illeg] next week
visit. I do not know what to say
about it. not being gifted with
resolution in refusing people-
Thee my dear, I am very anxious
to be with again. I cannot say
the same for the people you are
going to have but do not then
betray this selfish wish. but
tell whether I am to come
home with Uncle Sam is to come
to fetch me Uncle Nic will
meet me [?] in town to day & probably
tell me something. We have been
taking long rides, Monday with
dear Uncle Nic, yesterday Sam,
Laura & I. MN never shows
to so much advantage as in her
own house as you know _ & Aunt
Anne & I are great friends &
we are all very agreeable
together now the shadow left by
Henry's departure has passed away
Miss Johnson reads Lorenzo de Medici
with Lolly & me which I like much
& Mackintosh with MN & me
& I read in the [illeg] & Aunt Anne
goes on reading Smyth to us. Lolly & I
sleep together. She is indeed the
gem of the cousin hood. We all
wrote to Wm. yesterday_ Aunt
Joanna, Alf & Hugh go to London
on Wedny. then to Ditcham in a few days &
after that to Embley_ Alf goes
to the London University now
Miss Parker comes to day. Write
speedily my dear _ it is very odd
how undecided I shd. be without you.

8992/21 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: end 1840 [Claydon 113/56]

Waverley. Thursday
Dear Mama Marianne will, if
agreeable to you & if there is room,
come with me to Embley on Saturday
If there is no room in the carriage
at Southampton, she wd. take a
fly there & I [illeg] come in enthroned
on her baggage. They are still
very anxious for me to stay-
& propose, if the worst came
to the worst & there are no conveyances for me back for Uncle Nicholson
to take me over, when
required by you - as he wd. go
over for a day or two. There
is no chance of the rest coming
before November, as At Anne
does not wish to move Laura & Miss P. If we do come on
Saturday, Sam wd. come in a
few days & fetch MN back—as they wd. not wish her to be
away for more but I am
desired only to propound her
coming at all as a possibility—as Uncle N. is in London &
cannot be consulted. We
have had two or three of the
most beautiful days lately—
frosts but afterwards the
most splendid sunshine.

& have taken a long ride each
day. as I am getting to
follow the hounds very well & am much
better for a little of the ex-
citement of the chase. Uncle
Nicholson saw Uncle Oc yes-
terday & heard a great deal
of extraordinary Fr. news in
London, Thiers resigning & being
made to resume what an odd
story it is. He called on Grey
but he was gone out of town
for a few days. Miss Parker is
come and dear Lolly hard at
work. Pray write by return of
post & say what we shall do—as we can have it in time on
Saty. morng. to get ready before
11 o'clock. They are most kind
to me here & desirous I shd. stay
We send a great many improvin'
books. Poor Val, by Uncle Oc's
acct., writes letters very credi-
table to himself, but finds the
way of life so entirely new, as
to have some difficulty in
accommodating it to himself.
One story is that after they
had been making a great noise,
a storm's coming on was trans
mogrified by the tutor into a judgment from Heaven. I have not heard yet from the Robt. Martins.

Ever yrs FN.

8992/22 3ff, pen, initialed letter arch: spring 1840, postmarked

Dearest people all You have done the best job_ I never knew such a relief in all my life_ I only wish you had been here to see the effect of your own good deeds At. Jenny was sitting disconsolate by the kitchen fire when Aunt Joanna's letter came & when she opened it she sent it in to me & I ran out into the kitchen to see how she looked & there she was poor soul! hugging herself as she lay on the sofa all the morng. occasionally exclaiming "I am so glad really __ it is such a relief & Occy feels it too so much," "if he were quite comfortable abt. keepg. you from the quietus" (which you must make him see) try "To have no change till after this is over." So unlike her this agitation is it not? - Today she is a great deal better, thank you and told Ju "she has not felt so well for weeks & is quite another woman than she has been" By the bye, will you send to-morrow early to Macintosh's & get an air cushion precisely like your own, & I hope we shall be able to get it from you in the course of the day. Perhaps you can get it (as the to be looked at) without precisely buying it, as this is done almost without her consent, as I am sure she ought not to be another hour without it. Only think of her never having
got one for herself - she ought not to stir a step in the carriage without one. she allowed she felt so shook to day coming home from Blandfd. Sq where she thot. it necessary to go in this eveng. she wants one to sit upon, you know. Ju says it is such a comfort for her Your havg. come to town just now, it makes all the diffe. to her _ it was so lucky you came. Val took his violin & we played to Gd.mama this eveng. After yesterday’s uneasiness to-day has been such a day of ease & gladness

{at top of page}
We were quite spree. At Joanna's letter was such a nice goodnatured letter, At. Jenny said "it was all just as it shd be, she had done what was right in sending for Hilly & how she was rewarded." Mrs. Vickers is better. Goodnight Ever yrs FN

P.S. N.B I have not [illeg] the used one pocket handkf to-day, have kept my mouth shut all day; not coughed had a nice Gillespie lesson & shd. be quite happy if the misery Aunt Mai & I have been in all the morng. watching at the window lest poor dear Hil shd. come, is at an end & Aunt Mai saying, I do hope she will not come, I think she cannot come I shd. not have written the enclosed did I not feel sure that you wd. not let any one see it. My dearest Mum, how thankful you shd be [1:115] that yr daughter for the first time in her life is doing some little good in her generation _ do not grudge it her. Aunt Jane was not well enough to go out to day- I really think Flora has improved a little- & I trust- I feel it a blessing as I ought that a creature so nearly spiritualized as At Jane is shd cling to such as me as all now in her distress
Dearest What a long while it is since I have had a little talk with you & yet your last letter wd. have stirred the dead to write to you. But we have been all in a Vervirrung I can talk nothing but \[illeg\] 
(pardon me, I have been interrupted by catching a flake in the cleverest manner I ever remember to have witnessed, in which the prolific fertility of this place is said almost to equal dear Verona)
b
Here I am at last & sitting in the old best bedroom (where their magnificence has placed me) where I slept years agone with poor Julia Wells, & I can see him climbing out of the nursery window upon the [illeg] roof - and then the heart sinks within one to think of the one on the solitary sea-shore & of the other on her death-bed but the dear old sound of the steam boat comes upon me just as it used to do ten years ago & makes me feel as one used to do. But all the forlorn & miserable look of the place, the slope where we used to play love-stories & the room where he slept. I forgot to tell you that the first visit we made here I went all over the house by myself to see this room & my old room & the hole which we used to talk through at night. My room is turned into a servants room now. Aunt Jane is decidedly better, she looks better though miserably thin & the enemy keeps
off pretty well I think she is very happy about Gerard. Forly looks better too. I forgot to tell you that my coming here was put off by that!!! & though I was very glad of a few more days at Combe, when Vicky being away, I had all the company & a great deal of the teaching of the dear Babs, Bee did all her lessons with me, & the littlies a little. yet there was the putting off of Mr. Gillespie & of Aunt Jane

I hope Shore has had letters enough from home lately
Give my love
to the two dearies.

8992/24 signed letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1840

Monday morng.
Dear Mummie I should have come & seen you this morng. but thot. I shd. not be back till late. Aunt Jane pretty well this morng. I hope you will think it right to write to Hilary by the very first post as Aunt Jane this morng. asked me again what was going to be done about her in an anxious way & then went even so far for her as to say that if it must at the same time be some inconvenience to At. Joanna she did not want to have her at all &
c
that if she cd. be sure I wd.
go & see you as often as I liked, she wd. be so glad not
to have her at all & that
she had never wished for
her except as a relief to
me. I think when she feels
that she must feel it very strongly, viz
(that her spirits are so constantly on the strain

d
that the least thing may
overset the balance, (on
which depends the existence
of the little baby, the whole
composure of her husband,
& her own future health)
that you [illeg] for her to feel it right
for the first time in her life
to sacrifice another person

e
to herself, on whom so many depend
She is actually thinking of taking Mrs. Vickers
into the house after her confinement.
to herself but she
expressed herself so much
more strongly this morng.
than I thot. it possible
for her to do as to the
great relief it wd. be to her
if she cd. think that Hilary's
coming & my going was put
out of her power to decide
whether it is not right to send me away &
f
actually said, that she wd.
rather have no one in the house
        after I went
if she did not know that
I could not go away had she
not (which may possibly
I think be the upshot
after all if I go) that I trust
you will feel it right
to please any fancy she may have &
to countermand Hil by the


g
first post which wd. also
be a relief to At. Joanna
        I dare say
Do not shew this to any
one & write me a line
by return of Uncle Oc
if possible to tell me
that you do not think
me very presumptuous
which I shall be afraid of

h
if you do not countermand
Hilly. What a delightful
change of wind. At. Jenny
was not even tired last night
& she is so fond of you both
that I think yr. visit did her
nothing but good, she says Papa
has less of the animal in him
than any man she ever saw,
he seems all spirit." Ever your
affecte. child FN
This letter has just arrived to Aunt Jane's great dismay. She said, Take this letter to your mother and tell her to do as she thinks best. You know I thot., when I wrote that letter to Joanna, that when everybody was writing for Hilary to come, it wd. be so odd for me to remain silent & seem so unkind, else I did not say, when I wrote, that I wanted her, only that I shd. be glad to see her. I thought that, I must say that—Dear Mama, cannot you arrange this for her? I slept like a church last night & am quite bouncy this morn. Cd. you have seen poor At. Jenny's pale face when this letter came you I almost cried as you wd. have done so too. She is so anxious that I shd. see you to-day for the sake of arranging how to anticipate Hilly's coming but I hope this letter will do as well Read the enclosed & please do not lose any time

{in middle of page}

Mrs. Nightingale
Carlton Hotel
Dear Mama Aunt Jenny
seems quite satisfied to accept
all you can do for Gerard & will I
hope if we continue at Embley
till after the middle of June
(which she says will be her
earliest time for moving) follow
him there with the whole party.
She is exceedingly anxious
for this plan but says, I do
not think I shall be ever able
to bear to go to Waverley again
It is very difficult to keep her
as quiet as she ought to be, how
quiet that is you may guess,
for she said herself once when
I was complimenting her on getting
upstairs so well, Ah but I feel
so inwardly weak, you cannot think,
that is the reason why I want
to keep that off as long as possible
for I feel if it were to come on now
I shd. not be able to bear it.
She has been very poorly for two
or three days with Influenza
which has been thro' the whole
house but is now better. We saw
Uncle Sam last night. He [illeg]
He thought April wd. be a very dull
month in town, as all the House
wd. go out of town for the whole
Easter fortn't. as there was not
much business. Every body refers
to Aunt Jane & nobody spares her,
telling her & taking her everything,
but the plan for Gerard is such
a comfort. Grandmama is consi-
derably better & almost strong again.
As for the "beautiful month of May"
at Embley, that is a tradition as
Marianne says, only preserved in
the ancient chronicles & records of 
our forefathers, we cannot expect any 
thing but cold & unenjoyable weather 
in it but I hope June will smile 
pleasantly on poor At. Jenny & her 
baby & welcome her to something like 
quiet at Embley. She tells me that 
she has asked you here. Will you 
give the enclosed to Parthe? 
Goodbye dear Mama & aurevoir 
Ever yrs FN
At. Jane has been much 
shocked by a horrid accident which 
happened at the Building to a workman 
& old footman of theirs & occasioned 
the whole eye to be taken out to-day. 
I do not know what are your plans 
for me whilst at the Carlton, I do 

{at top of page above salutation} 
not feel much inclined to London but 
shall see you now very soon I suppose & talk over that I am sorry 
you are going to leave your mourng. off, I 
feel as if I was only just beginning to mourn 
for him & as if the leaving off the outward 
observance made one painfully remember 
{along left margin, crossed over other writing} 
that the time must come when one will forget 
the inward- but of course away from the 
scene of action the feeling must be very 
different. She sometimes says, I feel 
as if I could never wear anything 
else again. I shall never want any other 
colour when someone was wishing 
her to buy a straw bonnet_ In great haste 
The exercise here has done me a deal of good, 
no cold feet now_ the consumption of good 
clothing is great but I hope the supply will 
prove equal to the demand.
Dear Mama,

How sorry I am to hear that Parthe is not well & obliged to go out of town - I hope that she will keep out.

Uncle Oc wanted me to go with him & see you today but I see a good deal of Aunt Jane now & she always says, "Do not go, stay now, for I see so little of you, now that you are always with the children" so that I do not feel I am enough with her & hope to be with her now a good deal for some time. What a beautiful & comfortable end! the full completion of a life whose work was done.

I hope dear Ju will go away now. I was sorry to see At. Jenny so affected, in spite of all the preparations, it recalled associations with her poor Freddy's death very strongly but this was no doubt owing to her weakness which is still so great. The cannot stand at all I hope that Papa will recover now in this delightful wind. I am so glad to hear he is better. Flora improves daily & is becoming quite agreeable.

I have not seen no one but Uncle Adams to-day- to report of Ju_ Uncle Oc is not yet come back, he has been out since 10 o'clock & unless you have seen him will not have heard of this. Goodbye dearest Mum it is a long while since I have seen you but was almost glad you did not come today as At Jane, tho' she said nothing about it, might have wished very much to see you & Dr. Lee insisted on great care for another week Ever yrs FN. I shd. like to be with them on my birth-day, a terrible anniversary for them as I think it would divert their thoughts a little without being a strain upon them.

Mrs. Nightingale
My dearest At last I have had all your letters __ Forwarded to me at Colwall from Kendale, where both of them were directed, so that no wonder on enquiring for them at Keswick, none were forthcoming & I raved & swore at the postmaster in vain. Very sorry am I to hear that you have been so poorly & very anxious am I now to come home but we are very uncertain. We have been very successful lately, went from Ambleside whence

I wrote last to Patterdale, on Saturday; on Sunday had a very pleasant walk, with dear Uncle Nicholson, who has been a father to me, while At. Anne & baby M A [?] went to call at Hallsteads & they asked us to dinner on Monday but not to sleep. On Monday rode posthorses part of the way up Helvellyn, dressed, & then took Wm. Marshall to Hallsteads where we met a very pleasant party, all ladies, 5 Miss Marshalls, the eldest a capital woman, & Miss Cordely [?] quite affable, & hopes to see more of us in London next year, Miss Wordsworth &c &c, Mrs. Henry Marshall, very nice & last but not least her sister Miss Spring Rice, the maid of honour, beautiful, & She was rather high, but I had never heard anything of her charms before & was so delighted & her dress a perfect picture yet not outrée the badge not conspicuous. Mrs Henry
is not pretty but very picturesque
& nice. & two sweet children
not at all disdainful, though she & her sister look
quite a different race of being from the Marshalls.
Lord Monteagle & all the gentlemen
almost, gone to British Asson. at
Glasgow- Went on that night to
Pooley Bridge to sleep, then a
horrid cold journey to Lancaster
sitting 4 on the seat behind
German shutters, & seeing splendid
Lowther Castle on our way On
Wednesday (now attend) we came
125 miles by rail from Lancaster
to Birmingham, saw all the echi. [?] [7:672]

Colwall Sunday.
Dear Mama At last I have heard
from you_ I was getting quite
frightened. but not a good acct.
of Parthe. I am sorry to hear-
I have managed my affairs very
well, thank you- came on this
very day at Colwall_ nothing
could be better _ & nothing could
be more careful than Aunt Anne
about it. We have been so exceedingly
hurried in our journeys: & going to
bed very early at the ends of
them, that I have not had time
to write to you. much less to
anyone else, which was quite
impossible - now I suppose we
shall have more time. We came
here on Friday night, sleeping
Thursday at some tiny inn near
Birmingham, we found Mrs. Hanford
& Fanny here, and Compton, a
very nice Miss Thomas, poor Mr.
Rt. Norman, who looks a corpse
buried some days standing on end, & a Mr. Vignolles. Mrs. Martin made everything very pleasant as usual, yesterday we had a very nice drive & walk on the Malverns in a sea of fog - and were very merry in the evening. Poor Compton & Mrs. Hanford, though, are decidedly low- Fanny much as usual Miss Thomas knows mighty little abt. her brother: but says that he had written many times abt.

his marriage & all the letters were lost She is only 17 & brought up in the trunk of a tree. I believe they do not think he will stay in England, tho'ugh He comes home to join his Regt., but be appointed somewhere, (tho' not perhaps in Australia) to a Foreign Govt. office. We sleep one night at Woollashill but whether after that we go to Waverley or Embley I cannot get them to say. I shd. like to come home soon _ Ever yrs FN-

8992/29 incomplete letter, 1f, pen arch: 1840

who had to receive him and give him his dinner for there was no time to write to him - but Aunt Mai wd. not hear of my going. but there is the expense of an additional lesson without the profit. When I came, poor Uncle Oc received me so kindly. He came rushing out to see me with the manner of a man who makes a rush at a danger, kissed me, shook hands with me a long while & got over it very well as it was in the open air & the stable_
yard— with people by. His manner is much tenderer than it was but he looks pretty well. The fogs here are melancholy. The account of poor Noyce is so bad that I have never given it you his mouth is now superseded by a much worse complaint, rheumatism in the heart & the least hurry or over exertion may cause sudden death. He cannot lead the mare up the hill.

8992/30 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 5 Jan 1841 [Claydon 113/53]

My dear Grandmama, We dispatched last Saturday to you two pheasants, two wild ducks & two wood-cocks & hope they arrived safe and in good condition. A happy new year to you, dear Grandmama & to dear Aunt Evans, whom we hear, is now with you. I hope you are not suffering from this hard weather. We have had a good deal of snow & it still lies on the ground. I have had a nice little letter from dear Blanch, who seems very happy and much improved. We are now at the Carters spending our new year, they are all at home but two, the baby is wonderfully improved and grown, the little boy is still very delicate. Papa has just left us for the Sessions at Winchester but joins us again at the Nicholsons, here we are going to a little dance.
Parthe seems very well now.
There are very nice letters about Bertha from Mrs. Millmann which we have seen. You will see Papa in February & then we are going home to spend a quiet time. There seems likely to be a very severe winter, from this hard frost which has set in so early. Till the week before we came here, we have had a succession of friends staying with us, Mr. Dawson among others & Lady Sitwell & her family. The Carters think Parthe looking stronger, you will be glad, I know, to hear. We hear constantly from Aunt Mai a pretty good account of you & dear Aunt Evans. Pray, give her my best love & Mama's & Parthe's— we shall write to her soon & believe me, dear Grandmama, with all our loves, ever your truly affecte. Florence
Ditcham. Jany. 5. 1841

8992/31 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Jan 1841 [Claydon 113/54]

Ditcham. Friday
My dear Grandmama, I think you know how glad we all should be to hear so good an account as you gave of yourself in your last letter to Aunt Mai I hope this cold weather you are not any worse — We are returning home to-morrow after a month at the Nicholsons & Carters — and Parthe does not seem at all the worse for her gaieties. To-day it thaws but the snow is still deep— I suppose you will see Papa and Aunt Mai too at the beginning of February
This morning the account of Aunt Julia was still improving though so very slowly. Aunt Carter, I suppose, will leave Combe next week. We shall be glad to find ourselves at home again after being so long away, though we have had an uncommonly gay time at the Nicholsons. They acted a play of Shakespeare's, the Merchant of Venice, Parthe painted the scenes, with the assistance of a Mr. Austen, and her scenery was generally admired.

I was manager. Henry Nicholson who acted the principal character, Shylock, did it really wonderfully well. We danced a great deal, several nights though we were never very late, you will be glad to hear, except at a public Ball, where Parthe did not go, and where we went to honour Sam Nicholson's stewardship. I have had a nice note from Blanch—how very much her hand-writing is improved, since she has been at Miss Martineau's! Do not you think
she writes a very good hand
now? Shore seems perfectly
happy- We shall stay quite
quietly at Embley now, and
most likely quite alone, till
we go to London in the
spring- unless I go to Combe
before, which they may
possibly wish me to do _

We are looking forward
to the time again now,
when we shall be coming
into Derbyshire & shall see
you, dear Grandmama,- till
then, with Mama & Parthe's
best love - & Papa would send
his, if he were not out shooting,
believe me, your affecte. & obliged
grand-child Florence.

{at top of page above salutation}
The Carters send their best love-

8992/32 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [Claydon 113/55]

Henry is 31st. Wrangler, my dear, [1:463]
or according as we call it, reckoning
two equales (bracketed together)
as 1 - 30th. he is delighted -
& every one more than satisfied.
Uncle Nicholson brought the news
home from Guildford on Saty.
night but wd. tell no one till
Henry came in, who was very
much surprised. He has been
so jolly ever since that it has
been nothing but a succession of
What a roll! as every name in
the paper of honours was examined.
An extraordinary number of poor
creatures have been disappointed,
Hope, Goulbrown [], Lonsdale, Bickerdike []
&c&c all booked for 1st class men
in Classical Tripos & all 1st. class
men in College have been plucked,
so that they cannot now enter the
Classical Examnn- Henry is on
uncommonly good terms therefore
with himself for having beaten
a many. but I must say he has

a great deal of pity to spare at
intervals for the pluckt. Mr.
Pannell is among them- & the discom-
fiture of some is to be awful It
seems it was a peculiarly strict
Examn. so much so that there
will hardly be any to go in for high
Classical honors. Our party is quite
broken up Mr. Marshall as they
were playing at cards last night
was called off by an express that
Mrs. Hibbert was dying. & set
off the morng. very early. Mr. Kroff

who had not recovered his gaiety
& the Horners followed. We were
very sorry to part with them.
Carter Giffd. went too & since
that we three girls have been to
church. There is snow upon the
ground again. I hope you are
enjoying yourself with Miss Johnson
to whom commend me_ Mr. Krroff [] gave
me a lesson & a most poetical one
the last day. His declamation is beau-
tiful_ but in the eveng. people played
at cards & we had all his music to
ourselves. Henry is going to Cambridge
now as he can show himself with honor.
His father is delighted. Sunday
8992/33 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen [Claydon 114/]

My dearest 

weather _ Your letter to Wm. is gone. Please tell Mama about the Postles - that Mr & Mrs. Postle, of whom the former, Aunt Anne supposes, is the dead one, Jehoshaphen Postle, live at Thorpe nr. Norwich, with one or two daughters, that there is a son, she believes, a Revd. also near Norwich & another a sailor & this all she can tell. Uncle N. will get her some tea as soon as she sends her commands I am going to dine out with them tonight at the Millers & they are very kindly anxious I shd. stay beyond Monday, At. Anne saying that she wd. send all the same for Miss Johnson, but I think I had better come home, so, doggie, do not you urge it - Uncle N came back last night. & Aunt Hannah & Marie Kingdom came _ He slept at Thas Bank where he found Uncle Sam very poorly _ Aunt Mai & Blanch. At Jane he said & Gerard looked woful But was going to school this morng. We had a most merry
drive to the Morants ball, which
was the best part of it as the
latter was little more than a
Tableau Vivant. The best fun
of the eveng. was sitting behind
Mr Morant of the moustaches
& watching the stoical magnanimity
with which he kept his countenance
& his silence while dancing
with beautiful Miss Taylor
Sam & three horses have been
invited to the Thurlows grand
place & there still remain.

Henry comes back on Saty. from Cambridge The
{illeg} Every one congratulated Aunt
Anne at the ball which made
it agreeable to her, though as
she said "it was not a jolly
ball". The jolly degree however
has in no wise gone off in its
effect on all parties & a letter
from P P P or poor pluckt Pan-
nell revived impressions.
The pluckt [illeg] is a cousin of F. Goulbrown [?]
The Senr. Wrangr. was always
expected to be a Pembroke
man, not a Johnian. but he is
not a high Senr. Wrangr. The Trinitarian

{at top of page above salutation}
are much "sold" this year in classics, you per-
ceive - by all this plucking in Math Tripos,
Henry cd. not do the Equa’n. & "will be very much
disgusted if there is no mistake in it". I am satisfied
there is.
My dear Grandmama

I put off writing to you, till Aunt Mai & Aunt Evans had really fixed their day for coming to us, which depended on the day of Shore's going to school - They are now coming today, & I shall leave this letter open to tell you of their arrival, & that dear Aunt Evans is flourishing. We have some delightful weather again, and quite warm
to-day for their journey
Papa desires me to say, that he has not forgotten that some game may be acceptable to you, but thought it better to wait till later in the winter before he sent it. We have had a very nice little party since we came home, Uncle Sam & Mrs Wm Marshall, a very charming woman & an old friend of the Smiths,

& Mr. Parker Parthe, I think, has been stronger lately this weather suits her. The Carters have succeeded in keeping Ditcham during this next winter, & will not be forced to turn out till the spring. Hilary is going into the North to Miss. H. Martineau's with Aunt Julia, & they will return by Liverpool at Christmas to bring home dear Blanch.

We have enjoyed our quiet
Wellcome Ms 8992

little party exceedingly since
we came home. I hope the
Miss Shores returned pleased
with their Expedition to
Dove Dale, we had a nice
visit from them, though but
a short one. Our dear
party has just arrived from
Southampton, where Mama
got to fetch them, Aunt
Evans, Miss Hall, Uncle Sam
& Aunt Mai, perfectly well,
after a very good journey
by the rail-road. With all
our best loves, believe me,
dear Grandmama, ever your Florence

8992/35 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1841

Dear Mama An outrageously rainy
day, the only one we have had this
week, prevents us from taking my
last ride, I am sorry to say. Last
night we were not home till late
from the Millers where we had
a very strange party. Such queer
folk, to-day Uncle Nicholson
is very poorly. He is very
pressing that I should stay
and makes me write this letter.
Now Miss Johnson is going to stay.
They all declare I am not to go back.
Aunt Anne is very kind about offering to send me any
time and desires me to say this:

Sam is just come back from the Thur-
lows. He raves about the house,
a perfect palace, (Baynards) in
the Tudor style, oak ceilings &
pannelled walls with enormous
arches for fire places, which
burn a ton of coal in the house
in two days. 4 drawing-rooms,
a quadrangle & gateway hall with armour
& a huge wood fire in it. Every
thing regal except the except the spare
bedrooms which are garrets.
Master Thurlow has his boudoir, library
morning room, dressing room &c&c,
Mrs. Thurlow ditto all in slate.
Then there is a kitchen garden for
onions & another for parsnips & one
walled garden for potatoes & so on
a chain
ad infin. & hot house for pines a
hot house for cucumbers &c&c &c
Aunt Anne has just finished
Smythe's American War to us
& I am doing a little Algebra
with Lothy as well as Lolly. He
is not going back to school in a hurry.
Aunt Hannah & Miss Kingdon sit
in their rooms all the morning _ How
comes it that I shall not see Papa
on the rail road? He promised I should

I am so very sorry. Pray thank him
for his letter. I saw Miss Johnson's
maid again yesterday, she remained
much better but I think will be
disappointed not to see her home.
I am sorry that she is not to have
her time at Embley while Papa is there
Pray give my love to her_
there is a dreadfull deal of want
of work here & beggars. We have
had the most beautiful weather and
riding almost every day_ but I do
not know what to do about yr. bills,
Harriet cannot go to day, it is so rainy_
and we must not ride in to Farnham
by ourselves so I have not had on oppor-
tunity except by the post since yr letter
came_

{at top of page above salutation}
Carter Giffd. Jack & Henry are going to
Ireland & Henry later is going abroad
for 6 months after reading the Modern
languages at home for 2 months. He is not
come back yet.
Dear Mama I send all Aunt Anne's directions which I thot. you cd. want, till I came to the list of "Single Men ranged under No 1, No 2 "&c, which I thought decency forbade me to investigate. If I can persuade Helen, to put off her sister's death till next year, as I have sanguine hopes of doing when I get to town you will certainly see me on Saturday. She can have no possible objection at least to put off her mourning for her till another year. I shd. like much to have heard Jervis. but I heard a sermon yesterday which beats any preaching I ever heard in England, even Mr. Blunt's. I wd. not have missed it for the world. an extempore one from Mr. Docker. on Stephen's death & certainly I had no idea of such eloquence. You have left here some of Papa's stockings & the body of your new gown which I suppose must go with me to London. The pair
of mits, I suppose, like a bank-note, was too valuable to be sent, except by a half in each letter. for I have only had one mit yet. Why do you not send me poor J.P's letter? I want to see it so much. Every man & boy of them here is gone, even Henry_ early this morn.

{following three lines written upside down, then crossed out with a single diagonal line:
My dearest We shall be with you on Tuesday about one o'clock.}

We go up early to-morrow That Capt. Elliot is gone is a source of great gratification.

8992/37 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1843

Dear Mum. You cannot think how glad I am I came. Mr. Richardson goes away directly after tea and Helen passes solitary evenings & never sees him but at breakfast and dinner. She keeps up very well when any one is by and received us exactly like her old self last night, when MN & Laura & I arrived, but when she is alone, then her spirits seem to sink so utterly _ She has her Rugby brother with her till the 10th. a very nice boy indeed- but not much to say. I have seen the baby, such a beautiful flourishing
child & Miss Rigby's drawing of Hope, which is quite unearthly in its beauty. We are just come back from our walk at two o'clock! a beautiful day, which has almost cured my sore-throat. We saw Mr. Reeve only for one moment, as he is obliged to be at his office by 12 & can is very busy. Mrs. Reeve not for many more, she seems a ceaseless talker & a common-place old body. Poor Mr. Drummond's death this morning at 11- in great pain, though quite conscious seems to have shocked every body beyond measure. Many thanks for all your letters. I have sent them away again already. The Horners asked me to their ball, but of course I declined, & Mrs. Austin was most kindly anxious to take me home with her to the Dorking ball to-day, but of course I did not go. Helen leads the quietest of all possible lives, all her friends are out of town & she tells me she literally has no soul from week's end to week's end, she never knew what solitude was before - she does not even go to Chester Sq every day, because the
baby is almost always asleep. It is not allowed to come here. She scarcely ever receives morning visiters. Sir J. Easthope came up in the train with us from Waverley & told us about you, tho' he took me for a Nicholson- I do not want to part with the pony at all, unless Papa thinks it is getting too outrageous. I like Helen better & better & Mr. Richardson is so kind but they do seem so absolutely crushed, Mr. Richardson looks most deplorably ill, much worse than Helen, & she says she takes no pleasure in any of her solitary employments. I am glad to see from Parthe's letter that she is composed but I am so glad to have come up, you cannot think.

{at top of page} Helen sends all manner of loves & will write herself presently. I do not see much prospect of our going to shops, as it does not seem at all their line. With regard to Rolandi, Pop, you do not remember that I have no books with me to give him back, for MN has kept L'Hommme [illeg]}
8992/38 initialed letter, 3ff, pen arch: 15 May 1843

Dearest mother You are very good in writing & in writing such peaceful letters. Parthe's letters are my misery & if you cannot stop her, I suppose I must come home, on Monday, tho' I shall have to smother my face under a pillow-case when I tell Helen, & tho' I cannot think it necessary, as you say that you are quite happy to have me here. When Parthe writes such letters, I cannot read them to Helen, & she knows that something is a-foot, & it makes her quite uncomfortable - to think that she may be keeping me agst. your wills. I was so glad to be able to read her yr. letter this morng. as in our sort of tête a tête it makes one very awkward to have secrets. & Parthe knows I never can keep one. At least when I ought to. As it is not much more than 12 hours since I wrote last, I can only give the acct. of our day- Helen & I go out at 11 o'clock, with Mr. Richn. if he can, but to-day he cd. not, what a lovely May day it has been this morng. & my sore-throat has got quite well for a wonder. We breakfast at ½ p 8 for Harry's lessons - Some day we will go to At. Pat's. as soon as we can, but do not
tell her I am here, lest we should not be able. To-day we went to Pope's as it was nice & near, & I send the bill & 2 letters I had forgotten to send also to Hooper's to order the book, & I am in a world of sighs between Mulready 1 qui, which Jack was dis appointed in, & a Bk of British Ballads 1½ qui. illustrated, both which I saw there & like the latter much the best. But poor creature I, how am I to decide? I have bought the American Queen, as we went to Colnaghe's too, not the Opera one, as Colnaglie had it not, & will send them to Whitehall, as the law directs. Jack was here yesterday, he goes on Wed or Thursy. next week. I wish I had had my directions then yesterday, that I might have consulted with him, as I am afraid he had been & bought another queen's print. & I shall not see him again. tho' I have written to conjure him to come & look at the books. If Parthe cd. see me in my new straw bonnet, I shd. not wonder at her wanting to have me - It cost 16/ & Marianne gave me some beautiful flowers for the cap. & you can have no idea how I look. We saw the Nics yesterday, very full of the wedding & a pleasant visit at the Symonds'. I wish Marianne cd. go to the Whitby's ball as I rather fancy Henry is going, she said he was. I believe Lizzy comes up on the 15th. or 16th. Joanna is rather doubtful. whether she comes up at all_ Winterhalter has tried once, since Hopie's death, to
do her from memory, & failed. but
when he comes to London they mean
him to try again.
My dear. At [illeg] has sent your shoes,
with 3 prs down in the bill therefore
there must be a pr. at Whitehall,
which Henry has never sent, though
he said they were there & I reminded him to send them. I shall
be obliged to change them therefore for black,
shall I do so for myself? I do not
know how L'Homme et l'At. will get
up to town from Waverley. though
we want it sadly to change - I suppose
I must subscribe again for another
half year from Jan 10. I shall be able to get
the For. quarterly easily, I dare say

tho'; Mr Reeve; he takes it in, Helen
says & she can ask him for it. I wish
my dear you wd. send me, The 2 Voices,
you can tear it out of my poetry book,
& all my extracts from V. Hugo &
yours too, if you please, to read
to Helen. Mine are in yr. drawer,
Bow-room, right hand window. but
the Two Voices particularly I want
please. as soon as possible. &
Prière pour Tous. V. Hugo
Dear Mama I shall be very curious
to hear what Jervis thinks of the school,
the result of yr. examination. Mr Green
enquired about the boy at Waverley. My love to the
Jervises most kindly. Mr. Richardson
begins to talk about Hopie & is so kind.
Ever yrs FN -
Feb 1 or rather May 1
Dearest mother I have had all the
bank-notes now, & hope to be able to
live on the interest of the £20 till au
tilleg revoir- by dint of great economy
& careful-mindedness_ till we see each
other again. You are very good to leave
me the option about this, so I propounded
the Friday plan to Helen, who said
it was impossible, & as decency forbids
my repeating what she said, I must
leave you to guess, that I cd. not press
it_ They seem quite inclined to Gale's
niece- I send various bills _ I bought
a pr of mock ermine cuffs for myself
at Merington's 5/6, because the real
were all over above 12/6, & ordered a muff
for you at 15/ real of course, because

I hope it will turn out good. I did not
buy a Victoria for the neck, because the
heat is really too delightful. I have not
been so hot since Padua- I think my
constitution must be quite changed, for
I wear shoes like other people, not more
than 3 silk handkfs at once, & we
positively sometimes sit with an open
window at tea. So I wisely conclude
on never being cold again, which con-
clusion is really too smiling. I hope to
see Papa the day after to-morrow_ I
suppose he knows that Lamartine has
entirely changed sides, & gone over to
the Gauche Opposition, in a long & solemn speech
on the Address

which I have read, as we get the Debats
c
sometimes, & very interesting it is, only
just like the man's speech to Mde
Recamier— if unconsciousness is the test
of genius, donc M. de L'e must have
none at all. One of the Gasparins too
has come out, like a flash, with a stu
pendous maiden speech on the Slave-
trade, which wd. delight you—We go to
see At. Patty to-day—Yesterday we
cabbed it to the little Hope, glorious
little soul, but very sensitive & exci-
table, I am afraid, & premature, for it
had such a fit of crying when we first
saw it, & then it cleared up & talked
& laughed, like a sensible person, not a
baby. Tomorrow it is vaccinated & then
it will come here. Helen astonishes me,

[end 7:59]

d
she keeps up such uniform cheerfulness
all day, that she might quite deceive
one, but she almost fainted before she
had to dine at Chester Sq. & she looks
wretchedly, is weary at night, & she makes
such efforts to hide her tears, but then
she pays for it, she says nothing fills
the want to her, & her spirit sinks so
sometimes at night, & then she accuses herself—
so I just take the Testament & read
to her, when we go up-stairs, & am beco-
mimg quite a field parson in it, for I do
feel so uncommonly stupid at consoling, myself,
I never felt quite so much before, with what
a judgment heaven had cursed me,
however when Helen thanks God for having
given her a companion, my poor old
hard heart melts within me, & I thank
him too, & you too, for being here
I am sorry to say that the silk body was such a ship-wreck, that Mde. M. was obliged to get 2 yds. more & make it up almost afresh, for no human mortal means cd. make it come, humanly speaking, halfway down my back, but I did not know she was going to such an expence in such a hurry, for I had told her to wait till I heard from you - I have got the velvet gown & send you the bills, shocking they are, tho' I do not think it at all dear in the whole, no more does Helen, they wear for ever, & he looks so warm, but he has such a sweet-smelling fragrance, that is the worst of him. Helen thinks Mde. M's façons very cheap - & wasn't it a brilliant idea of me to take off the 4/6 - What glorious warm weather! Mrs. W. Greig called here yesterday, I never saw her before, a nice little simple body, but she did not know who I was. We are asked to the Horners on Friday, but Helen does not go any where yet & I am sure she had better not while she makes such exertions - Today she is quite exhausted. She thinks it good for Mr. R to forget it, & that he does forget, while she talks of other things. I like him so very, very much. Dear Pop Just come back from At. Patty's. a prodigious walk & such a beautiful morn came back in a cab. Called at Colnaglie's on our way, the Parris 1q atrocious I thot., the old Ross miniature very shabby-½q., the new Ross not to be out for a few days - told him to enquire if it cd. be had in time. if not _ I think we must have the American one again, 1 g - the only decent one, we thot. for a
present, or the Chalon in robes— but
the Amerin. one much the best. what
say you? we saw nothing decent under
1q— the old Ross I am sure I shall send
back, if it comes. Jack cd. not go to the
Ball because of going abroad, & Henry—
tho' I fancied he was going, I think
was quite right not to lose his [illeg] chance of getting on,
now I hear he didn't but I am sorry about MN_ We have read
Consuelo in For. Quar. think it will do
very well, but it is not concluded –
I have seen the book, (3 Vols out, I think,)
G. Land's usual story of a devoted woman
& unworthy man, but did not dare to get it,
tho' the Review perfectly [illeg]. The
drawing book is gone, my dear to Whiteh
long ago
& all the other things, but Mde. Dante's print
but I will write to Jack to put the
names on the presents. Hooper told me

this morng. that your order, just received,
was doing. I hope you will send me V. Hugo
You need not send The Two Voices now,
thank you, if not done - Aunt Patty looked
exceedingly well, & had been to dine at
the Coapes for Uncle Harry's birth-day yesterday_
[illeg] I send dear Miss J's most
original letter_ send it back, please,
lest I may have to refer to it. MN had
mentioned their coming to Embley to me
before, as anxious for it. Poor Helen is
more down to-day than I have seen
her at all, we [illeg] had too long a
cry last night, but I thot. it did her good
but it re-acts on her all next day. I
suppose it is quite natural, that she
shd. feel a the want more now than she ever
did before, & quite to be expected –
but it is very sad - to hear her say that
now has come the blank & the sinking– &
to see her so exhausted. Goodbye- We are going
to read Nichols:-
Dearest mother Here's Parthe written again about the ball, what shall I do? If I had proposed to-morrow to Helen, I must have put my head in a diving-ball to do it, and when I said something to her about Monday & if Mr. R. had any idea that I shd. stay more than a few days, I could not bear to see her countenance fall. Whenever she comes back from her father's room, invariably I always see her long eyelashes the traitors glued together with tears - & sometimes she looks so like Hopie & she says she tries &
tries to put a particular look
of Hopie's out of her head, as she
used to look at her the last
fortnight, thinking how soon they
would lose her, though she never
said one word about it, to any of
them, -- & the very trying makes her
think of it more, & then she is quite
overcome & it weakens her for all
the next day _ I think she tries
herself a great deal too severely,
she thinks it so wicked to cry &
she has such wonderful courage,
in keeping up all day. Parthe talks
about the week with Helen being
honourably acquitted, as if it was a
debt of goodness to pay. But to return
to Monday, she said at last that
if I would go on Monday & come
back with Papa, on Friday she did not like to
be so selfish as to prevent me - But
I do not want to go the least, but
submit the plan to you as in honour
bound to satisfy Helen and give
Parthe peace, and submit myself
to your dissension decision. If
Mrs. Whitby would ask Marianne
in my place, she would be too
glad to come with Henry, who
is asked. I wish they would
do this. The Nicholsons have
been here this afternoon & the Horners, the former on their way back to Waverley privately informed us that the wedding had been a very squimmy [?] and unprofitable affair. I think it is very hard upon poor Helen that the baby is not domesticated with her. for it does not know her the least. I am in such a confusion that I have not time to read this over again, but I think you will be glad to hear that we were asked to-day to go to the Chinese Exhibition with the Bethune family, Miss B. being in town & that Helen stoutly refused. I will do Mde. Magnin & all that, as soon as I can, but if I go on Monday, I shall not be able, but I trust I shall not__

8992/41 initialed letter, 1f, pen with 1 cent stamp, postmarked

Friday Feb 3. 1843. My dear Pop You send me more bills than news. nevertheless I am grateful for the small notice of the ball you do send, tho' not a word of who you went with I do not know exactly what to do about the bills, as we must always take a cab to walk in the streets! which we are desirous of avoiding, especially as I have already kept Helen away several times from her baby, which she would otherwise visit every day, I believe. Ah! if you were to see me in my cotton velvet, wouldn't you glory in having me always to look at, he smells no more, the late fragrant beast! & he looks as if created on purpose for me, & no one else, & no mistake! & Helen is going to buy one for herself, & to defy you. she bids me say. I must have more than £20 from 'Pa', as 2 of the bills alone come to £10.10 - if I am to pay them, but how to do this, I do not know We are just come back from seeing the bab, 12 o'clock !! & it is just turning out a sleety day! after a bright morng! oh how clever we are! It was asleep, or rather pretending to be, for I am sure it was laughing at us the whole time behind its little hands, & looked so pretty, tho's there an alarming likeness to Mr. Reeve. His admiration of Papa is the best trait I know in him_ I do not know how I shall be able to leave Helen, as her friends grow more busy with the Ho. & Rugby boy goes away. It is finally settled that Miss Hardy & Joanna stay the whole year at Kirklands, for J.'s health, Lizzy comes to town the latter half of Feb. I am very sorry for this for Helen's sake, that they shd. not be all together till Augt.. We have seen no one new
except Henry, who came wondering abt. the shoes, which it seems
were sent last Friday here, directed to you, & MN must have carried
them off, & to inform us that he was going to Waverley, on Saty.,
so that I can get your books back by him. A change in the weather alas!
Cannot you find me my V. Hugos? I cannot conceive what my
letters have been doing, for I always write them A.M. I hope
Papa will not fail to come. I have not heard one word of the
Nics since this day week, except what I tell you of Henry's
say. We were asked to the Horners to-night, but Helen declined
I think MN is dead.
{at bottom of page}
Ld. Brougham has made a flashing speech, that is the whole extent
of my news I wish I had asked you to send up Mr. Bethune's
'Sun' & 'Italian Student' to read to Helen with my V. Hugos. which
I suppose you have sent by Papa- They V. Hugos were in your drawer, Bow-
room. But Helen has a good stout dislike of the Bethune - which
might neutralize their effect. Adieu my dearest- from your
quiet friend FN -
Papa is just come. I have not the least wish for the Ball at Southton, thank
y{cut off: corner folded over}
{along left margin}
Mama is very good to rejoice daily that I
am with Helen & to think I can do her any good,
which is a great comfort to me. I do not know
how I shall be able to go
The new muff, 15/6 is entirely successful &
very odd they shd. be able to make it at that
price.
{in middle of page}
   Mrs. Nightingale
   Embley
   Romsey

8992/42 initialed letter, 3ff, pen arch: 1843

Dearest mother How good you are to
let me go on staying in this way-
your note this morng., as it was totally
unexpected, for I really had so little
idea of your approbation, that I had
not told Helen I was expecting another
leave, so much was it the more delight-
ful- for I opened it with fear and
trembling, especially as there is no news
of an escort for Lizzy yet _ Mr. Richardson
has begun his half-past 5 getting up
again _ & Helen is, if possible, still more
alone- I shall write a line to Miss
Johnson to-day _ I have had a little
note from Papa- I am very sorry to lose
any of Miss J.
Yesterday we went to St. Paul's & heard [7:609-10] a singularly bad sermon. but were agreeably surprised by the magnificent inside, tho' those monuments, they are worse than Pagan, they are hideous - We did not like the service_ I cannot sing in my prayers, any more than say them in French, as they chaunt forth the Litany I believe they have an apparatus for letting in cool air into the church. ( I am sure there was a flue-hole just by us,) in those droughty summer-days. However the dome is certainly worth the seeing & we got no harm, for we rushed off to Chester Sq afterwards, & saw the bab twice- It came to me, & looked like an angel. I am afraid it is very forward, it will not lie down a bit, but sits bolt upright, staring into your eyes, like the supernatural bab in Zanoni. I never saw any thing like its waking looks, when it first opens its eyes in the cradle after its sleep, & says, How came I here? It has changed its nurse within these few days, & is not yet vaccinated, I am sorry to say, so that it may not yet come here. which is a great privation to these people, tho' I do think the baby takes à tache to console Mr. Richardson, who only sees her on Sundays now, by giving him quite a peculiar reception,
as if she knew all his story, and what
a price he has set upon her head. When
she comes to Kirkland, he means to
carry her out in the pocket of his plaid,
with her head out, and he is just like a
mother to her now. Poor little soul! one
cannot think that any harm can happen
to her with such a strong-hold and prop
in heaven, but she is showing signs of
teeth already, and one just lives on from
day to day about enjoying her, without looking forward
to all possible contingencies, tho' Helen some
times thinks "she shd. like to be able to foresee," because there must be something bright coming, and it looks very rather dull at present," We shall go and call on Miss Hallam to-day without doubt, I believe, and Mrs. Strutt, good soul! sends

her carriage for us at night, when Mr.
Richardson is gone down. She is a dear little
soul. Mr. R. has been more than commonly
busy with Lady Northesk's marriage set-
tlements, which rushed off this morn.
by a special express, as the marriage
comes off to-morrow. not but that he
seems to have just as much to do to-day
Lord Minto is gone down to the marriage
I have not seen J.P. except through a telescope but hear he is
gone down to Edge Grove, which I am very
glad of - I think I have collected a won-
derful ruck of news for you, and I
cd. tell you, that Ly Northesk has £2000
a year settled upon her, and how handsome
the provision for her younger children is.
&c &c - We have bought a handsome little
coat for Louisa's baby price 3 guineas & sent it by Marianne's commission & sent it down to Waverley by Henry on Sat. a present, proprio stupendo. We went on Saty. to see the Carrs drawings of Jersey & Guernsey, pencil they are, but really Anna's are quite genial, both in climate & talent, & give one such a Southern idea of the islands. She sent you a very ardent message about her regret at not seeing you, when she was in Derbyshire last June before we came, & I liked Laura very much - I am glad poor old Elsey is at rest. & dear Jervises doing such a world of good I shall be coming to my gratitude again very soon, if I do not leave off, which is just overflowing - & so good-bye, your ever affecte. child FN - or Wurzel, a root, I think you will call me soon - but only till Lizzy comes-

Dearest mother I am going to do something which I fear you will think very unreasonable but indeed when you are here with your mind's eye, I do not think you will. Poor Helen is so desolate she is in such an unnatural position, and state of mind for such a young soul now that business has set in, she does not see Mr. Richardson more than 2 hours out of the 24, Harry must positively go away on Friday - she had such an unnatural impatience for death when I first came up _ & though I do not think I do her much good, for really sometimes when I look at
the loss of the young mother, taken away just when she was so entirely blessed and blessing in all her relations it does strike me as something quite new, & so inconsolable to Helen that I feel I can say nothing to her - yet still I make some noise in the house_ & I read the Solar System to her by way of a raiser to the Spirits & we do German together - & she wd. leave off these things- I have done my very best to persuade her, reading her all your invites, to come to Embley, but cannot so much wonder, when Mr. Richardson's worn face and

his subdued mild manner which is really quite apostolic now, says to her Dear Helen, you are necessary to me, you do me good, if it were not for my daughters I should hang myself - No, I feel she cannot leave him, for the two hours she is so necessary to him _ and I do not wonder now at any degree of veneration which he inspires _ But, dear Mama, can I leave her! it is such desolation of solitude for her to bear on through to the End, and to return to No 1, sorry as I shd. be to lose any of Miss Johnson, yet I feel this is doing my heart good which comes after all before the mind & hope it may make me a little
less cloddy & worldly for life. She will have such a heavy, unbroken solitude for her to stand submissive with her finger on her mouth, in silence before the All-Wise - (it seems it wd. be superhuman to be cheerful then) She is writing to you, I know, and I cannot help pressing, dear Mother, more than perhaps is right, when she tells me that she will lose her eyes with crying when she is alone again, & that so I shall not have done her any good, & she has such wonderful courage & endurance, particularly before her father, that she deserves the little help you can give her - for a long time I did not know what she suffered _ If Harry were going to stay to make my noise [any?]

in the stair-case, I shd. not mind, but she will be quite alone just when she is awakening most to a felling of her want. I can come down with Papa on Friday week, you know he always does come to his time, or with Uncle Nicholson on Wednesday, to come on with MN & Laura to Embley or to be met by Mariette at Farnbro', I wd. pay her fare both ways out of my money with gratitude - as you wd. like, or as Lizzy shd. come up - but they have heard of no opportunity yet to bring her up - & Helen might be still a long time alone - Dear Mama, I may never have such another opportunity as this of doing the office
of love on earth— we shall both be the better of it — & I shall not miss much of Miss J_ as she says in her letter to me, that she means to pay us a good long visit _ I know that is what you will think of more than your own small party, now_ but Helen is so good, that she thinks of that too a great deal. & I had reckoned much on this time at home. But I dreamt last night (& I was so glad,) that you had written to me to tell me I might stop, without my asking you Let my dream come true — We went yesterday to Temple Church, & our [3:497] Sunday walk with Mr Richardson too in the afternoon & saw the bab, who is to be vaccinated to-day. My cold is quite well. I send you all the bills which good Harry boy did for me. We did your job at Stocken's to-day, out before 10 o'clock Mr. Madge is going to be married, his poor daughter is at Madeira_ I think you will make my dream come true— it was such a relief to me when I dreamt it! another week— one more week — you cannot think how Providence wishes, I am sure, to give Mr Richardson, my help which he might have in Helen's increased cheerfulness — he must be a loved of Heaven for he is so like St. John — Goodbye,
Wellcome Ms 8992

h
dear Mama, forgive me if I am not doing right - I will take all the responsibility to Miss J- I wish you cd. see poor Helen - When Wedy. morng. comes, but I think it will come right, for you wrote to Helen that it was a pleasure to you to think of me here, which was very good of you, & we have been so quiet & happy in that sort of way. Ever yr child FN -
Monday 6.

8992/44 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1843

How jolly your letter of this morning has made me, dearest mother- because it shows that the idea of my staying is not entirely foreign & uncongenial to your mind - Should Miss J. agree, as I hope & trust she will, then it is all settled, but should she not, though it will not come so right, still I trust you will give me furlough I have pressed the Embley plan again upon Helen this morng., but I see it is of no use, & I am afraid she is right - I do not think Mr. Richardson could live without her, even for a week - With failing eyes, which makes him put off from day to day the necessary getting up at ½ p 5 in the morng. which is quite unavoidable his day's work from Feby. to Augt. & the responsibility of providing for 6 children, which now (with his broken spirits) comes so heavy upon him, at 63, & his longing for the country, how could he get on without the two hours solace of Helen's smiles? He enjoys the Sunday like a factory child, & yet he has work to do even on that day. he said last Sunday he seemed to feel Hope's loss more than ever. That is the only day we walk with him now- We went out to see our bab to-day before 10, a drop of snow always falls upon the
end of my nose just as we re-enter
the grill of Fluder St, & then it snows
& sleets all the afternoon, Providence
holding it up just while we are out
in the morn. & no more - Wise as ser-
pents & prudent as doves we are -
& the bab waked up this morn. to
welcome us with the most gracious
smiles, & came to us for ever so long,
lying intelligent & placid, with the
inquiring depths of her dark blue eyes,
and the expression of the Infant in
the Dresden Raphael. She is so much
improved the last few days, and cries
no more when she sees us. She was
vaccinated yesterday. We do not see

Mrs. Reeve, who is ill. I begin to
have hope for Helen in this child & to
see what a source of interest will open
to her in it, which will gradually fill
up even the want in her heart. What horrid
weather for poor Papa! what do you
hear of him? how unlucky he is - E. wind
to-day, but really it is never cold in London,
these shrubberies keep the wind off so,
& snow does not lie at all. The
Camellias still look as fresh as possible,

Pop,
A thousand thanks for the hopes given
me this morn _ Helen says this morn. "it is such
a pleasure to me to feel the desire
to do things coming back"- & I see
that she is becoming a little more like
her natural self - than she was a fortnight

Ever & ever yrs FN_ ago.

Tuesday
Dear Pop
Helen is so delighted with V. Hugo. We have got the Feuilles d'Automne too. I cannot believe that all this will break up the day after to-morrow, & she be left alone. On the contrary this morn I feel quite jolly & she too about her returning spirits. She says "I shall not write my letter of rejoicing to Parthe till to-morrow to see what Mrs. N. says. She sends you "her extra extra love"

Dear Mama Your note of this morn was just a delight & we are duly grateful for it. As I know Helen has written, I have no doubt enough & too much has been said, so I proceed At once to Miss J's letter which is rather a bother. (Miss Martin brought it here this morn.) Poor little woman! I am afraid she is rather in a fidget, & as my plan was so comfortably settled, & Helen so cheerful, I have made bold to write to her to beg her if she cannot wait till Wedy. next, to fix her own day with you, & leave me to my own devices, as I am nobly provided for by
you. I hope this will do & quiet
her troubles, but it was an awkward
letter to write, & your letter had
put me into such a state of comfort,
that I did not know what to say to
her. Helen regains her elasticity so
slowly, that I am truly thankful
to you & all for the opportunity
of distracting her a little for
another week.
I send all the bills! how wonder-
fully I have done them! - Send
the others _ but I am afraid I
must have another £5 _ I think
I can do with that _ but I shall
have to give something to the servants
you know. Pray send back Miss
J's letter I hope you will write to her,
as I cd. not send her your letter to me.
& she does not know the rights & wrongs of the case
I have begged her to write to you -
about her day - With true thanks
ever yrs overflowing FN -
Dear Pop. Rolandi has brought
some of your books. In great haste FN.
On second thoughts, as Uncle Nic's
& Miss J's time wd. not all agree,
I think she had better leave me
entirely, but you will write to
her & me & say what had better
be done, - with her: for I, mind,
am much too far up in the empyreans
for any propositions of change to
reach me now, by the Penny Post
or any human means. I am out
of reach, mind - in great haste.
Dearest Pop The letters are unaccountable in their delay, & the
Nics too have not received an
inestimable pair of gloves, which
I sent. How little you know
the Real Good, when you talk
in that manner of the rotten [illeg]. I am universally admired,
I am. Lizzy's day is still alas!
quite uncertain, as she depends
upon an escort & none yet
appears. Henry goes this morning.
It is very touching to hear poor
Helen comparing her present
condition, with what she was
when she first came up. She says
she wonders now that she lived
thro' it, but that she used to
persuade herself that she felt
so ill that she must be going
to die, & that nobody wd. be
the worse for it, but now
she confesses to thinking that the
hubbub wd. be worse in the house,
if she were gone. But even
yet she reproaches herself with
feeling sometimes, I cannot and
will not bear it a moment longer,
& with thinking [illeg] it impossible to live 70 years. Do not
you betray her, for it was very
long before I found out her
desolation. I send Miss J's
propitiated note, but I am
very sorry she was put off,
as she says it will shorten her
visit, & I am sorry too to go in the morning_
not afternoon. We dine to-day at Dr. Lushington's, no one but us & Laura Carr. They insisted upon my going, else I had much rather have staid at home. But they have refused all other invitations whatsoever & could not this. We have been twice asked to the Spottiswoodes. I like their manner. [illeg] one I have seen J.P. only in the blue, I may say, orange distance, which I was particularly sorry for, that he did not see us. [not seen the John Russells

{at top of page above salutation}
I have not found the V. Hugo (you mention) in your letter -

My dearest   Yesterday we had rather a busy day - after our usual early 10 o'clock to see the glorious bab, came Mrs. Strutt & Miss Otter, most affectionate & she looking so pretty. She has just weaned her bab_ She asked me to dinner to-day, but I thought it better not to go- Then came Lady J_ Russell, a quiet gentle soul, with low-spirited manners, & most beautiful eyes, a little bundle of a thing, delicate-looking, a good deal more overcome than I thought at all necessary or kind, & altogether not extremely prepossessing - in my eyes - She staid a very little while however, said she was very glad to have the Xtening over, which was on Monday, with D. of Sussex as godfather, in church, talked of the children & pushed off- It really seemed as if she was the one to be sympathised
with, & Helen the brave one. She was as composed & unmoved as possible.

Then we had to pack off poor Harry to Rugby, greatly to our sorrow- the house seems so dull without him-

& to-day, my dear, I am so intensely glad that Helen is not left alone, for Mr. R., after we had breakfasted at 8 o'clock, posted off Heaven knows where to some business for all-day, & only think of Helen in this dull house & outer solitude all day alone - I am so thankful to Mama for having left me here, for it really is a trial which the good God could not have meant to put human nerves to, of 22, quite independently of mind, this solitude in winter in London. After seeing Harry off, we sat with our hindlegs in our eyes a little bit, & then went to dine at Dr. Lushington's. Laura Carr, the two brother Lushingtons & ourselves. I thought them a little pedantic & maniérés & it very dull, but believe I have no business to do so, having always had the greatest respect for Dr. L. inculcated into me, & having all manner of Cassava roots, & uneatable slave-things to eat, sent him as love-tokens by the slaves, & Laura Carr was very empressée & we are to call on her to-day to see her drawings- but we have better company at home in Mr. Richardn. than we can ever get in general abroad, & his manners make fastidious people more so. & thought we were therefore better off at home.

Poor Helen was a good deal overcome at night, as usual after any excitement. Now that she has no Hopie to tell, every thing, she says does seem so uninteresting.
She wished the Last Day wd. come, that we might all go together, without leaving any one behind to mourn one, or any duty behind to do. She said she does feel so very exposed now to blows & cuffs of fortune, because it is such a trouble to Mr. Rn. to have to make up his mind, & Hopie used to watch over her so - I will tell you the rest when we can do it viva voce.

It is rather too sad for a letter. We do not hear any thing of Lizzy's coming up yet, alas! The open letters are the oddest thing. I have paid the Horners 2/1 & am afraid I shall not be likely to see them again to deliver your messages. I shd. have liked to have sen JP. very much, if he is to be at the Strutts to-night- On Monday we are to go there, after Mr. R. is gone to his work, At 8, just to tea with Mrs. St. & Miss Otter. Best love to Aunt Maria & thank her for amusing your good bab.

My dearest I write you to bespeak your interception, which I know you will give, without my asking it, tho' I do not deserve it, because you never think of your own solitude. Helen is sitting opposite to me to make me say that she dares not look you in the face.
it is not to leave her alone
now- I shd. be missing the only
opportunity. I ever had of doing real
good. I have read Hernani,
so good, I shall bring it you
when I come, or try to get it.
My dear, I cry, unto you, do this
thing for me for no one else can do it - you will have me all
your life, for I shall never die
& never marry. I cannot come
either, for because my washing at Hampstead.

{at top of page above salutation}
does not come down up till Friday, I have
just discovered, & Stocken's cards cannot
either. Is not this the interference of Providence

{on inside flap of an envelope}
Pray excuse
this note, my dear
even if you do not grant
it. I am alarmed at its
temperity & shd. not have been so daring
if it had not, been that I find Helen very low
{illeg} to-day, because she
says of a little cry we had last night.
Helen sends her very, very best, [illeg] eternal love
{cut off. had a bit?}
My dearest I owe you a mine of gratitude for the totally surprising result of your efforts. I really am profoundly glad of it, as I dread Helen's relapsing into her sort of hopeless way, "winter, spring, summer, autumn & then winter comes again, it looks very dull & such an immense time to be without her." I hope Lizzy will come up in a week. What a glorious day to-day. but when I thought of going the day after tomorrow, & of our already diminished party at breakfast, from that dear little black dog's absence, my heart sunk within me. She is very brave though & looks over all her reminiscences of Hopie's engagement & Hopie last year in a way which I am certain most very few people could not do. They seem to have been as happy as human beings cd. be last year, no trouble seemed to touch them. I think the All Wise himself must have had one regret at putting an end to such good happiness. My dear, I am just as thankful as possible to be left to make a little row [?] here, & can hardly

Pop {in middle of page}

{at bottom quarter of page} believe in the great surprise boon of staying over Wedy. & with this I must conclude yrs ever FN _ What can you mean by thinking the Ho. dull, my dear! I am sure all the Ellenborough affair must be charming- if one cd. but hear about
I am very sorry to hear my dearest, of your misfortune - I hope you are obstinate to the cotton. You do not say how it happened - I have heard from MN, there seems small chance of her, & from Papa, who goes down to Winchester on Thursday, I have no reason for staying so long, if there is any other way of getting back, as Lizzy comes this week, therefore you must direct. Uncle Sam goes to Blake Hall on Saty. but wd. take me to Waverley, if I were very anxious. shall I come Wedy. with Uncle Nic, or Thursy. with Papa. it must depend upon what is most convenient to you - abt. meeting. I have just accepted Mrs. Strutt's second invitation, dear little soul! to dinner, as by your tone Mama seemed agreeable, & Helen now wd. have Lizzy - But I cd. put this off. It was only my dear little self was asked. These people do not want me to go away, I know, so it is not that, but I am anxious to be at home now as soon as "circumstances permit." Best love & thanks to Aunt Maria
Do not shed tears upon my collars.
I have a scrub with me, quite or'nary. I have your blue velvet hd kf, I am sorry to say. I will enquire abt. 2 Old Men & also Nichol's Solar System, as I have just finished it to Helen, & am dying to get a copy of our own to read again with you. It is very unlearned, almost too much [se] un-matter of fact. What weather you must have! We never stirred out yesterday, perhaps it was from heat tho'. We managed to rush to the bab this morng., which is almost well. Skating on the [illeg] evidently

{at top of page}
Bab had had a cold. JP going to dine at the Strutts. Ever yrs FN_

8992/51 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843

My dearest This is for your private ear. I know it is so unreasonable, after Mama has been so good as to leave me so long, but Mr R. wants me to stay at least till Saty. partly for Helen's sake, partly to see Mr. David Dundas & Dr. Lushington, who dine here on Friday, so that if you thought it the least possible for Papa to be coming soon, or for cd. hear of Uncle Sam or any convoy to take me to Waverley on Saty.- (Henry, I know, is going, but that I suppose wd. not do). as MN writes to me to-day that there is no chance of their coming with us on Wedy. so they cd. take me on - - - if, I say, you hear of any openg. & think it possible,
remember me. but mind, I
am so penetrated with gratitude
for having staid so long, that
I am frightened at my im-
moderation, much more than you
can be, & I do not want to go
to Waverley, & I have not the
least desire for this dinner,
it is only because I dread so? [illeg]
On Wed, leaving Helen alone before Lizzy comes. & Mr.
R. wishes it & I do too so much, only I dare [illeg]
Mr. Rn. has made enquiries
about the letters, & is quite
certain, that the fault is in
the Country Post O, as his own letters
are never too late, & writing "open"
is quite out of the case in the
General Post-Office. He is quite
convinced that the delay was
not there- I am so glad about
the Jervises. I am quite a
different creature on Helen's pres-
cription of a ½ a glass Pt Wine, a day, &
have no more sore throats. Ask, please
what I am to give the servts. here,
when I go away. Mary Barrow, who
has done every thing for me, a house-
maid, whom I don't like, & Wm,
who goes out with us, & with regard
to the going away, do you manage

{in top margin}
that cleverly
for me, my
dear, with
all your
usual wiliness,
& save my
character
if possible, my
dear, if it can
be done with
my staying.
I am just
as jolly as
possible.
Ever yrs
my dear FN
My dearest This morn appeared
Lizzy at 5 o'clock in a snow-storm to our sleepy eyes, most unexpectedly, as she did not come yesterday, & a most welcome appearance to poor Helen -
I have heard from MN that they can go on Tuesday or Thursday to Embley, & will write to her, unless you alter it, to join Papa

& me then on Thursday, as there seems small use in my going down with Uncle Nic on Wedny. to Farnbro', as there will be no regular conveyance to Waverley, as you will see by her note.
& they cannot come on to Embley that day - I have heard from Miss Martineau, who thanks you much about Genl. Vincent, but I will send her letter

Messrs. Dundas, Rutherford & Dr. Lushington dined here yesterday. I liked them all, but particularly the king of Israel. They went to the Ho. however almost directly after dinner. Lizzy does not seem the worse for her snowy journey, but to-day wind & snow are enough to daunt

a Titan travelling. Au revoir
We cd. not go & lunch with Mrs. Strutt, as she asked us So we have not seen her again. Mr. Richardson has made me such a beautiful present of a Campbell. I was so ashamed, but really my feelings for him are so reverential, they are quite overpowering. FN.
Dear mother I return your letters with many thanks. Mrs. West's has set my heart at rest very much & I hope you do not think I have done wrong. I really cannot, now I am here, & hear poor Helen say the days are too short for her now & that she used to think she never shd. get thro' the day. I wonder whether I shd. write to Grd.mama, I have, to Aunt Evans - I will do your commissions as soon as I can, but we never walk in the streets. May I buy myself a pair of fur cuffs, when we do go to Merington's, if we do _ & how much shd. they be? I have not written to Mde. Magnin yet, as I have not money enough to pay her bill _ I have written to a straw-shop to send me a choice of bonnets. I forgot to tell you yesterday that Capt. Joseph Denman is going to marry Miss Watts Russell. The baby is such a glorious creature, but so forward & so shy. We went there again to-day at ½p- 11 o'clock, went into the little room down stairs sent for the baby & came away again, & were in by ¼ p 1. & that's the way Helen does her visits to Chester Sq. when her father cannot walk with her. She refuses all evening invitations, Mr. Reeve does go out, so we do not see much of him. The baby does not come here till after it shall have been vaccinated, so poor Helen sees very little of it. We have not seen the Nicholsons again yet - nor heard any thing of the wedding - I did not write to Mrs. Atherley about the pony, not knowing what to do, but I do not want to part with it, if Papa
thinks I can keep it. I hope poor John Parker will not be obliged to give up his seat. Goodbye dear mother, you cannot think how much obliged to you I am for letting me come here, except that Helen thinks a great deal too highly of me—& I cannot bear to think how Hopie sees now how much she was mistaken in her idea of me— I think Miss Rigby's drawing of Hopie more super naturally beautifully every time I see it, & yet not a bit flattered, but just her look—Winterhalter is going to do one of her from recollection, & they are going to have Miss Rigby's engraved_ Mariette has left me one light new glove & not

{in top margin}
the fellow—
if Parthe cd. send me that & a pr of dark gloves if they only cost 1d. I shd. be glad but if not, not. I must have off for I am doing Dr. Carlos with Helen. In great haste yrs ever FN.
Yesterday morn. we went to the Temple Church, most worth seeing of any ch. in London, a most admirably severe sermon from Mr. Benson, capital man, but immensely long. P.M. walk with Mr. Richardson in the Park. Arnold's Posthumous sermon in the eveng. Harry I think is a very nice boy indeed, I like him better & better What lovely weather! These mornings are delightful, no fog, such a sun - I am afraid MN feels the dulness after the marriage - tho' I have heard nothing of her since Friday. & that is the explanation of her note. I am sorry abt. the shoes, very, but have not seen Henry since to abuse him. However shoes will keep luckily. Dear Mama Helen sends such messages to you that I really cannot write them, whereupon she threatened to write them herself- but I thot. I wd. save your modesty, she being so full of your goodness that it wd. make it suffer. I have written to Miss Johnson, as you desired.

Many thanks, dear Mama for your prescription - but I have never had the least threatening of sore throats since I have been here - (except one day, that I went into Miss Nicholson's room,) - & all my cough did not bring it on - so I shall keep the remedy for a more convenient season - tho' indeed I think I must have quite out lived my throat. Miss Johnson takes Mrs. Hanford's death beautifully - & what a
wondrous change to that poor woman after 5 & 30 years of suffering—Burst are the prison bars indeed to her. Miss J. thinks that he will feel remorse now._

I am very anxious to get home, the spring may be late like last year, & I do not think it is any use waiting for that. If I am to wait for this pain to go off, which is the same thing as waiting for ye hot weather, which is the only thing will cure me, it may be 5 or 6 weeks first. & it's no more use talking to an E wind at this time of the year, you know, than to a shell-fish to move—

I am afraid Miss Johnson will not think of coming to us this year—she is very interesting—tho' much aged—but her feelings are as young as ever— I hope Miss Nicholson will not shuffle off, tho' she seems much inclined to'[i]t—I think she is quite perfect—absence of imagination to her is a blessing & when she carries one with the truth of her piety—thât of her doc—trines? what {illeg} seeks it?

I do not believe there is any truth in them but one, (any more than light is of one colour more than another) namely that the idea & love of perfect goodness must be roused in us in some way or other—& that Jesus Christ as he says himself is the Way_

I shall begin to think that you are too glad of your freedoms, & do not wish us to come home at all. if we do not come now. How the world flees & the new continually becomes old. after this novel reflection you will expect some other discovery entirely unknown to you. but there is nothing but this. how quick time becomes eternity__

{at top of page above salutation}
My beautiful hand is rather injured by a narrow escape of the cut of the Locked Saw _ Best love to Gale _ Ever yrs FN —
Friday -

My dearest I have not much to
tell you except on the Physiology of
Rail-roads & clocks - Marianne
was left at Thames Bank till
Saturday, as she was very anxious to
stay - And I have not spoken
to Henry, as I only saw him in
the drawing-room at Thas Bk. in
the distance - The party here is
At Hannah, At Patty in bed, Aunt Ju
in a state of excitement, Fan, exactly
the same as ever - Sam, Mr. [illeg],
Uncle Nich - Henry is working
hard in London & does not come
down except on Sundays- I
thought him looking very ill.
William is well & jolly to an extent
I never saw him - enjoyed every
thing- & what this journey & the
news of his reprieve seems quite
a different creature - Laura
left her little drawing - book in
the nursery- will you bring it?
Wm has some really nice draw-
ings- he was very industrious-
We came up to London with two
horrid Newmarket swearing men-
I never heard such - At Anne
would not let us speak a word,
for fear they should speak to us.
We did not get to Thas Bank
till nine o'clock, & found Aunt
Jane looking ill with bad tooth-
ache- Uncle Nicholson, Wm
& Henry came there to meet us
Next morning in the rain we did
some shopping. i.e. Aunt Anne did,
Aunt Jane having previously spent
much breath in persuading us
to stop to go to Israel in Egypt
but I thought as I was coming
South "for my health," Mama would
not like it. I have had no
tooth-ache since I came, tho'
a very bad cold - We got here
very late, in a storm of rain,
but as Marianne was not with
us, we were tight & hermetically
sealed under the German Shutter,
& were then collected-condensed on cold
plates in drops, & carried up-
stairs on a tray - Marianne & I
had a cab from Euston Sq. - to

Thas Bk too. Wm will most likely go
to Sandhurst in Jany. Fan is the
merriest grig I ever see - We
have had torrents of rain un-
ceasing. but Wm is going over
to Sandhurst this afternoon to make
arrangements _ A capital journey
they seem to have had, but Henry
was not well at all. Write
to me where you will be in
London, that I may write there._
You see I have hardly anything
to tell you now - as we had
such a very short eveng. last night.
This morng. Ju & I have had an
immense talk she is positively
raving=German=mad. & more
excited than I ever saw her- but I
had not the least heart for a
tow-wow & let it be_ & went
into no speculations, tell Mama
for indeed I am
tired of them- & Ju rails at us all with
out eliciting a response from me. She is enough
to set a whole family by the ears.

8992/57 unsigned letter, 1 f, pen arch: Sept 1844 [1:116]

Dearest mother If they press you
to stay another day, I hope you
will, as Gale is certainly better
to-day, has eaten well & is
very cheerful - Mr. Poyser has
seen her & thinks her better
& says she may last some
time - I send the letters, in
case you may stay as I hope
you will. Give my best love
to Louisa McKenzie, & remember
me to all the people there. Gale
& I spent a very agreeable after
noon together yesterday.
ever dear Mum yr affecte. child.
I thought you wd. like to know Mr Poyser's
Wednesday report

8992/58 unsigned letter, 1f, pen 2 one-penny stamps, cancelled on envelope,
postmarked 10 Nov 1844 arch: 9 Nov 1844?

I can not say
all that we would about
dear Beatrice & Aunt Mai -
Oh that they would but come here - for
words do but take the dust off the butterfly's
wings - but if they could but come,
we might, I think cheer At
Mai_ & what a nice
winter's occupation
the doing for
the child
wd. be

Mrs. Nightingale
S. Smith's Esq
Combe Hurst
Kingston upon Thames
Dolce madre Every thing here is performing its appointed seasons, black tea & new moon inclusive, as usual, (to its own satisfaction & that of others) excepting poor Mrs. Rose. who is greatly discouraged by the obstinate irregularity of the children, both in attendance & as monitors in forming a class out of school hours & their lateness in the morning. She conceived herself however much cheered by the light of my countenance - & expects great things from an oratorical display out of the desk, which you are to make on your return - You know I am not great in the desk_ but I could take each individgle child & beat him about the head & ears, if you liked it. I promised her to devote the first Thursday in every month to discussing Virtue as a problem with the children, (inwardly hoping that its solution would not be a vice -) & pledged myself to bring it to a re-decutio ad absurdum. I doggedly denied the books till you came back. Gale is in a great agitation for an
answer about Rebecca _
I am afraid you felt a pike
in your heart on Sunday mor-
ing at ten, & again yester-
day at 4. It was me, groping
in your entrails,- I mean, your
Commode_ I was obliged to
do it at twice, as it is only
the oldest divers can hold
their breath longer than two
minutes _ but now I have
taken out all the drawers
& locked them up in the
Cellar, not thinking them safe
enough in their own Commode,

& have applied for a Patent
by which a cupboard locks
up its own key in itself. {illeg}
till which Patent comes out
I keep the key in my own
inside - Thanks for
your invitation to William_
pray do not mention its purpose
even to Aunt Mai, as his
father particularly mentioned
to me not to speak of it &
warned me, that if it would
make his stay at Sandhurst
impossible, if people were to
laugh at him about it - & there
is no one less indulgent than
Dear mother mine I am most thankful to hear that you have saved your tooth — Papa says, do not come, if you want to do any thing more by staying— Gale, I am afraid, is not better — The Empsons are making the Vicarage garden quite pretty, & a strong resemblance between the lower Chatsworth garden & their new walks struck me directly I went in to it to-day. I think you will like her very much. Rebecca has not yet made her appearance— Mrs. Emma Porter has I am sorry to say been prevented from clearing out, by the appearance of a youthful hope yesterday morning — so there she is for some time, & I hear the same account of her mischief-making (from other quarters) among the school-girls— What a stupid woman she must be— I am very sorry for poor Aunt Mai's uncertainties, which are worst of all. She will grieve over Mrs. Bagshawe's death for Grandmama's sake. I have written to her. We
got into the Drawing-Room to-day
Give my love to Aunt Ju & tell her I will write about her
Deutsche Frau, soon, I hope but I do not mean to-day & am very sorry not to have done it before, but do not mean to reform just yet - It has not gone through the second Reading yet - Parthe desires me to say, that she has desired Clarke to send a parcel to Whitehall of books for you to bring, please - I do not think we want any children from Mr. Giffard. To-day
we have been wrapped in a thick fog & Papa has not been quite so well. I suppose you will not go to London again - Ever your loving {strange symbol for her name}
[2]
a syllable, when I had so much to say, into the
enclosure yesterday - but as William's appetite for
improvement is insatiable, & his agitation at the
approach of Sandhurst visible but too well, I have
very little time after the flagellation of a few children
& a visit or two, except when he is after the wily
partridge. He is a good boy, always at work &
gives no trouble. I hope you are a perfect tomb
about his object here, as Uncle Nicholson says it would
make it impossible for him to go to Sandhurst if
it were talked about. you know the ungenerous
feeling, the want of sympathy which there is among
boys. Men are inconsiderate enough about feelings
& how is it likely that ignorant boys should behave
even civilly to another. Besides, I should not like
to be laughed at about it myself at all by Uncle Sam,
& co. for my setting up as a professor - for you do
not know the little help I can give him. I am
always afraid of not seeing what he is thinking
about, of not catching the difficulty as it arises
in his mind & taking his view of the case, but of
suggesting perhaps on the contrary to him difficulties
which did not occur to him - of explaining too
much in short, & giving him my idea, instead of
making his idea his own. You know what Mr.
Kroff says, "What we know is not our. what we
feel, dat is our." And he is such a meek boy, as you know, that he does not help me with suggesting his questions — How true it is that the meek shall inherit the earth, even in this life. How they live in so many lives, & enter into so many feelings & draw down so many sympathies, that, though they may not have a strong & striking character of their own, yet perhaps their existence is richer even than those that have. & they "gagnent bien" by laying down their own individuality, for they multiply themselves in a thousand others — But I find it more difficult perhaps to give a plain Theory of the first steps, than if one were teaching what one had just been learning oneself
Have you seen Miss Martineau's paper in the Athenaeum on her case? We must send it — & curiously enough (all — this morning) arrived from Dr. Beddome a letter of Mrs. Wyngard's, entering fully into particulars, & saying Miss M. authorized her to spread them — & from Georgina Tollet, the enclosed which you see is to be a strict secret — Pray return it for me to answer.
Gale sends you her love & duty & wishes me to say that we ought to begin having the minced-meat made, & how much do you wish to have made? & shall we not want another tongue? we have two tongues & a pig killed — & that she thinks things in general {blot} going on very well. She, I am afraid, does not {blot} feel better, tho' always cheerful — ever your loving child.
Dear Mama I am very sorry for your ailments but very glad for poor Aunt Mai's sake that you are going to stay. Never mind about the Wedgwood parcel. We go on swimmingly. I do the [illeg] to-morrow. Rebecca does not wish to come again without wages, & as she has been really looking for a place, & as I see Gale is sighing to have her, I am afraid morality must be sacrificed to Gale's comfort, tho' of course I preserved a sublime silence till I heard from you. but I promised poor Gale I would write. There is nothing new about her. Groce-
ries are acceptable - as we were much out. Gale desires me to tell you she is better! It is unpardonable to plague you with commissions, so I shall wait till perhaps my own Dental Family may take me up to town - only if you were to pass Gotho's (?) or Wilks's woolshop in Regent St. & were to see at the window a pattern (in style like my slippers) for a square rug about a foot square, Aunt Anne asked me to make her such an one, & I should like to do the thing handsome, & not with the old sort of patterns - & I cannot trust anyone else's taste. But I feel how unreasonable this is & so only ask it in case you stay much longer._ I have kept your key fastened to the chain of a large dog, who keeps it with three heads night & day. Mr Empson at church to-day decidedly instructive. Parthe, I presume has laid poor William's case before you. I, in my grand stern magnificence, would tell you candidly if I did not know that there were no objections to it, other than what your own comfort may be- Ever your faithful child {strange symbol for her name?}
Mrs. Eyre has come back from Brighton with a fourth. We went to Romsey Church this morng. & heard a horrid sermon- preached with the vanity of preaching elegantly against the vanities of this world - & always apologizing for the twentieth time for the small preparation allowed him by the sudden indisposition of his much esteemed Vicar, for his few & evil & inefficient words - as if he was preaching for himself & not for us. Mary Humby, I am sorry to say, has no place - & I have given leave for Caroline's return to school, as they declare there is no danger, Mrs. Empson inclusive. now of infection. I was very glad to hear of Mr. Price- he sounds very promising, I think; but one is so tired of thinking people very promising. The parish is remarkably well in its body, but I am afraid the Empsons are much shocked with its mind. You know Mrs. Tanner has the washing again. I have sent my pair of old stays in the parcel for Parthe's stay-maker
to make a pair exactly the
same as the pattern, but with better stuff,
if better is to be had - & the warmest of which stays
are made. Could you manage
it for me anyhow? as I do not like
to think of those stays lying
about Whitehall, till the woman
calls for them - but if it must
be done, it must. Pia madre,
goodnight, ever your affecte.
child FN.
Best love to poor Aunt Mai,
if she has time to think of us -

{upside down - part of another letter that was begun and discarded?}
Thanks, my dear Mrs. Arkwright,
& thanks a thousand that in
the midst of your activities,
pleasant & unpleasant, of a
wedding, a little time should
have remained to you to think
of us. We shall never forget
so kind a thought.

8992/64 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Nov 1844, from Embley, FN copied

I need not tell you, dear mother
what a shock it was hearing
this morn. of Blanch's illness,
poor Blanch, & Aunt Mai's
increased troubles. We think
it the luckiest of events that
could have happened to her
that you are there, & only
hope that you will return
when she goes, if she goes,
& bring Beatrice to us -
The rubbing would suit me
& Parthe could do the drawing.
Poor Blanch! it is indeed
a grievous thing for her
mother. & De Fellenberg's
illness at the same time, it
seems as if both mothers
were condemned to anxiety.
& crosses in knowing what
to do with their children, the
everlasting lot of those two much tried
hearts. I suppose the Oc
boys would come home directly
if De F. dies, & if they are to be fetched,
it would provide Aunt Mai
with an event without giving
her the pain of taking any

body only for herself. We
shall of course live on the
post till you can give us
further news. How lucky
you are there. Aunt Joanna
seems to be much weaker
than she was, & as she has
only been in the garden once,
there seems small chance of
her joining you, which perhaps
is a relief to Aunt Mai,
hospitable as she is. Entre
nous entirely, do not leave

Aunt Julia & Beatrice to-
gether at Combe - after
Aunt Mai is gone, if she
goes. Perhaps Aunt Ju
does not shew the full ex-
tent of her nervousness to
you, as she did to me at
Waverley - & this, without
her & me ever having the
shadow of a difference all
that time- I was very
sorry not to put in even
{illeg..................
}
Dear Mama We hope to see you on Monday. I have done my duty by Mrs. Empson, whom I like very much. very cordial & lady-like & as to her luncheon - what a manager- I wish I ever saw such a luncheon at home - neat but not gaudy, elegant but not expensive. They have made the place look very pretty & to see people so happy in this miserable world is really interesting. We were philosophical, rhapsodical & a most eloquent trio on the physiology of blue carpets, [illeg] [illeg], & bad characters. (in Wellow Wood) & swore eternal friendship over their muddy drinking-water. Mrs. Hogg

I think is much worse since I saw her last. Gale very cheerful, though you must not expect any improvement. I am so glad we have got her home, that I do not seem to care for anything else. I was so afraid that once let her go, & we should never catch her again. Now I cannot fancy that she can ever move more- or change again. What a peaceful sound that is - & what a welcome one _ if we could but say it every one of us each to himself. that we are not to change _ no more o never more - Mrs. Rose is "well & happy" or as the court circular would say, in excellent health & spirits No sickness in the parish. FN
I have had a most loving & interesting letter from Mrs. Bracebridge- Addio, pia madre _ I think your husband decidedly better & more UP - whether Harrogate = gratiâ or not, the deponent is not competent to judge.

Uncle Sam._
You have the reluctant permission, but the undivided approbation of the Council of Three here sitting, to stop till next week. Parthe shines in macaroni, & I in the sun's absence, play moon at house-keeping & school-keeping with much more brilliancy - I hope to goodness you will save your tooth. & with best love to dear bab & her mama, am dear mother yours longingly    FN Wednesday
Friday.
Dear Mama It is a great disappointment not to see you here - and quite unthought-of. It never came into my head that you would not come - However I dare say you are the good Samaritan there. & very sorry I am to hear that little b requires it. William remains at home till the middle of January - & then goes to Sandhurst. what a capital disposal of him. He & I have had many an Algebraical hour together - otherwise I should have felt a very rootless plant

here. though with regard to my tooth-ache, it has answered completely - I have not had a twinge. Hilary comes to-morrow & Aunt Julia returns to take her place with Aunt Joanna, who is unwell, the same day. How sorry I am that you should not see
them. Aunt Patty went
yesterday. Give my
best love to Aunt Mai
& dear little b. I hope
you will persuade them
to come to Embley _ other
wise I shall not see
them. At Pat will be
in London Clapham to-day & TALKS
of Rome for the winter.
Ever dear Mama's
affecte. {strange symbol for her name?}

Many thanks, my dear child, for all
thy communications. I am very
glad to hear that Fan is better.
Aunt Joanna's tranquillity about
her is the more curious, because
she is perfectly aware of her state,
& thinks even more seriously of
her prospect of life than you do.
She says "I think it quite possible
that Fan may give herself her
death some day." I suppose that
the fact is she really has so many
anxieties, that she is obliged to
let leave some rest in abeyance occasionally. There
is not one of her children but

Hilary, who is not giving her anxiety
now. She is only just beginning
to think of a school for Hugh, after
all the holidays are over _ & is going
up to Combe for that purpose -
& was glad enough to leave Hugh
here at Mama's invitation _
She is just gone, & was very
sweet & interesting indeed. how
much her character has softened
of late years. And Shore too
is gone to-day. but I cannot
write about that _ How is it
How is it, my dear that the intercourse
between boys seems always to
bring out all the evil & none of the
good. I think if this were discussed,
it would bring out a great deal
that is useful, but it is as
impossible to ask the question,
as it is to ask anything about
Inspiration when you inquire
with a cordial & sincere desire
to know, what people think of it, they answer _ Oh then
you don’t believe the Bible,- in
one case & in the other __ Oh
then you think you can keep boys
in cells like nuns & that I can
tell you, young lady, can't be __
I do so wish I could know other __

people's observations on the subject,
but they never will give them -
If the physician does not know the
cause of the disease, he gropes about
in the dark, & does great damage-
people say rightly, you cannot bring
up a boy in a cell, & why will
not they examine then what the
cause of the harm is. I could
torture them, as Nero tortured
Caesonia to make her say why
he loved her. The Bible never
blinks the question, but with its
usual daring, boldly declares
at the risk of all misrepresentation
how dangerous "the world" is- now why
does (not only bad company) but all
company seem to call out mostly
the bad in young people -
My dear, Hughie is charming, &
I love him already de toute mon
ame, he does & thinks & says
many things I wish my boy did,
& I was quite touched by his
joy & tenderness this morning when
it was settled he was to stay.

Well, my dear, from the moment
he came, Shore was méconnaissable,
I did not know what was become
of him, every thing was forgot, every
thing neglected, even his prayers,
oh is it possible that the happier
we are, the less we wish to think of
Him, the giver - everything was altered,
even his voice - for his voice to
Hugh was like a bull dog's -
& his manner to him so coarse_

& untender -and, curious! since
Hughie has been here, Shore has
used his a word which I never
heard him use before, & which
Hughie did not use _ my dear,
there was nothing left of him!, now
is not this an anomaly? & one
which ought to excite our curiosity
if nothing better _ little pieces
of selfishness & temper came out,
which I had no idea of & I saw
Aunt Joanna was in a constant
state of uneasiness & irritation
I doubt too whether they make
one another happy _ they did not
seem to do so _
I doubt that it is all up about our going to London. I cared less about it, because I hoped to the last to have kept my lad - but he is gone & gone, I am afraid, not to a better place - he seems to me to get so little at Mr King's & to be so far from happy there - & his mother wrote her desire that he should stay here.

It seems my fate to be always not exactly the Boys' own Girl, but the Boys' own Grandmother - here is another individual come to be not coached but carted - but it is anything but my "adjustment" to look down, tho' it has been my fate all my life to have a junior. One feels such a constant inclination to look up, that we idealize for the sake of being able to regarder en plafond, even where the qualities are not there. We have such an unconquerable desire to be led, that it seems to me, the measure of happiness is the measure of admiration one feels for those with whom one lives. how happy At Jane is, for instance. [illeg], I do not think we can love downwards, when the soul is below one's own, I mean; if we raise it, it is our own work, we may love our own work, but we are no longer prostrate before the accomplished being, the ideal which God had created for us.

What an anxious future Shore's is - I never felt it so much in parting with him - he is all impulse, & tho' all his impulses are good, God seems to have ordained that all greatness, moral or otherwise, all characters, shd.
be built up of habits & not of impulses. A man without a shadow fares badly, but a man without a conscience, how will he fares he the while? Shore is still all the child in his total imprévoyance, the child without care for the morrow which it does not look forward to, without regrets for the past which it does not remember, the child without anxieties, without melancholy, without repentance, always ready to leave a vexing thought to look for a new happiness. And yet, my dear, do you know eschandert mich to go & dig after awakening that conscience, lest it should drag these feelings after them. It __ to try & light that little rush light within, which sometimes becomes such a consuming fire afterwards, always, unless it grows into a warmth-giving sun. One does so respect happiness here, where are so many suffering hearts, that it seems too sacred a thing to touch, unless one can be sure of their having instead of happiness, leaving finding blessedness, the blessedness of the poor in spirit — we are so apt to substitute blessed are the strong in heart for blessed are the p. in spirit. Oh if I could but think that the link between the Infinite Spirit & the finite was established in him, that he could find constant comfort in the society of God and strength, that that Jacob's ladder was his, (so seldom raised by us except till solitude & suffering & disappointment
have built it for us,) down which
The Invisible Consoler descends &
communicates with his children &
angels come & minister to them. It
is all my hope, all my desire for
him - or he will learn to know
the day which so many of us have
known, when we say, There is but one
who can do that for me, but I do
not know Him. Oh how I have felt
with poor Esau & cried with a
great & exceeding bitter cry, Bless
me, even me also, O my father _ but
he never has. Shore has religious
emotions, but not the deliberate
religious feeling. oh how is he to make
the acquaintance with God which is
so necessary - he has the poetical,
but not the intimate feeling towards
Him.

the shadows, among which only we live,
presenting to our spirits the things
we know but too certainly to be true.

But it is a melancholy thing, piling
together miscellaneous experience experience for
oneself- the discernment of better
knowledge should protect us from
despair at the error- but on the limit
between the discerning of the new
knowledge & the despair at the
mistake, the soul dies. There are
but three sorrows which excite the
sympathy of mankind, & all other suffer-
ings are classed under the one great
head, imaginary, but do not you
believe, that when the secrets of
all hearts shall be open, when shall
be known all that may be borne
& never be told by hundreds, with
whom we have been living cheek
by jowl all our lives, that the remorse, the anxiety, the irritation, the shame & the doubt of human beings will be found to be the Brenners' [?] sword in the scales, Vae victis, & the other weights to be the false ones. Have not wiser men than we believed that, in the future state of suffering, none but these "imaginary" evils will be used, no calamity of circumstances employed as punishment, but the mind only left to work out its own misery - & will the world then sit down and coldly & judgmatically pronounce the sufferings of this future state to be fancy.

What does our whole life consist in? In ideas, in the meaning which we give to things - This is so, even in those who live the most in the brilliant realities which surround them. We make our ideas our household Gods, & carry them out of burning Troy - thro' the forty years wandering in the wilderness of Sinai - we live for them, die for them - die of them. George Forster died of a broken heart, because his ideas were not answered, as he expected, by the French Revolution. Charles V laid down the Crown of the World for the same reason _ When we give up our ideas, we confess that our tree of life was rotten _ where we had found shade, there is nothing left but a desert __ a naked spot, where had been the singing of birds in the branches. & shall the tree of knowledge of good & of evil console us for this?
What is life? It cannot be merely a gaining of experience — it is freedom, voluntary force, free-will & therefore must be a hard fought battle - in order to make a choice, there must be evil & good to choose from. I sometimes think too that we may be expiating in this life the sins of a previous existence, that the disgusts & weariness some people feel may be the natural & inevitable consequence of a reckless ministering, in some previous state, to the morbid cravings of the heart for excitement. Is there any thing so very fantastical in this? we look forward to it, in our next state, - push the process one step back, & some of us may be in one of our "next states" already, We talk of another world & are not considered dreamers — this is another world to the stars. In our next, it will perhaps be considered as fanciful as in this, to be imagining a previous existence.

But I must stop, because it is a shame to send so much scribbling. I shd. have sent some yesterday, but what with cutting up Turkey carpet for Shore's flies, & with the boys damming up the stream, I really had not a moment even to send the worsteds, tho I have not a very clear idea of what amber is. I wrote, as you desired me, to Louisa McKenzie one night, from 10 to 12 pages of Moral Reflections adapted to the Use of cheerful Youth, & have had a most melancholy answer. There is a great deal of illness & suffering about just now, & I was pleased the day before yesterday when Shore & I made a round, to see how much interest he took —
I hope, my dear, you will not think
that I am sorry to have Hugh.
because really I am very glad to
make an alliance with him- & he is
very charming- but you know how
difficult it is to me to turn the
channel of my affections - they run
sluggishly. but otherwise I am sure
Hugh & I will be very happy together _
it is frightful to think how much better
one can always express a slight im-
pression than an intense one _ &
in the same way, I am sure that if
our affections were matters of
Tariff, which were calculated by
the Rule of Three at their worth we should take the
moderate much rather than the
exclusive affections, which give
much less happiness, & alas! are
generally a torment to both sides,
for an exclusive devotion serves
neither him who gives nor him who
takes the one always bears with difficulty
the obligation. the other rarely forgives
its being ill-returned. ah it is
terrible to think how little a violent
feeling does good. when a look casts
one down, & a word raises one-
but still I believe at the end of one's
life, one blesses God for having been
able to devote it to another love
than that of one self. A soul, which
shd. be pure & devoted enough to love without
the need of being loved must be
happy. & that I believe, my dear, is
the secret of your happiness.

How true it is that our own
imaginations are the real world
we live in, & the world about us
but a vision _ our occupations,
Wednesday night.

Dear Papa You know that clever man
of Thebes, one Cadmus, is no friend of mine;
& need never have existed, I think, for
any power he gives one of expressing
one's thoughts ___ so I have not taken up
the iron pen before - altho' said thoughts
have been much at Harrogate: but
words are what always have brushed
the dust off the butterfly's wings _ unless
indeed one had a quill taken from
the [illeg] of vermilion [illeg] of the "penne" of
Paolo's Angel of the Annunciation
No mortal has yet got in alive into
our nest- some providence has hitherto kept
off the Horners- tho' our exemption

laa
cannot last much longer, I am
afraid. One of us has been down
every afternoon to drink tea with
the grandmother & Aunt of us, (gene-
rally more than one,) & have done
our best to fill your place with
them. Your poor friend Mrs.
Fern came this day while the rest
were out, to pay her pound rent,
which I took from her - & many
tears she shed over her two children
dead since she saw us last, & two
more supposed to be going the same
consumptive way road - she that
lives, you know, where Phebe Ward used to live & the daughter, whom we saw last year, in such a distressing state, is one of the dead. She was very much discontented not to see you in person, & I promised that you & I should call on your return. She was a perfect Niobe in her woe.

Our fine weather is all gone, to heaven, I hope, or some to an other and a better place and our fine nights too, which is much more pathetic - as, if one were asked, looking back, to say what one knows to have been really the greatest pleasure of life, many

an one would answer, I suspect. "to have spent the night at the casement, watching its solemn procession & hearing the mysterious night-wind, go-bye which seems to stir no leaf- one listens to it going by, without feeling it touch one's face - it is like the vision of Job, & makes one's flesh creep as if one heard a spirit, heard as if one perceived in it the Unspeakable Presence. If it were not for the eternal fidget of the day, who would know the deep peace of night, "the welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair, the best-beloved Night" when one feels, what at other times one only repeats to oneself,
that the coffin of every hope is the 
cradle of a good experience & 
that nobody suffers in vain. Otherwise, when one sees in every cottage 
a trouble which defies sympathy, 
& there is all the world putting on 
its shoes & stockings every morning 
all the same, one rather wonders 
at the Eternal Silence among those 
cold stars. The nursery case-
ment here is the best place in the 
world for hearing the night-wind, 
every breath of which our hill-top 
catches. We are leading what is 
called a regular life, which always 
means that people dine irregularly

at three o'clock instead of dining 
regularly at 7 - & read regularly 
50 pages of some Reading Society's 
Library book, with said Society's cover 
on it, in the evening. In this way 
we are steadily working thro' Coningsby, 
which seems to me more fitful than 
inspired, no flights, but some good 
grasshopper jumps. Peggy has not 
seen the day since you went. I have 
given up riding & all sports of the 
field, even my gun, & have subsided 
into an "excellent plain cook and 
housekeeper." Walking down 
the coach-road to poor Poyser's,
I found an immense field-spider finishing his morning's work - walking round & round drawing the thread out of his tail with his right hind leg, while & hooking it and, (as cleverly as any Manchester machine, working under the highest degree of excitement,) hooking the thread on to each radius with his left hind leg, as he passed them. His morning's work done, he began to catch flies, & meanwhile ants were dragging away large moths. & all scales of animals were at the work of destruction _ and I, moving grandly on my pivot, stood watching the consumption_ and wondering whether there were superior intelligences, whom we are equally unconscious of, who in the same grand way are observing on us killing each other to the tune of slow music, & are thinking why we cannot eat each other fair like savages at that rate.

The Carters seemed to have lived on sunbeams, & kept company with the spirits of a Rosalind & a Beatrice, (meaning the Shakspearean ladies,) by Marianne's glowing account of them. she made my old bones shake with laughter_ & they have been stiff
In consequence for 24 hours. But Parthe & Mama have taken all the bread out of my mouth in the way of news. & have told you too, no doubt, of Miss Martineau's wonderful improvement. They have left me nothing but a picture to make, & as we will not say that drawing is my forte, I send you a sketch of in Pen & Ink of a friend of ours, whom perhaps you will recognise. But you are not obliged/condemned to read it. I only aspire to fill up a sanitary walk, when rivals in the way of conversation are not near. For I have made my talk already longer than I thought; in return, I will make one some other time which shall be too short. A Dieu, then, dear Papa, I hope you will not answer Au Diable— yrs fervently [end 1:222] FN.
Dearest mother

This only comes hopping that you will have a jolly ball, & will air & brush up the court-dress— as Hilary will tell all our news— & that you will stay till Monday & leave Parthe for a week, as you intended. I hope you will, if it is only to please me— Gale will want

Ever yr FN.

two more yards of the covering for the sofa. shall I send a pattern—
   ever yr FN

Did you read the letters Mrs. Bracebridge sent us of John Brooks's to look at— Will you return it to her directly, as she desires me. I send it to you, in case you did not read it.

I send Hilary's hair, which I have just discovered, & which I think it will be so very awkward for her to be without at the ball— that it had better go by post to night— I send it to you, as being the more discreet person to open it at breakfast.
Saturday morning.
I am so glad, dear dog, that you are going to stop - It is the greatest compensation to me. There is not the smallest occasion for taking you away at present & they will want you so much, after the ball is over. How lucky the neighbourhood had such a fine night for it - 

There is something to me in the acting of time & distance, which puzzles me. It is so curious, what is the effect they have upon us - it is so difficult to find out, which was real life, & which was the disguise of it. It was full moon last night - a fact probably unknown to you - I have not seen such a one, since the moon-light on the hills of Florence. I thought it, you know, but a proper compliment to my Aunt of Waverley to sit up when she had gone to all that trouble to amuse us. and the lighted lawn shone in its hushed brightness, like a child asleep - all but three hares, which were running after one another all night, under my window & there was no life there, but they and I, stirring - and I could see myself, my dear, at the same time, in the dining room at Waverley, & was not quite sure, do you know, which was which - what a queer feeling it is not to be quite certain of which is the true & which the imaginary. Perhaps I really was not there_ My
dear, you will think I am Mrs. Hominy, but I am still your [Mrs Fleming in another text, Army letters] industrious Flea. I never saw such a night _ truly, it was not sent for slumber- What a great deal that old Moon must have seen in her day. & what a waste of opportunity it is, for her not to publish her Reminiscences - Recollections of a Full Moon wd. write so well. How tired she must be though of seeing the same thing - how long she must think it, that man has lived & thought & felt & always, the old bores, the same thing, in spite of all the different revolutions & religions & civilizations in the world.

I wonder, does she think of what she looked down upon one night, 1813 years ago that she was full, and remember all she has seen since, that no one else has seen, besides that - I always think of that, when I see her. & of the millions of souls, whose mortal veils are sitting somewhere quite quietly, &? & who are pouring out, thronging up to her as she stands there, to asking her questions which she never will answer, & to tell her their passions, as if no one had ever felt them before_How amused she must be & & to think as she must, of the numbers who are meeting there, unconscious of one another's presence, & not knowing that a whole division of them are telling her the same story_ all there, all together.
I cannot help often laughing

to think of the strange tales that
she must be telling that single
star, that's at her side. But

it is always a consolation to me to
reflect, that one is not called upon
to undergo the weariness of being
the common confidant of the lunatic
world, as she is. Well,

my dear, you will think it bad
enough to be the confidant of me,
& as it is Sunday, I will let you
off. My best love to Helen &

all the cousinhood - Perhaps too
I really am with you - but which-
ever I am, I am still your affecte.

F.

How slow is poor Shore's progress.

My dearest I opened the enclosed,
thinking there might be something
for me, but as I have got nothing
by my sin, I am of course very sorry
for it, as we always are. What

news do you expect from here? y
the variation of the state of dripping,
& of Shore's allowance of wine. I
am afraid the sending back of your

own is all the news we have.
Mama had a mind and a half
to accept the Fowlers' invitation
for this week, to be present at
Sydney Herbert's election to-day,
& something else to-morrow, I for-
get what_ they were very kind,
dear old souls, in pressing us two
b
to go- but I persuaded Mama not
which as the snow is quite gone
this morning, I am afraid will
be visited on my unprotected head
Papa writes joyously, though the storm
came with its usual unerring pre-
cision the moment he was there,
observing & the snow observed the
utmost punctuality & dispatch to
orders on that occasion. Shore & I
potter a little at simple mathemat-
cics & the use of the skittles-
vide Punch, but as he is very
languid, I do not use the
rack & thumb-screw much.
I am reading Undine to him, at
his own desire, as he began it in

English at home, but I am
obliged like Pellico when I come
to certain Canticles, to substi-
tute some high moral sentiments
of my own, of the which he then requires
to have the German respectively
pointed out to him word for
word, so that "singular instances
of presence-of-mind" is constant
ly exhibited every night on my
stage - but as it is, my dear,
I am always standing on my head
in convulsions for fear of being
a forcing-pit to his hot-house
feelings - when we came to Hilde
brand's unkindness to Undine,
he wrapt me up, he held my
head in his hands, he put out
d
his arms as if to protect me from
any imaginary evil & to say
that such hard hearts should never
come here - during which I remain
ed as stern as a post _ & attentively
look out in the dictionary Läst-
hibkeit a cosine, Bewegnung,
the use of the globes. Hildebrand
shewed Bertaldu a perfect use
of the globes. I suppose, beloved,
it will now be many days before
we see you - but I am sure it
would be a pity to break up
your happy party - & Mama, as
you see [illeg] is quite
agreeable - So fare thee well -
write again - thou tellest me
very little of your conversations
& if you ask for ours in return

a { at top of page above salutation}
Conversations, Heaven bless you! I have
none to tell, sir! so ever thine FN.
best love to Aunt Anne -
& all -
How sorry I am to hear no better an account of my dear child Shore.

Dear mother mine I do not think I can come before Tuesday or Wednesday being rather weak & scarcely able to get up & down-stairs - but I will write to-morrow & say if it is to be Tuesday. I have employed my evenings in a profitable and amusing manner since you have been gone, going to sleep as soon as it grew dark, & remaining in that state, which to Miss Martineau appears ye most intelligent, when to the question Are you asleep? one can answer YES. till 10 or 11 o'clock__ when I retire to the molli piume-Mrs. Hogg is no better. I had a very good class of girls this morning, & impressed upon them many good diabolical doctrines with as much bonne foi & pious zeal as a father of the church could have done - indeed such was our fervour, that I believe an image to the devil, that great dignitary of the Anglicans, might have been introduced among our devotions with startling effect.

I just hinted too at a subject, which made poor little Caroline Humby shrink, but which was brought upon me nilly willy _ Tell Papa that my room & I have sworn an eternal friendship _ & that I have scarcely left it, except to creep down into the garden & to my meals, always to my meals, which I observe with the most startling precision & punctuality. always waking up for them with unerring exactitude. The Empsons have not yet unearthed me, which I consider as "partly owing to Providence". Mrs. Wm. Minor is quite recovering & her
baby "quite nicely" poor little thing. don't be angry - it's its misfortune, not its fault, that it lives. Cap is better & I see him now parcourant his pleasure-grounds on 3 legs. The brown cat occupies the principal suite of apartments here in the absence of the family _ I remonstrated with him. but Gale says "if he didn't, the rats wd. run about like donkeys." and now that we have arrived at the highest type of ye Zoological circle at present existing on your feudal tenure on this the 19th day of Jany year of grace 45, it is time, I
immortality - perhaps the blind woman can now see - perhaps "many things are becoming clear to her" which we would give our eyes, ears & reasons to understand. These are the solemnities of life, which perhaps need not be taken so solemnly. The Examiner punishes Mr. Gladstone cruelly — how many people think they are martyrising themselves for the world, when they are only martyrising for their own opinions - But I suppose we all make our opinions our gods & worship saints like the Papists -- as Miss Clarke says we make Sunday one of our idols, which we pray to - & the devil another.

The keepers have brought in my poor owl _ I had heard him hoot every night - & often he had made me creep- now he will never hoot any more. I don't know why they should kill the owls particularly if, as Gale says, the mice run about like donkeys. Mama had more than half a mind to accept the Fowlers' invitation to the election for to-morrow, but I doubt whether we could have gone, even if we had been on social thoughts intent, with these roads - frozen upon a thaw - Good night, dear Papa I wish I had better matériel for you Yours overflowingly FN.
Dear Mama,

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick._
I do not know what we are to do about coming home _ but I hope it will be this week _ I hope the spring will not be very late this year, for sleepless nights keep down my strength, so that I catch cold every time I leave my room _ I am afraid these horrid frosts will not improve you_. Meantime Miss Nicholson is like an evergreen branch in the midst of discontent. I do next to nothing, being horribly idle. so I have even less to communicate.

Saturday Feb 8, 1845.

My dearest Shore is come & when I look at his pale thin face, I feel a little foreboding at my heart, but when I hear his cheerful voice & spirit full of interests, I think that a spirit once born into the world can never be lost to us, once make a tie with it & it can never be broken, & it does not much signify where it is then _ You ask me to write, beloved, & so I will but what can I tell you about? I have not seen one single soul since Wednesday week, & only the Empsons once _ yes, I have; I have seen Mrs. Brent _ & she is a galaxy in herself worth all inferior stars - she seems is intent upon a plan of being nurse & washerwoman to the whole twelve
parishes during the season of Influenzas, although she has it herself so bad, that "the Lord" is obliged to help her out of bed in the morning. Nevertheless, this is perhaps a reason the more for her sitting up all night with other sick people - n.b. that she has three grandchildren entirely dependent upon her at home - but I suppose "the Lord" will wash for them & do for them while she is away. Illeg.

Illeg. I send Miss Clarke's letter. I have written her a long out pouring, not for thinking of comforting her, but because I fancy no sympathy ever comes without its mysterious power, & I do so enter into her all she says. I am glad you are going to have my dear friend Mr. Lachmann. Mama would write, I believe, my dear, but her feelings are overpowered by the discovery this morning, that Papa has feloniously absconded with our Punch, that she feels quite unequal to any effort to-day; she could have made any other sacrifice to a husband & a fellow creature, but her Punch=morning!, it really is too much! & in vain, beloved, I try to be a Punch to her. All Shore's shyness has returned with her weakness, not to me I do not mean, but he actually never saw Miss Lang at Combe. Mis Bee is quite well again. Many thanks for the beautiful
little Phillips's. I do not like what you say, my dear, about our youth. I do assure you I find old age has its pleasures, - indeed I believe that many a one could say. The bitterness of youth is past. & be thankful for it.

You cannot think that heaven has a mother's breast only for 25 years, & then changes her tone & disposition towards us. I never read of "goodwill towards men" but only till they are 5 & 20, 5 & 20, 5 & 20" (bis) set to a catch - & after that ill-will & a grudge but perhaps you think though the angels sang the first part aloud, one certain eve, they were singing the reserved clause to themselves, & the baby nodded assent in his manger to this plan. I think this is very likely & that probably the everlasting Treasury means _ that you may draw your cheque upon it for a quarter of a century's happiness, & that it is a sinking fund, where capitals are received, for that number of years' income.

The only art I know, my dear, to make men happy or to keep them so, is to shun the future & avoid the past (apart, this is impossible) but one thing I do say, this, à la Waterpark, I do not think this is to be our art from any distrust of heaven's powers of liberality, but only because I believe it is
his intention to teach, "individual, take what the day finds for you _ mind the temper of the day & never look forward more than a month, if you can help it." I went down yesterday to take the sacrament with Mrs. Hogg- it was so like the upper chamber, my dear, where the doors were shut, & all at once he stood in the midst of them. We five shall never meet there again, but one or perhaps more of us shall most likely have heard the wings of the messenger, & gone forth on that invisible journey, before we take that supper again. How solemn life feels at these moments & even the heavy frozen air & the perfectly still iron nights seem to enter into the feeling. & what a reverence one has for the being who is waiting her wondrous change. This moment there, so low So agonized and now Beyond the stars - Oh my dear how I did feel, as we were all kneeling there, that the most real thing in the room was Him, & that we were only ghosts, shaped into a body, into apparitions, for a few moments, & that fade away again into Invisibility, & the illusion of time is over, & eternity has begun with us as with ghosts. we are real & authentic spectres, for we too put on form for a moment & put it off again, almost before we have had time to wind up our' watch _ A few sighs the
ghost-hood taking shape & time
costs us, a few stormy visions, &
then the morning air sends us to
our real home. I would we could
take the advice of dear old Horace -
how could he be so wise without the
idea of immortality, how much
stronger they must have been than
we poor Christians, those calm &
healthy heroes, who did without
the compensation = future, & yet
were never melancholy. Alas! poor
ghosts, for us, "Tis immortality, tis that alone
That midst life's pains, abasement, emptiness
The soul can comfort, elevate & fill."
My best love to all my dear ones -
there are realities, & remembrances.
which raise one above even this heavy
sultry life, but it is not philosophy,
as you say, it is a cup of coldwater, in
the form of a letter, a remembrance like
the Sacrament, a child's arm round
one's neck, & sometimes, my dear, a

My dear I wrote yesterday without
Mama's knowledge, thinking that
as you wd. like so much to stay. &
that Papa's getting the end of Miss J.
wد be a good excuse- but she Mama
now denies having said any thing
at all like it, so you must not
say that I wrote & perhaps I did
take up a hasty word. She is a
little put out now about it, but
I think it can be managed still very
well. Papa is quite willing and
as he goes away on Wednesday,
I think it wd. be unnecessary
your coming home the day after-
& that if you wished very much
to stay over till another Sunday
even that might be managed.
for it seems a pity not. & a great
pity to break up your happy party
there. This hard weather will
very likely prevent Shore's coming,
I shd. think. You may have Ranke's
new book from Clarke's, of course
Tell MN that I sent her India
rubbers this day week by Hilly -
my own eyes being the witnesses.
You wd. have liked the dinner at
Hursley [?] _ the beautiful wainscoted
rooms_ the two Callcotts, very
"clever," no doubt - but pity there
is so much of them - the smaller
such a subject the better, I shd.
have thought _ just enough subject

but not activity - However to-
day we begin the Phaedo, having
whetted our bluntrisses [?] with-
Athens here thy wisest looked
his last. & got up the steam for
the murder'd sage's latest day, therein
to be found, though buried under a mound
of irregular verbs, & every tear
to be filtered through a dictionary.
My dear, I hope Aunt Hannah
will not fail us this spring. I
wrote her a message from Mama,
& you ask her when it shall be.
Mama only wants her to settle
the day. I thought she had rather
come when Miss Johnson was gone_
give her my dearest love & tell
her that Papa puts the Great
Seal into commission with me, when
he went away, to bring her -
and I appoint you, my dear,
my committee, to put these things
in the best way. Now farewell
friends, thus Thisne [?] ends, adieu,
adieu, adieu.

Remember me to Mrs. [illeg]
& the destroyer __ mind - & tell
Shalaba [?] vide, the latter how sorry I am not to
present the same in person &
find myself under her tender
care again, tho' she wd. probably
think that, rather too much of a good
thing_

8992/78 unsigned letter, 6ff, pen arch: 1844 or 45?

Feb 20

My dearest child, You will hardly
be sorry to read the enclosed from
Sarah P. knowing, as we do, how
great the "release" is - a common
word that, & a hackneyed exclama
tion, made to achieve a perplexed
spirit, but which in general means
more truth than the mind at the
moment is capable to express, & so it
makes this little observation - But
in Mrs Margaret's case, how literally
correct & how she may at this
moment be "rejoicing at the fidelity"
of her earthly service, & "smiling
at the simplicity" of her late troubles
We are to go to the Burlington, I
understand, on Monday. Papa
having written with his usual
off handedness to fix that day,
b
(this morning.) & to say he cannot
find a house. You will hear from
Mama of course about trains & so on.
I enclose Aunt Patty's letter & would
that from Ludwine, only that it is
almost unreadable, & would preju-
dice a parson, who believed her
very guilty, which I do not, still
more against her. I would also
send you one from Hilary, only that
as it is about my going to Aunt Jane,
I am afraid you would go off in
spontaneous combustion, spirting little
wild rocket that you are. My
red lamb, alias Polka is come,
from Mrs. West, & is the pink
of fashion & the mould of form
but alas! the world is a system
of compensations - & this fashion of

c
the world costs one pound ten!!
You have not sent me back Mrs.
Howe's little bit. I like Hugh's
character exceedingly _ he is besides
extraordinarily quick - really
extra so, both in algebra & every
thing else. & I shall be very much
disappointed, if he does not redeem
our family's fallen fortunes- he
is now sitting by me, deep in
Aeschylus, or rather I must not
say deep, for his leaps out of it
are worthy of Ducrow, & greatly
inconvenient to the success of this
latter. His spirits are something
wonderful, & the row he makes
from 8 in the morning to 10 at
night worthy of twenty - but with
all this he is exceedingly thoughtful & more than polite _ for he never goes to his pea-shooting or other scenic amusements, without asking but what will you do? for you will be alone, & wd. hardly be persuaded to go to Southton with Shore, because I shd. be by myself. He seems very strong now, & I should think has more energy than any of the other Carters. With the exception of this last remark, tell Fan, all this, with my love, is for her. We have read Macaulay's lays together with great rapture, but I must say I think our susceptibility to poetic language increases, instead of diminishes, as we grow older. a child's tears are never excited by a book. & Hugh innocently asked why Horatius was ushered in with noise of weeping loud "oh I suppose it was the enemies who wept"__ his feelings are innocent to a degree in other things too _ I wish Shore's were so too. _ but I must candidly & painfully state that, in the much complained of intercourse at Combe, I think Shore more likely to do mislead him harm, than he Shore _

I am very sorry, my dear, that I led you to think by some letter that it was a very gloomy way of taking the world's ways - a record of mere melancholy moods & feelings & morbid discontents _ I did not know it was anything but very stale old truths, universally acknowledged, & no new expression of them - was it that between the discerning of the new knowledge, & the despair at the disappointment, the soul sometimes dies. Never mind, for
if it is so; what does it signify? for
the soul sometimes dies, but
not one who has said, he that be-
lieveth on me, though he were dead,
yet shall he live. That shows too
that two thousand years ago, it
was acknowledged that the soul
could die. Was it that the tree of
knowledge of good & of evil shall
not console us for the loss of our
tree of life? No, but the knowledge
of God shall. I think it is a mistake
to say that the end of life is to know
ourselves and what we can do as
Carlyle does _ because misery may
become so miserable, that it may
loses all interest in itself, & often we
do not feel ourselves of sufficient
importance to ourselves or to any body,
to care much about the dear self at
all - so that it seems to me a
discouraging & desperate mistake,
to propose self-knowledge, as all books do, as the end of our experience. Oftenest we wish to forget ourselves. We are too tired of ourselves. But to know God & all his ways & all his intercourse with us, & the most favourable circumstances for seeking him, surely that is a good so far surpassing all other good, that whoever acknowledges it as possible at all, must think it the chief aim of life. Why it did not please Him to reveal himself directly to us, is & always will be what really makes that which people [illeg] call the "dark mystery" of life & its desolate emptiness, we cannot solve it _ we cannot even guess at it - except by the old thing, War dem Satan, &c the proverb is somewhat musty _ The first sin of each of us had thrown a shadow over the face of the High & Holy, to us, & thus has perpetuated itself _ it has not been isolated, this consequence has been its worst part_ (my dear, it is impossible to go on, for Hugh is employing himself, with the Carter talent, in making the whole pack of hounds, men & hoix! hoix! in my ear, doing lessons all the while) _ as the first impulse given to each of the planets sent them on their eternal round, & they went on, henceforth generating their own motion, so the first sin had done, separating us for ever from the worship of Goodness: oh let no one misprize the blessing of a pure heart. for it only can "see God" We have just had such a beautiful walk thro' the woods about Shootash, the air so balmy & spring-like, & the woods so full of flowers, Hugh rushing about like a lunatic, picking daffodils & violets, cutting
i
lances, throwing them at me, & exclaiming every minute on the beauty of every thing, like one possessed – we wouldn't ride, he said, because we couldn't enjoy the beauty of the day so much. I think our sub-generation has the very strong feeling of nature _ he was so delighted with the view from Shootash
We have two Sept. Quarterlies – will you ask Waverley if one is theirs _
One of the ways of God I think is, to teach us how the springs of sorrow & of joy wait upon his word. David knew at least as much of human nature as we do – & when he writes There be many that say, Who will

j
shew us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time when their corn & their wine increased _ he seems to be recording the experience of a world before & after him- When we think too under what circumstances that was written (circumstances of all others likely to excite reasonable gloominess) driven from his throne by his nearest & dearest friend, his own child, & his suffering probably exasperated by that most intolerable feeling, if I had but done this or that, he might never have been what he is _ under

k
such circumstances his experience is worth having.
I am very sorry, my dear, that Fanny Hanford has left you – you are now reduced to four female girls. Hilly talks of coming over to the Station at Winchester to see us. she will not come here.
adoo my dear
a(2)
My dear child you grieve me to the heart about my dear Miss Johnson—there is no one in the world whom I should be so sorry for us to vex. I saw heard neither of Mama's letters till they were gone, & thought it a sad pity her fixing Monday, when she meant to put her off perhaps again. Now you must see what is to be done & write to Mama accordingly _ Make her come the day she likes best herself, my dear, I shall be so sorry if she does not linger_ I think indeed we have taken liberties with her. & there is no one whom I

b(2)
cling to more in our old age or have a tenderer feeling for. She is one of those I am sure, who will take one for better or worse, in sickness & in health, & never forget one. in absence or in nearness, or let other thoughts drive one out of her head. Ah my dear it is the old people after all whom we may cling to & feel that we can never appeal to them for sympathy & not find the response — So, beloved, by all the powers, bring her here, if thou canst. Shore gains strength,
My dear Grandmama

I have been intending for many days to write to you, but I have been staying with Mrs. Octavius Smith for the last week, and have had so much to do with the children, in consequence of her delicate state, that I have never been able to find time. Three pleasant weeks I have spent at Combe, while Papa was with you, during which I saw a great deal of the children, as Miss Wicksteed was away during part of the time. Dear Bee is particularly clever and forward in everything she does and in a few years, I doubt not, she will be able to fix her now wandering attention. She is getting very forward in her German. Shore and Gerard are disporting themselves together.

at Embley to the improvement of themselves and everyone about them. As to the two babies, they are the most good tempered accommodating little things I ever saw and the most beautiful of their family, I think. They do not lose their beauty in the least. Bab is the most affectionate little thing. I have not yet seen Papa whom we expected in London to-day. I hope to spend some
more time at dear Combe, where the very atmosphere of love and kindness much improve every one who comes there, after I leave this place. But Aunt Jane is again confined to her bed with the excitement produced by William Nicholson's sudden departure to join his regiment in Australia. He was off in three days from the first unexpected notice which he received from head-quarters.

and called here on his way. This harrowed up all associations in Aunt Jane's mind connected with the poor fellow who was lost and has much weakened her. She requires a great deal of care. The two youngest are nice little girls and are very much with me. I am taking lessons here. I hope to see Papa to-morrow. He wrote me many nice letters while I was at Combe and gave very good nice accounts of you and dear Aunt Evans. The spring is coming on now so fast, that we shall be at Lea Hurst almost before we are aware. The two babs at Combe are much more down stairs than they were, they generally breakfast with the others now. Bertha is very steady at her lessons and does her little
g
practising regularly. They are both very neat work-women. The Miss Horners are now staying at Combe whom the children are very fond of. Their favourite game is making seals with sealing wax of which they are never tired or hearing one tell them a story. Dear Grandmama, I must wish you goodnight, for it is late

h
and I have not much time to write in the day as I have the children here always with me, Aunt Jane requiring the utmost quiet. With best love to dear Aunt Evans, believe me, my dear Grandmama, ever your truly obliged and affectionate grand-child F Nightingale

Thames Bank Friday 28th.

8992/81 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: spring 1845

I hope my Geliebte will have written to-day to say what she wants to come _ her best gown, in coorse. & her gown à deux jupes, I suppose? & for the eveng. the furniture to make her green entre deux a white one? Your Fancy I hope there is no doubt was first-rate & all prosperous _ how came it you did not keep Henry _ You do not want news, do you _ Of news I have little, of wits I have none – Diplomacy & I have got off a dinner at Lord P.'s [arch: Lord Palmerston] & Papa is gone to Broadlands
to shoot. Turnips is bad & Cap is better. Mama is busying herself in ye destruction of ye man, whose dog was ye death of our dog & beaters is at supper. Health and wickedness reign in the parish and peace in our interior. Such is the aspect of our shores, should the second line be true, tis home but living home no more it is because thou a merry devil art no longer in it. but wisdom flourishes, indeed is so overgrown, that soon where wisdom is in this house, no one else will be able to get in. and yet we are rather jolly I think too. And so farewell Geliebte. poor old Mr. Bourne, they say, is near his quietus at last Mama has just been there. how sorry I shall be for her, the daughter, I mean. How sorry I am that Aunt Hannah is gone. Papa I think is remarkably well. I have not heard how the Lea Hurst Hunt is. How she must regret this loss of the nice open weather, during the time the ferret is unavoidably laid up. but I hope the
L. H. H. will be out again before the frost. without fail. Love to the assembled Phoenixes, the 11 historical [blotted out] possibilities of old England. I hope Alf went as the twelfth. My wife & I drank your healths in gallons of tea last night, at the time when you were supposed in the midst which & the noise you made kept me awake all night beating time to the music of your feet & I am still, yours in folly as in wisdom, until death

FN

8992/82 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: spring 1845,

My dearest love I forward a letter from Miss Clarke, which I opened, thinking there might be something in it for me. I do not fancy, poor dear soul, that she has any racket left in her. Papa says, will you borrow the Crescent & the Cross, if they have it at Waverley & wd. lend it he wants to read it. I shd. like much to look over Lady C. Long's Sir Roland, but do not like to ask for bound books, so do you do as you think best about it. Perhaps they think we ought
to buy it _ but you know we
shan't.

Pray tell Wm that Papa
has written to Mr. Addison
asking him here _ I wrote
yesterday to Mrs. Fowler
about him, so that she will
ask him when she gets
home, if he is still there _

I have had no answer
from Mrs. Bracebridge yet,
& supposed that she may have
left Wilton.

Tell me if that was the
right Gard. Chron. & if the
Ugly Duckling came _ don't
forget.

My best love to Aunt Hannah,
& tell her I am reading
her little book with great
pleasure - the greater, for
its having come from her.

I enclose a few Paris notes
for them _ don't contradic' _
Mr Oates, Papa says, was
a very entertaining compa:
=onian And &c. I know
as well as possible what
things you contradicted in
my yesterday's letter _ but
don't believe her, MN._

ever thine, my dearest love
impress upon them the
necessity of seeing M. Paturle's
gallery, unless indeed they
know it already._ I have such
a brilliant recollection of it.

(upside down, at bottom of page)
the shy dog, is unprecedented
in the
Dearest mother, Gale wants to know whether the sofa for Papa is to have a brown holland cover, which will be the tidy thing or the old red cover, which will be the economical. The beaters had their supper last night & after devouring 3 rabbit pies, a small flock of sheep, & hash ad libitum — (I mean, ad infinitum,) asked if there were any more meat to be had — but there was none to be had on the premises. & they were obliged to go hungry to bed. The house & garden are still fragrant with Irish stew — hunters have all been here this morn., but I have not been out. I finished Ld. Eldon last night & sent the Review to the Empsons & the books to Miss Bourne to-day — I will write to-morrow Gale has not been able to go to Mrs. Hogg's to-day. dear mum, your affecte child.
in the 2nd. C God calls himself a jealous God. i.e. he will not allow the honour which is due to him alone to be given to other Bungs or to any representation of him. In this Country & Under the Protestant Religion we are not likely to worship Images. but if we love any thing more than our God & Saviour we may be said to incur the guilt of breaking this Comm [blotted out] [illeg] read in Scripture that Covetousness is Idolatry No 4 Page 4 But the false wearing is not common profane swearing is & that in a most shocking & strange degree. I say strange because it surely is strange that a sin to which the temptations are so trifling, a sin which yields neither profit nor pleasure should meet us at every turn in this Xtian land yet so it is-

why not Part 1 Page 2 Baptized & Unbaptized Page 3 Personification of the Devil. Part 2 page 4 " & he descended into Hell no authorities quoted from Scripture for this passage in the Creed.

8992/84 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen postmarked 14 July 1845, with cancelled one penny stamp

Mrs. Nightingale
Lea Hurst
Matlock

Dear mother mine The grandmother! is very glad to keep me, poor old soul! so of course I shall stay for as long as she likes, which will most likely be a few days - We have just seen the Shores, they cannot come this week. but they will most likely next week Mr. Jackson (the apothecary) declares that there is no
Wellcome Ms 8992 326

danger of paralysis, and though she is in bed to-day, she is evidently a great deal better _ It is very touching to hear her say, as she lies in bed, that she feels so much the number of her blessings that she is quite overwhelmed by them - that she feels she has nothing to complain of, not even your Aunt's hay -
The Shores are engaged at Wosbro' this week. I believe the old lady was really cheered, instead of hurried by seeing us, slept well, & Mr. Jackson pronounced her a great deal better - this morning

Ever yr affectionate child, dear mum.

Tapton. Monday

8992/85 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: July 1845 [1:222–23]

Dear Papa _ could you put these poor Levicks into any way of getting their things back - the police are all comatose, & tho' they know the man to whom the cap belongs, & tho' they have found a pr of their Levicks' boots at a pawn-broker, who can swear to the man who brought them, they do nothing - & the reason why, they say is that they are not a searching police - they
really seem quite stupid, for
the man was seen in the evening
without his cap, & the next
day with a new one. [end 1:223]
I am afraid I shall not
see you on Monday, but you
shall hear to-morrow.
in great haste, ever, dear Papa,
you affecte. child.

Satury. Tapton

My dear children, Our letters
coming in after dark & going
out before it is light, make
rather a strange confusion,
I guess we do not either
get them every day. but
this is to-day, that I have just
had all yours, & many
thanks, & I have written
to the Shores according to
Mama's desire, to prevent
them from putting themselves
off later than Monday, if
possible - I do not think
I shall come on Monday.
but shall see -even if I do
not, as the Shores say they shall travel
in their own carriage &
that an open one, I shall
think the Chesterfield plan
(if it comes to that) a
much better one. & more
eligible for me - & I should
think for them _ as it cannot
be convenient to them to offer me a place. Really too these Derbyshire people must be in a state of spontaneous combustion, for the Shores find the weather too oppressive, they hope I don't suffer from it, & I answer with the teeth chattering in my head "not much"._ I have written to Helen ever, dear mum, your affecte. child I wrote to Papa this morng. before breakfast

{along right margin}
to go by the Levicks_ but this is going by another opportunity which has magnificently presented itself this Saturday afternoon.

I am very much obliged for the power of staying beyond Monday if desirable.

8992/87 signed letter, 1f, pen arch: Aug 1845

Dear Mama How sorry we are not to see you & to hear no better account of Beatrice _ We came home yesterday, which, as Papa was to be left alone till Monday, I was very glad we did. Papa wants to know whether you kept the new Edinburgh. & I, whether you could get a parcel which I sent to Georgina Tollet & which she sent to Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood's- I am so anxious to have it, that I wish a porter could be paid to fetch it to Whitehall & Uncle Sam to bring it to you at Combe. It
would be too bad to give Mrs. Wedgwood the trouble of sending it. We long to see you on Monday. Poor Gale— I am afraid she is worse— but how glad we have got her here— we must be.

Best love to Aunt Mai & the dear chick from your affecte child

{strange symbol for her name?}

8992/88 unsigned letter 1f, pen arch: autumn 1845

My dearest I have written to Dr Fowler, & am very sorry that I cannot send you his answer before you go.

My most fervent thanks to the Master _ also to you for the Howe bothers _ present my most affecte reminiscences all round.

I have not yet had time to write to Mrs. Howe. arrivederti

8992/89 unsigned letter, incomplete, 2ff, pen arch: 1845 a

Thanks so many, my well beloved for your scrap, for which I was very grateful. I only write this bit to set your mind at ease about staying, your cause is perfectly safe. & I hope Mama said so yesterday. Shore is put off sine die by the cold. I suppose Hilly is still there, but have heard no word from her since she went. I dare say now Shore will not come till you do. poor fellow! it is a long & weary job for him. Could not Lolly write me one line? I know it is not unreasonable
in me to ask them & especially
MN when they have such heads
& hands full as none but perhaps Lolly has a moment to spare. Farewell,
my well beloved - there is nothing
new since yesterday. Best love
to all. We are settled into [1:299]
our quiet life again, I am happy
to say, & I hope it will last for
the next two months at least
I could see every piece of furniture in my room at Broadlands
grinning at me to think, when
we five separated for the night,
we five perfectly well-dressed &
well-behaved ladies, & betook
ourselves to our respective fenders
to talk to them, what were our respective reflections
& how far we had each of us been imposing on one
another & on ourselves. How I should have liked
to have been the several fender of each. I wonder
how far the mocking Geist of society is desirable &
whether all that fire of persiflage & raillery is necessary.
I must say tho’ for all the Palmerston family that
not none of them do it - & I was thinking more of Mrs.
Fox, who poor soul, I am sure is full of feeling un-
derneath, & Mr. Wall. It really would seem as if
d

company was intent on working
out the proposition  The mind
is its own place -  for fun-
(as Lizzy always says, when
she is particularly out of her mind
with spirits; My mind is its own place)_
& desired to live there & live
there alone too _ & no where else-  [end 1:299]
two papers prosecuted with the utmost rigour
of the law.

I wrote to At Hannah, Kingston
New Town - not knowing the
direction - was that right?
My very best of loves to dear
Miss Johnson - and Aunt Anne_
Tell dear Lolly how glad we shall all
be to see her, whenever she do come_
Methought I never heard the ice, on
which we do walk, crack so fear-
fully as when the first word of her
illness came - one thinks then how

8992/89A initialed letter 2ff, pen arch: 1845

Many thanks for your note my
dearlest. the only scrap of intelli-
gence I have had about you all since
the day Hilly left me. I wonder what
you thought Mama wd. tell me of
what I most wanted to hear. I  [5:513-14]
was glad enough to come home this
morn., tho the Palmerston visit
I believe was very pleasant. I
cannot tell you how good natured
they are. I never saw any thing like
it _ but I wish they had reserved
their hospitalities till you came home.
I was in hopes we were going to
be a little quiet. They go to town
to-morrow _ so it was an unnecessary piece of kindness. But
you will want to hear about the party.
Ly. Jocelyn sat & looked pretty.
Mrs Lane Fox is a franche coquette, 
& clever rattle _ very goodnatured 
she was to me & we shd. have got on 
exceedingly well together, on the 
principle of two turkey-cocks, always 
sparring only cui bono, when one will 
ever be intimate. Mr. Wm Cowper 
I like excessively _ he is grown very 
serious but not at all gloomy _ & 
has an enormous quantity of interests & subjects. 
Ld Jocelyn & the Speaker were the 
only others & Mr. Wall. I cannot 
tell you how devoted the lord & the 
lady seem to one another - it is 
quite a worship. his care for her 
& her watchful attention to him.

I shd. get quite fond of him, if he 
were not Ld Palmerston - they do 
seem people of so much feeling. 
They have made the place quite a 
different thing. _had all the pictures 
down from London _ really a fine 
gallery _ a Rembrandt of Pilate 
washing his hands I longed for 
you to sit under _ And they 
all seem so happy together, that 
they are the best picture of all 
but unless one is to know people, 
what is the use of taking the trouble 
to see any body them - We are going 
to-night to the Heathcotes _ bless 
the woman --
You being my dear a great diplomat, 
can you negotiate this. Papa & Mama 
want to put you all off for another 
week, because Papa says he shd. 
be very glad to come for the end 
of Miss J. but Mama is afraid 
she will not like to be put out of her plans 
I think she will be flattered, at 
all events, by being asked. & then 
she need not put herself off 
unless she pleases. Will you do it? 
I cannot fancy her garden can 
make the difference. Mama's 
other reason is, that as Shore 
is coming down very weak, he 
cannot possibly join in any society 
at first, & later the literary calm 
& learned leisure & company may be 
just the thing for him - another 
I shd. think

{in top margin}
reason to 
the benevolent 
mind 
of dear 
Miss J. 
But 
do not 
let her 
be put 
out - 
at all 
events- 
if it would 
put her out. 
Best 
love to 
all & to 
thee, my 
dear. 
FN. 
I wish you 
had been 
the one to go 
to Broadlands for it was 
I am sure, very nice, but I pined 
for want of letters from Waverley
Wednesday

Dear Papa you are curious for my 'experience of the Sick-Room" so it wd. be very ungracious of me not to give it, (tho' I have not yet set pen to paper) - it is humbling enough. I felt, as the body fell off, so little of any other life in me, that when any-body came into the room, I was obliged to ask for them to read something strong, Channing or the Bible, by way of an excitement to make me care to live on - for the mental life was flickering, flickering, as if it wd. go out _ This makes me feel, that if I were had been going to die now, when the call came for me to rise up again, I shd. kick & struggle a little, like a weak-chicken in its shell, & that is all that wd. come of it, because there wd. be nothing strong enough, when the body was gone, to stand up & live on by itself-

Still I do not say _ povera natura umana -, but only povera natura mia _ for what all the world has sung about the joys of convalescence must be true- _ Miss Martineau says, the more the body falls in pain & weakness, the stronger the conviction of an independent & unchangeable self _ she should have said, I suppose_ 'Here lies the difference between strong minds & weak ones'
eyes ran over __ (or, truth being
I believe one of the Co.) I am
compelled to say any old eyes
but mine wd. have run over -
Some points were discussed you know
in which we could not agree_
but I held my tongue _ yea,
even when the Morants ball was
brought on the tapis by Papa &
our going discussed, I held my
tongue, & that horror is escaped.
for it would have been one, without any of you
A long discussion on Political
Philosophy seemed less foreign
even to my intellect than that - ✳ tough
of all things P.P. is most an
"x" to my mind, yet as a relief
from the ball, I talked successfully
for an hour by the clock on what I did not
the least
understand, Papa having complained
that no subject of conversation was
ever maintained in society for more than
five minutes. You cannot imagine
how much better one always talks
on what one does not understand
indeed I am inclined to believe
it a specific for Conversation.

[Ileg] I took the part of Lord Brougham, against
[Ileg], Lord Melbourne.
Mrs. Empson, I forgot to say
had previously came yesterday
to luncheon, there being nothing
for her but the eye of an old
potato & the crust of a small
loaf from which the Harris
sandwiches were cut, which

served you in imagination during
the voyage, & were a visionary
luncheon I hope to you & your
friends in the Tram: substantially
they remain in Miles's stomach.
Mrs. Hogg is wretchedly ill.
Pray write to me, my dear, without
expecting any reward but gratitude.
give my best love to Aunt Anne,
who I hope is almost well.
& tell William that the sight
he wished to see of our table,
when without company, might have
satisfied his mind's eye at
luncheon yesterday - Thank all
for their dear notes _ & may
the Recording Angel, who doubtless
writes a good hand & keeps
good accounts, help you to read
this, for my eyes are almost
as bad as poor Mrs. Hogg's.
Tell my little Lolli, my jolly little kettle
how GLAD I am to think that her
turn is come at last. a deserv-
ing dog you know, always has
its day - & so has my dugracious
poggie. & tell MN I will
write directly. My best love to Aunt
Hanny- & blessing on thee, my
dearest, I hope you will have
a jolly ball, & I am sure the
costumes will be pretty- do you
want any thing else for your
frock, & you have you got your green
leaves _ And do not reject the
best blessing of your loving old sincere
FN.

Send me the last verse of Schiller's Hoffmann
please. I have begun taking a book, whenever I

{in left margin}
take my walks abroad & have a little something
to "improve my mind" !!(

8992/92 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Autumn 1845

My dearest One o'clock in the
morning is the only time I can find
to write - for the claims here are
pressing & jealous ones. Many
thanks for your Howe exertions -
I do not believe the Bracebridges
are coming to us now - nor Helen
just yet. I don't know why Mama thinks so _ so I suppose we three
shall make our way down on
Saturday, if I stay so long here _
which they want me to do. My
best love to Charlotte - I am
not thinking of going to Gordon Sq, my
love - & have not so much as
mentioned it to Mama_ it is quite
out of the question. Aunt Ju is
not at Embley. I wish she were__
She came over here the very morning
I arrived. in a state of violent
excitement_ was much hurt because
I wd. not go with her directly -
threatened me with all sorts of
punishments, if I did not go
to Combe when I left this place_
to see her, she said, not Shore, for
Shore will be gone - I was obliged
to let her write to Mama, & I do

not know how it will end. oh
woman woman, how little you
know the secret of your own power,
when you do not see that repose
is the most essential element
of it, that divine repose, the
very name of which gives us new
life. I hope you have not fashed
yourself about my Howe concerns,
my love - the bonnet Mariette
convoyed to your room is for Miss
Skerrett _ what can we do with
it? Mama said it must go to her.
I tried to see you before I went on
Monday, but you were gone. I have been obliged to write all my news to Mama in a long letter so that I cannot repeat it now - I miss you every moment of the day to look at Mrs. Keith, who is really to me the most Madonna like exquisite beauty I ever saw _ You wd. draw her in every position we had a great dinner party on Monday, & she looked among the bemoustached warlike geese, like with a little red flat Italian peasant's cap on her head, like a being of another age - the age of Purity & early Chivalry

8992/93 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1844

a Dearest mother I should have been sorry indeed if you had broke up so nice a party to come back to:day _ as Gale continues so much the same, that I feel, as she takes more nourishment, that she may last for some time. I had a visit from Mrs. Young yesterday, who came to see you, as you had not been to see her, & from Mrs. Poyser. If you should wish to stay. till Saturday, do not think that there is any occasion to hurry home -

b I have no news to tell you, not having heard from any body, & not having been able to make up my mind to write to the Rachel won, after serving for her for 16 years. May they live as long as that patriarch, who, few & evil as the days years of his pilgrimage were, had I believe an hundred and forty & seven of them.) I have not been able to visit the turnips in the garden owing to the diluvial deposits from heaven.
That greedy root, I think, even must have had enough of it. My dear Gale often reminds me of poor Mrs. Hogg, though she is much more anxious to get better & still talks of moving. She talks a great deal in a sort of daze—as I was writing to Mrs Bracebridge something about Hagar, she began, 'Oh what was that about Hagar & "Ishmael, you know, how she found the cold water & it cured the boy's fever, you

Was not that odd? especially as that is the very only time she ever asked me for any thing out of the Bible, except once when she asked me if Mary Magdalene was not the Virgin Mary—what an inducement it would be to keep a sharp look-out on our thoughts, if we found they were capable of doing other people good or harm in this way—She is perhaps less "spiritually - minded" than I ever [illeg saw her?], but dear old soul! she is truly great in her way, &

gave me orders last night that two new pillow-cases should be made for that bed, "because next year she said, whoever sleeps in this bed will want them, I am sure." Is not that the Eternal spirit living after death? She talks a great deal in her sleep about buying hooks & eyes & did I tell you, one night that she was very suffering, & I was doubting whether I shd. speak to her, something good
about the weary & heavy-laden,

she said quite distinctly. "Oh
I was so well, quite well. till
now. But I've been sadly off
my teas & breakfasties of late.
Oh my dear mum, life is nothing
so much as profoundly ridicu-
lous after all. Is that what the
eternal spirit is talking about,
when it is communing in its dreams
with the unspeakable presence
& perhaps with the other invi-
sible spirits, on the eve of becoming

like them & of throwing off the
form of ghost-hood which it
has put on to dress itself, like
a ghost, for a moment for this
earth, before the cool morning
air sends it to its real home.
Not that I have any objection
to its talking about pillow-cases,
that seems to me quite as fine as
Regalus providing for Rome before
he went back to Carthage.
(Give my best love to the people
you are with, & tell Louisa McKenzie

she must come to Embley to make
[illeg] amends. I must contrive
to see Aunt Evans again some
how or other, but I am afraid
to morrow she will not want
me to sleep on the eve of her
departure - But do not be
alarmed, I am not going there
to-day, nor to morrow either
most likely.) Ever dear mum
your affecte. child.

Thursday.
15 Hyde Park Gardens.  
  Good Friday.  
My dear mother  We are  
going on prosperously - on  
Wednesday Miss Dutton &  
I dined at Madame Ralli's,  
but Mrs. Bracebridge being  
quite too ill to go, we only  
did company till half past  
nine & then came home -  
They were all Greeks, talking  
Timbuctoo, or some language  
I didn't understand, except  
a goodish sort of Neapo-  
litan, by name Canofari,  
whom I gabbled a deal  
of French to - as he took  
me down to dinner - then  
we looked over all the  
Portrait Gallery of the Ralli  
family & made signs to  
a Ralli prétendue &  
a Caramanca prétendu.  
(Caramanca is the female  
Ralli) neither of these cd.  
speak a word of my tongue  
but the Bushman's tongue.  
Then we cam home and  
indulged ourselves with  
not a late set up with  
Mrs. Bracebridge, till her  
husband came home.  
Yesterday (Thursday) Miss  
Dutton [?] was very unwell,  
so Mrs. Bracebridge & I,
(the sequitur is rather in-human) sallied across the Park to pay Helen Richardson a visit on foot, & do some of Mrs. B's business. She took me to Mrs. Chadwick's the wife of the 3/6 funeral man - a nice little innocent woman, with eleven sorts of maize gruel & as milk & water as her dishes herself. We dined at 4, & afterwards I wrote to poor Hannah

8992/95 incomplete, initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845

Wednesday
Thy letters are sweet to my morning eyes, beloved. Your stamp (?) arrived in great preservation _ Shore knew it prima facie, or at the first face-but Mama, I regret to say, was as obstinate as a alligaty on the banks of the Nile. & like that animal, guessed every living soul from Alexander of Macedon to Henry of Monmouth but we got her under at last, & with a pistol à bout portant to her temples, she voluntarily said it was like ___ nobody_ She is now in custody for the offence; & I hope will have to pay good round damages for defamation - I have a letter from Papa this

{there is no b}
Now that rail-roads & religion are all our politics, & the question whether surplices are to be white, black or Oxford mixture is all our religion, I hope, my dear, it will form one of the earliest questions in the Catechism what the spirit thinks on this vital point, & whether we have duly concentrated our energies in [illeg] the discussion of this great question. Mr. Gladstone, it seems has resigned in consequence of some demur in himself, in reference to his answer to this primary Catechetic Article - & I do hope, my dear child, that Lizzie has been careful to have particular reference to this question in deciding the colour of her slippers, if unhappily that be not already settled. I tremble to think how materially she may otherwise impair her reputation for orthodoxy, & injure her usefulness in the Established Church of which she forms a limb. Has she applied to the Bench of Bishops for their written opinions, as well as to her friends for their poetical ones. She should have a legal opinion too. Um alles in der Welt, if it is not too late, let her be warned. else the question will be decided for her, not in the shape of a white surplice, but of a white shirt and spermaceti candle - wax is too good for her. Think if the colour of the slippers were to undermine some rising man's religious principles! what would be her self-
reproach; these things cannot be too carefully attended to. I am not presumptuous enough to enter her lists, (I mean, her list slippers,) with the flower of England's chivalry -- but am still greatly interested in this chromatic question -- Ever thy [end 3:498]

FN.

N B B. Mr. Close of Cheltenham would be the highest authority for Lizzie to consult, in reference to the Slipper = Colour = Controversy _ having had experience in 365 pairs and one for Leap Year. I will write to her.

{on 95:e, but at bottom of page, upside down} mom but no word of return. Mrs. Hogg is still alive, a weary time-

How I do regret now that I did not go every day when you first went to Waverley _ then she was still able to be amused _ and then I only was only thinking of myself - Ask MN to write me a word.

8992/96 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843 or 1845

Tuesday night.

Thanks, meine Liebe for thy letter. In return, I have to inform you, _ first, that this was clean=towels morning, secondly that there are snow-drops, thirdly, that in our roving adventurous existence we are daily making discoveries, and Gale has explored up to the top of the long walk, & told us on her return that the new seat there was just like Pompey, & she was glad therefore to have been so far - fourthly, that tho' you say that you have heard from Lizzie, you do not say where they are, if they have a new house, & I want much to know - fifthly, that the Parsons Lot is all gone to wickedness, and in such
a rascally manner, that Papa is
quite disgusted with Lea Hurst in
general & means to have a
Killing = a = lawyer = no = murder Bill
out, I believe, at the very commencement
of the Session. I hope peace has been
signed with my dear Miss Johnson,
& we are restored to favour. Mrs.
Hogg lingers on as if by miracle, tho'
every day Beddome says "she cannot
live another" & she is often in convulsions.
I never saw such sufferings. But
still she always knows my voice &
when she is screaming, sometimes if I
answer her, she acknowledges it, &
then the tears come & she is still __
I take the girls' place by her when
they go to dinner, & shd. have been
very sorry to have missed these last
days with her. Several times she has
opened her eyes all at once quite wide
& starting up, said she could see me.
Her only desire is to be released and
now they hope it will soon be over.
I often think the girls become
quite beautiful in the verklärten
light, which the watching by a
death-bed throws over them. her
counting the hours is the most pain.
ful part of all- "what o'clock is
that? is it only two?" but the
hour must soon be here when
We shall go to life & she to death:
which of us to the better part,
the Gods only know. Oh my dear,
when that weary head rolls upon
my shoulder, how many things
seem to take their right place in
one's imagination. Often she says, Oh how shall I be able to bear it- and I wonder that her father, her best friend does not send for her. It is horrible to see habit strong in death - and half painful, half ridicul- culous to hear a dying woman, say, after she had not spoken for many hours, when I lifted her up, That is Miss F. Do not let her lift her, she is too heavy. One wd. have thot. death wd. have levelled all ranks- To-day is dear Puff's birth-day, & the day too that Uncle Carter died, & one now 7 years ago & the other 12 - ghosts putting on shape & ghosts putting it off- "Schnell fährt's vorüber und wir sind hinweg"- alas poor ghosts. So Mr. Ward is degraded - wretches!

Many thanks, my dear child, for the verses. I have done my very best, my dear to persuade Mama to your staying, but she is inflexible. She says it is impossible, after she has evidently hurt Miss Johnson, either to put her off again, or to put upon her the slight of your not wishing to come with her _ I tried to persuade her otherwise, but to no end. Your only chance is now my dear, in the frost. if it should freeze to-night upon this thaw, & you were to write to-morrow that the roads were impassable I should think then Miss Johnson would be appeased & Mama

{there is no b}
5 pund, which you must acknow-
ledge, please. I give you all, I
can no more, tho' small the bank
note be, but I hope it will bring
you home honest tho' poor -
Mrs. Hogg died this morning. her
father fetched her so gently at last.
and the face which yesterday
was so convulsed, is now so calm.
She has "awaken'd from the dream of
life" & has left us behind to envy
her rest. Now she can speak truth
& be understood _ now she knows
even as she is known. I am sure
patience had its perfect work in
her, as long as she was sensible.
Yesterday her sufferings were too
great. She has her prayer at last

that she might see before she died.
she saw us all, & only a few hours
before asked me why I had my
bonnet on & where I was going.
The girls are quite overcome. I do
not wonder. I am sure I shall miss
her - Goodbye, mein Kind_
I am very sorry that I cannot
get you your wish, but I do
still hope to hear from you to-
morrow that Miss Johnson does
not mind another few days,
especially if there is frost to-night
to hinder the roads - Tell Lolly
how I look forward to seeing her_

Goodnight my dear. I wish we
were all in the harbour too, as
safe Ever yr FN.
Thursday
Beloved Mama says you must
send back Miss Clarke's letter
directly — Sharp's the word, mein
Kindlein, & you must not
commit errors of this sort —
Shore has been out twice, is
better, though still very languid —
He does not get up yet to breakfast.
but looks more delicate than
sickly now, I think — So we are
not to see you now till next week,
my dear, & as I suppose I am
doing according to your wishes
in furtherinck your staying,
I do not see any occasion for

your coming home before Papa
does, which will give you yet
another reprieve. It is what
Papa seems to wish, and
Mama, I believe has no objections.
The Empsons get in sometimes,
rarely, we will say. Mama feels
better since Punch came home —
I am desolate very to have
missed my dear Mr Lachmann {in margin, arch: 1793-1851}
& the reading of the Piccolomini —
But I defy you all together to keep
up a steam-engine of a
reading = aloud, as simmers
Embley March 1

My dear Grandmama,

We were so glad to hear from Papa so good an account of you & how little you thought of cold and winter. Papa came home last Tuesday after attending the Assizes at Winchester and except some tooth-ache- has been very well since. Laura

Nicholson & Miss Johnson who had been with us nearly a month- left us soon after he returned and we shall be very quiet this next month, till after which we go to London, most likely - I have had a very nice letter from Blanch at Liverpool _ seeming very much interested in her employments & in Mr. Martineau's discourses and

Beatrice seems to have been very popular and very happy at Ditcham _ I have been riding with Papa - but to-day the rain has been incessant. Shore wrote me a very good letter in a fine round hand while his mama was away. No doubt you have heard from her all about her journey with Papa and that the Octavius'es are
pretty comfortable now -
at Thames Bank, where Aunt
Julia is staying with them.
We kept up our reading with
Miss Johnson till the last
day she staid & she told us
a great deal, for she is full
of information She was governess
to some of the Coape family &
now lives near Waverley
With all our best loves,—believe
me, dear Grandmama ever
your truly affecte. & obliged
grand-daughter Florence

Dear Papa I shall meet you
to-morrow at Chesterfield, as
I suppose the Friday fiat is
gone out _ that is, unless I
hear to the contrary. I only re-
ceived your Tuesday's note to-day
(Thursday) & Thursday the 24th
was its post-mark too. Grandmama
is come on surprisingly these last
few days, & I had the pleasure
of taking her down out this morng.,
for the first time this last
month, & down to the seat
Ever dear Papa your affecte. child.
Tapton _ Thursday
Grandmama's most affectionate
love to all. she began [illeg] to walk
all at once, & to get up at 11 o'clock.
Wednesday night
My dear young people  I have
just had your letters - & in the
first place, it is all very well
to say, answer by return of post,
but perhaps you don't know that
we shouldn't have had any
letters at all if it hadn't
been for my immense influence
at the Cottage. & that ministries
might go in & out without our
taking cognizance of it - nay, I
might be heard to answer if
asked what King at present
sits the British throne, suppose
Sir, we say George the III -
in the 2nd. place, Grandmama
was in a perfect way at hearing
from Aunt Evans of Miss Hall's
advent, & sent off to the post
that moment yesterday to stop it, scarcely
allowing me time to write to you.
in the 3rd. place, I see no prospect
of coming home this week. she
has laid out a walk for me
every day this week, seems to
have no idea of my going - I
hope you will not mind, as I shall
be overjoyed to stay as long as
she likes. we do not do much
together, but to tell her stories
about Shore she wd. listen to
for ever. All the neighbours
"have called of me" Mrs Brown,
Mr. Bagshawe, a Miss Walker, &
two other old women whose names
I forget. she is so very anxious
they shd. like me, that I am afraid
they won't, but I open the front
door on my knees, & walk round
the garden with them on my face.
civil's no word for it. some
of the old ladies' visits I am to
return - Mrs. Goodman has received
orders to come and fetch me-
But I am afraid to look at
the clock, for it must be half
past nine & the dog must have
been chained at the foot of the
stairs, and every other soul
& Christian dog been asleep this
hour (we drink tea before 6)
so I must wish you goodnight,
as I must run down with this
to Mrs. Levick's before break-

fast in the morning. Papa will
be glad to hear that the police
are on the track of the robbers,
whose blood we hope to drink
next week. & that his warlike
charge at Sheffield was told
again to Mrs. Levick by the
police, with an Accompt. of
drums & trumpets, greatly to her
delight & gratitude- My only
grievance here is, that I wish
it were a dark dog to hide not to shew the
dirt - white dogs ought to
wear a black surtout, like our
Teazer & this dog is such a
very turbulent dog, he disturbs
me & my three books. Gdmama
was gone to bed to-night, but I rushed
up stairs to tell her about the hay.

[1:223]

[end 1:223]
Wednesday
    Tapton
    My dearest Thanks for your letter- & the news in it for Grandmama - if you can send me some more from At. Mai for her the better _ Grandmama has told the clergyman that I am to go to church on Sunday, so she means me to stay till next week at all events. She regularly comes down now to dinner. To-day she sent for Mr. Bagshawe to fetch me in his chariot to see the Botanical Gardens. fancy me dowagering with the old gentleman in the coach to look at rare plants. & I went. after dinner we have a comfortable chat together (generally about the children,) & then after tea another- & very happy we are all the afternoon. She is very feeble, & still complains of numbness in one side, but I do think our coming has given her a fillip. She is awake in the morning as soon as I am.
One word of thanks
Shore & I must write
for the touching attention
of this morning to our
dear Pop — thanks &
thanks a thousand that
in the midst of all
your gaieties, you should
have had time to give
us such a pretty re-
membrance so gentille
a thought we shall
never forget. & in
token thereof, are
your ever lovin's
{remainder of letter in a different hand}

   W S Smith
   F Nightingale

FN having a bad hand,
in consequence of having [illeg]
[illeg] it, I sign for her
yr aff

   WSS
My dearest we were grievously disappointed not to see thee yesterday. the carriage went to Romsey twice. & when it drove the second time into the yards, I gave you up for lost. A wonderful little deal of fury was however expended by Papa on the Bathursts. Jack came by second carriage from Romsey, & is here now to recruit he is on the whole, well satisfied with his canvass, but returns tomorrow.

As you did not go to Farnbro', & are not much disturbed, it is all right. Mama has written to the Bathursts to put them off entirely & Mr. Empson will fetch you Tuesday or Wednesday, as you will hear from him. He is going up to consult Brodie, & is greatly pleased, good man! at the idea of being your convoy.

Miss Bathurst's letter did not arrive here till night. I am very glad you have Aunt Hannah my very best love to her & sorrow not to see her now again - as Laura is alone, it is just as well you were there. Is Marianne really better? I am very glad the Lecture succeeded so well - my dear, I have not a minute today to write. ever thine best love to all.
Mrs. Empson quite well again Monday

My dear child Here we are comfortably established together, Hughie, Mama & I. & I find myself willy nilly in my old ruts of Greek and Algebra _ he is a most pleasant jolly little fellow _ exceedingly polite _ offered me his arm to walk to church yesterday, which walk was accomplished in the ways of peace & pleasantness - with an occasional diversion after the rooks. I hear his little voice singing the first thing in the morning, (for he sleeps behind my room,) which, if less musical than Shore's, is incomparably more alert o' mornings. One must It is all smoothness, for one must love a person very much for him to have the power of giving one a great deal of anxiety, even as one must love much for them to have the power of making one suffer much. Kit is here for a little visit, to recruit - & hopes, if Providence is pleased to take Mr Harnett, that Missus will be pleased to take her. I have had a long letter from Ludwine & one from At Patty, which I will send, as soon as it comes back from Miss Thornton, to whom Mama
has sent it. She acknowledges yours. It goes to my heart not to answer Ludwine's. Miss Rankin & Elinor go to day to Manchester. Alice still unwell, though a little better _ which will prevent Hilly from coming over here, as I had hoped she would, when Aunt Joan went to Combe, which she is to do this week _ My love to Fan with this news. So no more at present, from your loving sister

8992/106 incomplete, initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Spring 1845 will not signify. I thought of my poor old court-flowers - but did not see what use they could be of. I hope Hilly will go, my dear _ indeed she must- but Mama will write to her, I believe. A jolly ball to you all, my darlings five & do not, my dear, go in any thing untidily made. up. I think your white gown is better than a Fancy-dress which looking sewn together with a ten-penny rail & strong cord. & if you have not time to make it properly, you will look very nice either in blue & pins. or the other - So all blessings be with you, my
cherubic host. There is a capital account this Mong. of Shore and Blanch - both having really now turned the corner & Aunt Mai in best spirits. Perhaps we shall find Shore here when we come back from Waverley. As for Miss Coape beloved, the hunting propensity, which always appears in man in some form or other, generally makes shoot in woman at 75_ & Miss Coape writes about nothing but rats _ the poor ferret, she says, has had a dangerous bite in its neck from a tremendous rat,

which at last however it overpowered. (with other sporting particulars too difficult for me to understand.) "I am feeding it with meal"
& it is better now, thank you,
& I hope soon to have my pink & boots on again, she would say. As for the Trio here, my dear, divine service takes place every evening between the hours of 7 & half-past 10, & as over all performance of that nature from time immemorial, some have ever dreamed, while many more have slumbered, so now, after my lord & my lady have
put themselves comfortably to bed, 
a snore sometimes issues from under 
the parson's desk _ & the parson's 
voice grows somewhat mumbling. 
& monotonous. How lucky you 
had not this Mong. for your hunting 
Mong. I do hope, my dear, you 
will be able to compass your fancy 
dress. Hilly, mind you make her _ 
Good-bye, my dear, the rain falls 
fast - yours to command FN-
I hope Mrs. Austin is with you. 
she is so very good-natured about 
her jewels. I am sorry you have 
given up the Waverley quadrille 
tho! MN is not much like that 
pattern of pedagogy Flora, but 
Lothian nights have done for Callum 
Bey - & I would have gone as the 
two bears of Bradwardine __ but 

{in left margin}
I hope MN is to be the Anne Page, for I think it will 
become her exceedingly. & much more than the other. 
so I am glad she is not to be that solemn pedagogue
Sunday
My dear. it was pecu-
liarly unlucky your
letters being too late _
for I cannot find the_
painted fan any where,
& have searched the
world. all the rest is
safe _ but I can get
no answer from you now.
from the present look
of affairs I shd. not
be the least surprised
if we were too late for
the train. so do not be
alarmed, If we are. but
do not tell your harum-
scarum young hosts, as
they wd. be all for your
being too late too

You had better bring away
all our things (not wanted)
from Waverley. as otherwise
you know their fate. & one other
thing I took there I can't
recollect what). Shelly & V. Hugo are the
books. If they wish to keep
them, I don't want them.

but they sometimes keep
things for weeks, nay
for years, nay for centuries
doing nothing but scratch
their heads. Command
me particularly to Aunt
Hannah, Aunt Anne &
all.
I have just found the
fans, locked up in one of
Mama's repositories.
Dearest mother I cannot come till Wednesday, I am afraid, because, even if I were well enough in other ways, I have been obliged to send for Taylor to come to-morrow to take out a tooth, an old sinner, which had been quiet for a long time—But if it is satisfied with taking out the stopping, & being allowed a free range, so shall I. I am the less uneasy about doing this, because I know that you & Papa never urge in cases of illness. We have had such a tremendous N. wind here to-day, that the hurdles performed a new Pas Fantas-tique, & I trembled for the last of the Mohicans, I mean, the elms. The noise in the drawing-room windows was positively so great, that I went down to see if the Lefroy ghost had taken possession. But the shadows are now sleeping as calmly on the lawn as if nothing had happened, & the great traveller's going down to the west as quietly & gloriously, bless him! Mr. Bourne you will be sorry to hear, is much the same. I sent over to inquire & shd. have gone to-day myself, if it had not
been such a day. (cold enough for snow,) that I cd. not get over the little bit to poor Mrs. Hogg's. Mr. Empson unrooted me to-day, & says that poor Sydney Smith is really given up at last. I spare you our petites réflexions morales et chrétiennes, & the whole host of proverbs, wise saws, truisms, & alligators, which we brought to bear on this question - from the rich caverns of the memories of two such philosophers. I had a thousand and three more ready, when remem-bering Parthe's example, by which I hope I shall always endeavour to profit through life, I maintained a strict silence, fearing lest he should stay supper _ We had already been moral enough to furnish out ten immoral parishes with True Ways of Life & How to spend Time Well. The Combe account is not flourishing methinks. I scarcely know what to write to Grandmama- so have not written, as I ought. poor dear [?] little man - I thought he had got over all his troubles of ill health _ And now till I see thee again, ever, dear Mum, your affecte. child.
8992/109 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: mid-1840s

Many thanks, my dear, for your letter, which was more than I expected, tho' not more than I deserved - Your love was wasted upon Sir Wm - that great man is not here - but I sent it on by Telegraph, & he will have it for eighteen pence - (I will write tomorrow) - this is only to assure you it is safe - ever yours in haste. best love to Aunt Hannah I trust you are better & taking care

8992/110 unsigned letter, 3ff, pen arch: 1845

Dearest mother pray write & tell me what you wish us to do. how join Parthe &c _ Mrs. Mackenzie offers to send me over to the Kingston Station & presses me to stay till Saturday. She is all kindness. I suppose
Uncle Sam might, if in town that day, bring Parthe down to Kingston. The tempestuous Ju has, I suppose, written to you — pray write & tell her that I am not to go there, if you wish me to come home. I think she had much better come to Embley _ than I go there _ but you must not tell her that I said so. Write & tell us what we are to do. Mrs Mackenzie would send me over to any train after eleven o'clock on Saturday, she says.

These people's kindness is unfailing. but I do not wish to stay here beyond Saturday. The Carters have written to ask me to Gordon Sq. but that is out of the question. & I think I had better come home on Saturday, unless Parthe is willing to stay longer at Ly Coltman's, for this reason that I know Shore's latest day of holidays was Saturday. & I am sure they wd. not like to prolong his time at home still more — altho' I should dearly like his Escort & a day, one day of him at Embley). ever, dear mum, your affecte. child.

Mrs Mackenzie sends her love — I hope I shall hear from you tomorrow.
8992/111 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1845

a
Dearest mother As you
& Papa, "in all things liberal
& magnificent," write so
splendid a carte blanche,
I do not see how the vicinity
of the stormy Ju can longer
be avoided & have written

b
to Aunt Mai being infinitely touched by her letter, that I
will come from Saturday
till Monday to Combe.
I should like to come
home, if not inconvenient,
on Monday or Tuesday
with Mariette or Shore,
but I believe that Shore

c
at present returns to
school on Saturday - if
Parthe stays over the
Ball & cd. come down
with Helen, I shd. like
to come back with Mariette.
on Monday.
You have no idea of the
state in which Ju came
here. she cannot stand

{there is no d}

e
under the tempest of her
feelings - and - no more
can I. I told her the truth
& she was very much hurt,
& I must go now to keep
the peace besides the pleasure of seeing At Mai. Shore & Beatrice
both go on Saturday - &
there will be no one but
Aunt Mai & Ju. This
is the plan that I shd.
like best, subject to alteration from you, to come home on Monday or Tuesday - I will write to Papa tonight. after twelve o'clock - being the only time I have here to myself _ as Louisa comes to me before breakfast. this life of emotional dissipation wd not do for any one long, as one requires such long hours of silence to make up one's mind to the things of society.

Mrs. Keith is the one I admire the most here. The Chieftainess is all kindness. ever dear mum, your affecte child.

Dear Mama Gale has only this morning produced the enclosed, which she has had by her a fortnight! The lady is known to Dr. Beddome. I hope that silence about your tooth means improvement. I am more sorry for Aunt Mai's suspense among the Doctors than any thing - Gale is more doing about the house, I doubt whether she is really better - I have little sat by her bed an hour this morning, & though when she was up, she seemed better, any one seeing her in bed with the perspiration all over her, would have thought she would never get out of it -
At this moment she is in your room, as active as ever. Papa I think is remarkably "well and happy_" I have little of any thing new to tell you. The fruit of this day's work has been the school, the vicarage, Mrs. Southwell—nothing singular, new or surprising about any of them—At the school those of my pupils who are not in gaol for assaults, are engaged in breaking their school-missis' heart. And I suspect that Mrs. Porter has something to answer for in the torments of poor Mrs. Rose—

& that she thinks her Richelieu abilities will work a way for the Queen Mother to return—But your arrival is to put everything to rights—& Emma Porter vacates on Monday—She Mrs. Rose rarely opens school with more than 7 children (out of 30). & cannot induce the Monitors to come to her out of school-hours. But I promised her that all should be set right — & we will talk of these things when you come. My pupil, who is committing assaults, is Charles Dawkins — and as Mrs. Rose derived such comfort from
the light of my countenance (a
very reasonable consequence
from the above premises) I
shone industriously & graciously
The Empsons thrive, tho' she
looks delicate - Mrs. Southwell
was so cool about Rebecca's co-
ing, that I was on my dignity
too - but she will make her
appearance to-morrow morning,
depend upon it & I hope she
will, for Gale is so anxious,
& I was afraid I should spoil
Gale's "broth" by seeming too
empressée Parthe's abilities
are tremendous in the kitchen
line _ Ever, dolce madre,
your loving child FN

8992/113 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845

My dear mother How good you are
to let me have such a quiet con-
science in remaining here _ I do
not myself think that there is
much chance of my coming to -
morrow, though Hilary insisted
upon staying to see. which sadly
grieved me - though I thought of
what you said about a power
of receiving sacrifices being often
the most desirable of all ye virtues,
& humility in receiving benefits
the most graceful loveable of all the graces.
which is very much to be acted
upon by Solomon the Great, here
resident on her paternal promises.
no doubt. However I could not
get her to-day to go, except by
force, so I resigned myself to my fate like a philosopher & a martyr. As we have Bavastro, there is no occasion for your sending to meet us & [illeg] my feelings requires that I should leave myself a chance of coming open till the last. I shall get Hilly off by the early train, if I do not come. Mr. Taylor advised me not to have my tooth out at present, as he thought Morphene wd. do as well pro. tem. which he sent me. Gale is in an agony about the sofa cover, whether it is to be white, black or Oxford mixture. Hilly & I saw Mrs. Hogg to-day, who seems to be on the verge of some dreadful nervous attack. She had some fish from us which she liked. Thank Lothian for his note, by which I was infinitely flattered. I hope you did not forget to wish that sweetener of my life's cup of happiness many hundred happy returns of his day _ To an ancient pre-Adamite just going off the stage like myself, it is pleasant to look forward to some [?] coming centuries of youth to that individual. Our household consists solely of Mr. Henry, who is the person entrusted with the entire care
of the house, gardens & our precious selves. I made a faint effort last night to get Hilly something to eat—besides my food a crust, my drink the crystal well—& was told by Henry with a beaming face expressing Mark Tapleyisens in every wrinkle of delight, that there was no biscuits nor nothing to be had in the house. Au revoir, my dear mother. how merciful you are not to bite me a little _ but I know you & Papa always leave all liberty in cases of necessity Ever dear mum your affectionate child _ Poor child, I hear you saying, poor old woman is more correct for a mistress of her native tongue who

minds her nouns denominative-

Friday
My dear, This comes hoping that you are well, _ & will send on Miss Barrett, which was left, by Jack, _ & bring back Sir Oldooman & other strays. We saw poor Alf at Alresford, who rushed down, rather woebegone, I thought, that we had not rushed to him, but of course, you know, it was an affair of the most critical impor= tance to accomplish the journey in the least possible space of time, & which brooked no delay, as the fates of thousands depended on our reaching the Romsey Lodge at ten minutes past five o'clock
b
London time (consequently, six
minutes past Southampton time)
I poured into him as much
news as I could in 7-tenths
of a minute, a fatal delay at
the inn, occasioned by the post-
boy's requiring spiritual support,
but providentially made up by
the increased velocity consequent
on such support being adminis-
tered - I asked him to come to
Embley tomorrow, but he, the
youthful Daniel, preferred the
Saturday after, whereupon we
signed a shake-hands to one
another, already at the distance

c
of one mile apart, & so parted
At Winchester, Mama rushed
wildly into a shop, crying, "Buns,
buns," & holding out certain
coins of great value in one
hand, & fell prostrate across
the counter into the shop-boy's
arms, in her search after food_
while I endeavoured, by a preter-
natural solemnity, to maintain
our dignity with two princely
men in the shop, & turning
my head without an inch
of my body, said to the shop-
boy, Tardy of purpose, give
me the buns. Papa all
the time imploring her by all
the wedding-rings of unpunctual
wives now in a state of fusion on third fingers, left hand,
in the LOWEST CIRCLE, & by
the 18th of June, to despise the
buns & die. But she would not_
Lastly we clattered up stairs,
(you know mothers always will
put themselves to rights,) undressing
all the way, like D Fitzwilliam,
as we went up, & dressing all
the way down, that is, our
bonnet-caps. A’demain, [Greek TO].
I will send the Gard. Chrons. pray
tell Miss Johnson how sorry I was not
to see her. I have had a satisfac
tory letter from Mrs. Plunkett, which
I will send, & one from the Fowlers.

Dearest mother, We shall
expect you on Tuesday _ there
are so many calls here, that
I have not been able to
write any letters _ I am
writing this for Mlle Julie
to take to town, who is offi-
ciating by me in my room _
I went to church & took the
Sacrament yesterday in
their nice little church by
the way side from their
good Mr. Coldridge _ I do
not see a very great deal
of Shore, who is out all
day with the spes Boothiana _ but I have him at
night - Miss Rankin is
not well - Aunt Julia
jolly & active - Pray
don't forget to give Marianne
the Middendorf songs
(which I put in your box for her)
with my love - au revoir.
ever dear Mum
your loving child
Easter Monday
Combe
love from all here to all
there
{in right margin}  
Aunt Mai sends her best love &
desires me to say how very glad
they will be to see you whenever
you can come.

8992/117 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen, arch: 1845 or 1846

Bank-notes all safe -
My dear wolf-boy, Shall I ever believe
you again when you put me into such
a fright. no, I rather think not, cer-
tainly not, never. you spose I have
forgotten all about such a plan, do you?
so I have, when you have mentioned it
in every one letter, & so have you, you
say, you must have been writing in
your sleep then. I never will be
in such a fright again, as I was when
the post-sap [?] came this Mong. yes,
I shall, I shall go on being just such a fool
to the end of my life- & I know I
shall hold tight on to life for the
next century. To proceed to other
matters, of which I have plenty _ in
order, with your note before me -
It mentioned in Mama's letter, that I had bought the American point of the Qn. & that I had written to Yack to come & look over books & settle. & that I cd. not tell you anything about the Mulready till he did, which he had not, so it was not my fault that he came too late for the post, to give you certain news. He did arrive, good boy, as soon as he came in, & we settled quite bestimmt that the Mulready wd. not do, was both disappointing, & (as I am sure he meant,) improper, but I did not look it over, with him. he was pleased to be in an ecstacy, with my choice of the Brit-Ballads, illustrated, so I kept it, & as it is 1½ qu shall be very glad to go halves with you in it. it is really beautiful! He is going to order Macaulay's lays, & the Hooper books, as I told you, are done. so do not be uneasy One solid sketch-bk & the paint-box came from W. & N's, (late on Saty night,) as you will see by bill. I do not know what you mean by the "books you ordered for the Birdy"- but every thing else I have faithfully done- Accordingly at Yack's desire, I sent the point, Brit. Ballads, 1 Brackenbg. & 1 (illeg. Rioters?) &c &c to Whitehall, but got back your own sepia little dish by great good luck

(3 PM)

Uncle Sam has just been here, & told me news of Jack. so I can now inform you with certainty, that Capt Giffard is just come to town, that they go tomorrow Tuesday to Petersfield, sail on Saty. from Southton. returning however to London
first on Friday, so I shall be able to get another
American queen, unless you write to the
contrary for any other of {illeg. her?} & unless Grat's is published, &
send it to Whitehall, as Yack directs. Now
you will be able to write to Yk. at all
his residences. That Henry is not going
to the ball, is but too evident, as Uncle
Sam found him in town to-day, therefore I am
afraid my plan for MN has fallen through.
Which I had much at heart. Uncle Sam
took Shore to school yesterday, B. to-day,
to Euston Sq-
they have had a very nice Miss James
staying at Combe, he tells me to my
infinite astonishmt. that At Maria is
still there!!! was she then coming to
Embley on purpose to bring me?! or was I to come down alone He
looked wretchedly, scolded me about the
impression. I have not had time to write
even to At Mai, not to any one but you,
but walking in the Mong. makes such a hole,
& I always doubt whether it is not better to let
Dear Papa  

Did you ever read a play called Lost & Won, where a gentleman comes to life for half an hour, merely, as afterwards appears, for the sake of frightening his son to death. Such was the appearance of the Stansfields yesterday Mong. on me. Poor Mr. S. had written in the Mong. to say, that he was in bed with an attack of inflammation,—all our party were gone to spend a long day at Willersley & Matlock, & I had just sat down to write to you, when the S.s appeared. The house was all inside out, so we had to spend a long day in the pantry, & but in five hours, which we had to ourselves, by incessant hard talking, a great many subjects may be got thro', almost all, in fact, & so we found. They are most affectionate about you, & very anxious that you shd. not leave Harrogate on Saturday. The Tollets are still here, drawing=mad, & I hear of nothing.—(for they are in raptures with ye place,
but very clever mountain, good bits of colour, - happy sky, - & as it is full moon to-night, I hope she will come in for her share, & we shall have very talented moon, happy Jupiter, clever shadow she casts. The Horners & Fowlers are gone to York. Dr. Fowler to read some papers of his own, & I am widowed in every thought, till he comes back. Oh what a man it is! we had one delightful rainy day, while he was here, & I read Condillac & D. Stewart to him all day, & before Xmas I hope he will have part of a book out, to which he says the whole remainder of his life is to be devoted, a sort of refutation of Berkley, i.e. to prove, (not that all nature is only the mind cognizant of its own operations, as Berkley does, & that matter is only the other end, as it were,) but to prove that it is a perceptive mind cognizant of the operations
of the body. And also to prove that our thoughts are really not under our own command, but strictly governed by the laws of association, which he says he can demonstrate. So that that Collect has a profound sense, "O God, from whom all just works, all good counsels & all holy thoughts do proceed."

He believes too that one sense suggests to another what an interesting thing he may make of it. Of course we talked a great deal of Dr. Howe's letters & his blind & deaf mutes - one of his pupils, Julia Brace, whose has ye care of the linen of the Asylum, sorts 160 pairs of stockings, after they have been to the wash, by the sense of smell alone, & the only mistake she ever makes, is when two new patients of the same family come to the. Asylum, when she makes them a family heap, instead of an individual one - but she soon learns the individuals. & gives to each his stocking.
So it appears that there is a family Effluvia, as well as an divided again into individual Effluvias, & we shall have it in the Peerage under Arms Rampant lion &c Motto che sarà sarà Effluvia Roseate

Of course every body here called Julia Brace a very nasty individual, but I cannot understand that sort of feeling. che sarà sarà.

Dr. Fowler made me read Bell/on the Hand with him, à propos to Condillac, & brought forward all his physiological facts in support of his metaphysical theories, reminding one so always of the wise householder, who brought forth out of his treasure things new & old. Oh how rich life is, if one did but know how to get at it. What a fulness of life there is - there is the intellectual life, & the life of sentiment & the life of Art. When he is here, I never want any other life - & then one is surprised some day, when one begins the life of sentiment enthusiasm & feeling
to think how I long one could have done so long without it.

Mrs. Fowler had her head full of schools, she is a real home missionary, & yet has room enough left for one's small matters --. she always believes one too when one speaks an agreeable & very rare quality. a friend is to her not only to be confided in, but also to be trusted to. She was very much upset by their Reuben's sudden death, the boy, you know, of whom they brought up from 4 years old, & have had 22 years.

Mr. Horner & Dr. Fowler do not attach great faith, I see, to Miss Martineau's case.

The Horners were in great force, full of the Bunburys, of Sir Henry Bunbury's 320 allotments, at half a guinea's rent each, by which he seems to have made respectable & happy a whole population, of his twelve Sir Joshuas - one of them of Lady Sarah Bunbury. his aunt, & his second wife's mother,

the beautiful Ly Sarah Bunbury, you know, daughter of the 2nd D. of Portland, whose history is such a romance. She was the sister of the Lady Louisa Conolly, whose letters to her nephew are in Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She ran away from her first husband Sir Charles Bunbury, the Caricaturist & the Wretch, & afterwards redeemed herself, & married Mr. Napier - duxaristotokeia indeed, for she was the mother you know, of the three famous Napiers, & of one daughter, who married the present Sir Henry Bunbury, the nephew of & heir of her first husband - a curious connexion - The Sir Joshua of her is famous, matre pulchra progenies? pulchrior -- the Horners found the two Napiers, mounted on a chair, looking at their mother's picture - I wish you had been here to hear Mr. Horner's interesting account of the
Allotments. but indeed they all
missed you every moment. I hope
you will see them at York. Mr. Horner
took your place with much grace &
kindness, he always made Dr. Fowler's
ball rebound, tho' not, you know, originally
interested in his subjects _ He brought
here such a book, Wicland, ye German's
view of Horace's character & odes - he
said he could not think now, how any
body could ever have understood Horace without
it -- I shall get it in London, & as
there is no translation of it, it will be
the proudest moment of my life to
translate it to you, if you like to hear
it. Mrs. Horner has the rare
art of looking at her husband en
plafond, without breaking the back
of her neck - she is very graceful in
her simplicity. I never knew her before
one of those people, who find words
in their hearts, which without the
pretension of enlightening, yet are
like a clearing - up. One never thinks
of saying of her mind, that it has talent,
but not either that it is without it -
for it satisfies all contingencies without
making itself remarked in any - She
has that goodness, which does instead
of lights, because it is real goodness,
& therefore never does evil good when evil
might come of it. She might recon-
cile almost any one to marriage, --
from their lover-like attentions to one
another - Yet I must say
I shall be very glad when we are by
ourselves again - Grandmama will
stay here till Wednesday, we see our
two young people at Cromford Bridge
every day - Poor Gale is no better,
but Mama, I dare say, has told you
all the news- we never had so much
illness in the village - & Mr. Poyser
is gone to York- I am very sorry,
dear Papa, to have written you such
a stupid letter, but I attended
the funeral of my intellects last
week, in the new & elegant "Patent
Funeral Brougham, combining hearse
& mourning coach in one vehicle, &
constructed expressly for the interment
of children," as my intellects were always
infantile. & am now in half mour-
ning for myself. I have done
Coningsby to Mama - & do not think
there is much in it. it is more fitful
than inspired- more languid than
pathetic. I do not think it is worthy
of Mr. Parker or Uncle Sam - & as
to the 3rd. vol- talk of French novels,
to see what English ones are! & yet
Mama did not seem at all scandalized
by it. I suppose it is not improper
enough for us - do you remember where
the not very unrespectable Mr. Ormsby
says, that he wanted to bet at White's,
"that Lord Monmouth's marriage
could not last two years, but he
thought being his oldest friend, it
was perhaps as well not to do it--etc.
And that is English life_ I think it
is ten thousand times worse than any-
thing that Italian history lets one into.
for there is none of the enthusiasm
of vice in it, the poetry of wickedness-
& it has not either even the hommage
que le vice rend à la vertu, l'hyp-
ocrisie- Farewell, dear Papa -
I think I hear you sigh when you
open this envelope, Here is another
of volume of hers, or at least a
pamphlet, of hers coming_ but you see [end 1:226]
it all comes out _ half of it should
have come yesterday, if it had not
been for the Stansfields - & now it is
a day too late for the fair, as I
dare say you have Pythias back by
this time. I know you hate my
Reflections on Men & Manners, & I have tried to write a letter like a reasonable creature, without any moral sentiments, or immoral but I am afraid the Ethiopian cannot change his skin. at least not at my time of life. Dr. Fowler asked me to come to Salisbury to read with him. he made me feel quite a sensible & agreeable woman, while I was with him. don't you know you sometimes meet with a person, who seems to finish all your half-formed thoughts for you, to be not so much a sympathizing friend, as the real companion of your pre-existence. One becomes sooner intimate than acquainted & one seems to hear not his, but one's own thoughts more definitely arranged & more clearly unfolded -- a thousand obscure things seem to receive light, they utter words that make us think for ever- He said many strange things, which immediately appeared to be true & seemed to condense in a sentence the secrets of life. And yet this man says "I have been looking forward all my life to being blind, & laying up my stores for this time & now I find I have nothing to fall back upon". I used to think it affectation, when people with incomparable memories complained of a bad one - you know Macaulay does it- but I suppose that the nearer they come to the conception of what a memory might be, the more they regret perceive their own falling short of it,- just as the peace of a good conscience is never for good people to feel, but only for bad ones.
How I should like to be able to create; a writer, an artist of any sort must be well able to dispense with all other pleasures in the delight of creating - what an existence it must be in itself. [end 1:227]
Friday
My dearest
this nice letter fro Char. Coltman to day,
I am quite able to go,
thanks & hope nobody is troubling their dear heads
about me _ I shall be home on Monday with Shore.
I cannot say anything about the poor Hallams_
I am sure Charlotte will do what she can for Julia.
Life seems to me to be hurrying on, as we shovel those we love into Eternity,
& feel they have achieved _ I shall certainly come to you before Waverley _ I have been wishing to be at home.

What spirits - Charlotte seems to be in _ in spite of this.
I am so glad - My dear,
Mr. Hallam will soon be with Harry again. I think of Julia. I am very glad you saw so much of them this year _ Don't say a word to Charlotte about me, coming or not coming. I am quite safe, my dear.
Tapton. Friday
I understand the Arkwrights
are gone - Dunsanys want no
Courier.
You will see what the
Dunsanys say by the
enclosed _ & will you forward
it to Parthe, if you think it
won't worry her? I have
not the Bracebridges'
direction _ so cannot send
it them at present, as
she Lady D. desires - As I have
not heard from Mrs B.
since she went _
Any of my letter you
can send on to Parthe
which you like_ I think
she will have nice
weather

There is no occasion
to say anything at all
about me to Aunt Evans
till Aunt Mai comes back.
I think you will agree
with me, that it is better
that she should conclude
that I am still here,
which is always a pleasure
to her_ Then, when Aunt
Mai comes to you, we can
think about it _ I may
be come back. which
I certainly shall, if she
is worse & it is thought
desirable that I should
see her _ Miss Hall writes
to Aunt Mai to-day, glad
that nobody should see
her.
If it is necessary to tell her anything, which will not be at all events till Aunt Mai comes, she or You will, please, tell her that I am with Mrs. Fowler, who is ill & say nothing about Ireland - I shall not let anybody know anything about it. thank you for the hint I have not mentioned it to any one. Beatrice knew nothing about it. You are very good, dearest Mum. I wish you well thro' the feast. I am sure little Puff will do her best. Tell Mariette I found the petticoats _ Mary had taken them out.

Many thanks for the keys & things, which arrived quite safe. Do not trouble yourself about Hughsey. I have written to Hogg. Remember me to poor Mary Martin, if still alive. ever dearest Mum
Your loving child
Dear mother I am sorry to communicate a (to me) very disagreeable event. Mr. James having refused to clean the kitchen & "room" knives, in number about 15, during Henry's absence, Papa said to him, why what a foolish fellow you are, James, you always do it at the Hurst. Nothing more was said, & Papa thought he wd. do it. This morn. he gives warning from this day month. As it had happened once before, Papa would not recom- mend him to stay - & so it stands - Master James is going _ & I suppose the next thing will be Marianne_ I am very sorry _ I thought those two were sufficiently attached to us to stay on till their marriage,
unless this is an excuse
to get married _ Otherwise
it is so childish.
    thanks for your letter.
the glass is falling & we
look for a change of
weather _

    ever dear Mum your
loving child

8992/121 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1846

    Thursday.
My dearest I have such difficulty
in writing here, that I have been
obliged to write several times every night
till halfpast one, to do the
necessaries _ & Louisa kept my
Yesterday's note to you in order
to write herself, which after all,
she did not do in mine.
Many thanks for the Howe
trouble _ I think I must leave
the affair to your undivided
genius, I am so incapable of
deciding _ & shall be quite
Wellcome Ms 8992 390

satisfied, as you know I always am, with your decisions. The hair I enclose. I had rather you wd. write to Henry, as the only note I have written to him for months, he immediately informed MN of. Whose imagination immediately did wonders with it. From Papa's note this morning, I suppose you will stay over the ball, in which case you must have your tulle refreshed. I send Mrs. Thomson's direction therefore. If you stay over this week, I

shall go to Combe on Saturday, as I shall then have no excuse not to go, for I do not wish to intrude upon the hospitable Chieftainess after Saturday - & the vicinity of the stormy Ju cannot then be longer avoided - she cannot stand under the tempest of her feelings - and - no more can I. Shore goes back to school on Saturday _ so it is not to see him I go, but simply to keep the peace. I hope that you will stay over the Ball, as
I shall certainly not come up for it as that would really be insulting Ju. These people are all kindness. how I do wish you could see Mrs. Keith in undress manners. she is lovely beyond compare. I do hope you will stay for the Ball, it would be quite impossible for me to come up, my dear. how could I? in what way? let alone the expense. I hear nothing of Helen's day - perhaps you & she will come down together. I have some idea of going home Monday or Tuesday with Mariette. ever thine

{at top of page above salutation} write & tell me your plans, please, by return of post. I have written to Aunt Mai to say I come.

8992/122 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1846 [1:227-29]

Jan 27. Embley
Dear Papa, Your account of our old ladies was most flourishing _ it is so refreshing to me to be with such a woman as Aunt Evans, who never formularized her feelings, nor gave expression to her ideas, - in this artistic age, when we find more pleasure in the expression, than in the feeling itself. Speaking is more like my dog Teazer, who says, I must evaporate _ It works off all our thoughts & feelings _ Out of the effervescence, not the "abundance", of the heart the mouth speaketh, now-
In this too highly educated, too little active age, the balance between Theory & Practice seems destroyed - the just connexion between Knowledge & Action, lost sight of, the inspiration unacknowledged, which is to be sought in effort, even more than in thought, the actual addition to our store of Knowledge, & the positive subtraction from Thought, which a life of thinking suffers, not considered.

In the last century, it does not appear, at least among women, to have been so.

In this century, we have advanced the standard of the one (Theory), without that of the other (Action), for man cannot move both feet at once, except he jump, & he now seems to stand askew. May we not hope that, in the next century, without the one retrograding, the other may be brought up to stand alongside,
& the balance again restored.

But for this, trials must be made, efforts ventured - some bodies must fall in the breach for others to step upon. failure is one of the most important elements of success. the failure of one to form a guide-post to others - till, at last, a dog comes who, having smelt all the other roads, & finding them scentless & unfeasible, follows the one which his master has gone before.

Why cannot a woman follow abstractions like a man? has she less imagination, less intellect, less self-devotion, less religion than a man? I think not - And yet she has never produced one single great work of Art, or Science, or Literature - She has never, with the exception perhaps of Deborah, the Virgin, & the Mère Angélique, been deemed a fitting vessel for the Spirit of God - she has never received the spark of inspiration, & though she may have indirectly left the impress of her character on the world, yet nothing she has said or done has had a record in history - & the Song of the Virgin Mary remains the only expression of female feeling, which has found its
echo in every heart & every church. And why? why is her frame never deemed a worthy House for the Spirit of Truth? nor hers a worthy tongue to proclaim the service of the Kingdom of Good, by which I mean the struggle with Evil? Is it not because the habit of never interesting herself much, in any conversation, printed or spoken, which is not personal, of making herself & her own feelings the subject of speculation(& what is the good of studying our own individuality, save as the reflection of the generality)_

of making all she says autobiographical, & being always in a moral tête-à-tête of considering her own experiences as the principal part of her life,--renders her powerless to rise to any abstract good, or general view. It cuts her wings, it palsies her muscles, & shortens her breath for higher things & for a clearer, but sharper, atmosphere, in which she has no lungs to live. She has fed on sugar-plums,-her appetite is palled for bread.
But I find these speculations so universally uninteresting that I will stop, for fear of tiring you.

Mary Oxford's sister is better. Shore leaves us on Tuesday. Kitty comes here tomorrow, to refresh, at Shore's & my invitation.

Sharp's the word here.

To Parents & Guardians should any desire a locality, where sharp's the principle, & excitement the practice an eligible opportunity now offers:

ever, dear Papa, your affecte. child

Saturday
My dear child I send your frock &c- the book, I suppose will arrive, but has not yet. There is talk of the Bp of Norwich's house in Brook St for us till Easter - Tom Phillips, Esq. has written to Mama about it. I should be glad to be in town then, because I think Shore might come to us for his
Sundays and in a place, where so little attention is paid to the boys out of school hours, why they do not get into all sorts of scrapes, I think is partly owing to Providence, & not to Mr. King certainly.

This day last year I took the Sacrament with poor Mrs Hogg. How tomorrow, & tomorrow & tomorrow creeps in this petty pace

from day to day to the end of our lives there never was a word spoken more felt than that. Here we are again at the 7th. of February, Mama & Shore & I together again exactly in the same way as we were this day last year - but two of the people, in whom we were most interested this time last year

have been lighted the way to dusty death - & their little world goes on just as if they had never been in it.

Aunt Mai writes that b is no better. Shore & I rode to Anfield the other day to look at Anne, the niece of Mary, the niece of Patience, (Patience of Combe) for them, & ask Anne whether she were sober, steady, modest
e

& pious, all which she was sure
she was. we found the most
melancholy history going on,
the husband thrown out of
work by Sir W. Heathcote
(for having stolen a stick,)
& this having gone on for 2
years, no other work to be
had, & none for his thoughts
but this idée fixe, he went
mad, a thing came every
night to tell him to destroy
himself, & he is now in
confinement.

f

How all this world reminds
one of the parable of the
gold & silver shield; God
is sometimes all that books
represent him. but some
times he is a consuming fire,
he has said so himself &
we feel it. & it eats out
our souls.

O dull heart of man _how
do thy hopes make thee
ashamed - what was not

g

"this time next year" to have done
for thee & all thy neighbours.
& when it comes...

but this moment is to
bring the Empsons to luncheon,
so I must leave off & with
best love to all six young
female girls, not forgetting
my best & dearest friends,
Aunt Hannah & Miss Johnson,
am ever thy affecte. F.

Thank dear Fan for her
h
note. Have you heard
that poor Mrs. Ferrand is
dying at Paris, of rapid
consumption I believe,
following the exhaustion
& loss of blood of the opera-
tion. I hope it is not a
return of the cancer.

8992/124 4ff, pen, arch: 1846, initialed letter

a

Wednesday
My dearest child Aunt Joanna
has sent you by me a beautiful
print of Fra Bartolommes' Madonna
in the cathedral at Lucca, which
please acknowledge - Shore
was very glad to come "home" &
talks about "poor dear late Miss
Nightingale". Teazer, uglier &
dirtier than ever received us this
morning, with an unexampled
welcome, kissed me thro' the glass
with tears in his eyes, & showed
his affection by dirtying all the
windows in turn, while sitting
upon their sills. Shore says
9 Teazer, i.e. 9 Teazers by 7,
belongs to him, an improper fraction
which gives him possession of more than the whole of Teazer. is that your wish! we have had a lovely day & a long ride _) and oh my dear, when I hear the singing of the birds & look at a beautiful sunset, I stretch out my arms to it, & do so long to live, to live, live _ in all the capacities of one's being - oh then to live, what a precious gift would life be then_ I have never lived yet.

We were at Alresford at two - & experienced certainly a most uncommon reception. Hugh, pursued by two white rats of terriers, was meandering in the Promenade in the principal street, & having directed our steps, disappeared entirely _ we made our way into the drawing-room, where Aunt Joanna being not, Mama pursued them her into the area, at the & I saw nothing more of them for the next two hours, which time I spent with poor Alice & Miss Rankin, & certainly two individuals more unlike ladies of the Planet Tellus undergoing a morning visit from other ladies of the same world. I never saw _ they do not burthen you with any of the customary civilities, but you stand about on your head or sit about on your hands, ad libitum _ & very happy we were - Alice, who, in my favour, broke her vow not to
speak. showed me all Hilly's
drawings and the Ruth & Naomi.
My dear, it wd. when Aunt Joanna has
added a 0 to her present term
of years, & is an old looking woman
of her age too - this will be like
her. She has all her kettles &
traps on her back, to signify
that she lives on the move.
At the end of this time, Alice asked
me to sit down, & Miss Rankin
said some people didn't like
to sit down, & Alfy came in &
we went in to dinner & had
a quiet meal, for as the lion said
when he was tearing the pig. I
don't like to be disturbed at my
meals, as you know. Then I recounted
to Hugh all the wonders of Waver
ley balls & Waverley dogs & then
we went away - Aunt Joanna
like Lord Palmerston, never having
asked one single question about
the main object for which she
desired our visit.
My best love to Aunt Hannah
Lolli, Aunt Anne, MN, &c &c &c
Fanny Hanford, Lizzie, Fan &c &c
My dear, Mariette has left behind
Shore's Lardner's Euclid, a large
thin red book. & the only book we
wanted. She says I put it
with the other books (left behind
when we went to Horsley.) into
that box & she says you tumbled
f
them all out on the floor, when
you were looking for Hoffmann,
& she does not know what became
of them - how stupid it is ever
to take books away from home,
as if one shd. make any use of them,
your dear, you must find this, please,
& send it me by post, by return
of post, as Shore does little enough
at the best. & some of my our papers
are in it. never was any thing
so unlucky _ it must be either
in Fanny Hanford's or your room_
ever dear child your loving F.

g
Tell mn that I had the clean
cap after all, but am come
to a place where dirt &
cleanliness are alike empty
sounds.

8992/125 incomplete, unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1846 [1:122-23]

Mop & Louisa Mackenzie - &
Mrs. Bracebridge being locked up
with Mr. Reeve, Miss Dutton & I
retired remained upstairs. It was Mrs.
Bracebridge's so earnest wish
that I shd. not leave Miss Dutton
alone till Monday, that she
wrote herself to the Chieftainess
I was sorry, but the Chieftainess,
I hope, will not be spinous, &
I had two most kind letters
from Louisa, to the effect that
she hoped I wd. stay - before
Mrs. B's was written _ Miss
Dutton went to bed very early,
& I had a most delightful talk
with Mrs. B. about the Holy Land, which she said had been
the great wish & prayer of her life
to see, & when that was accomplished, she had never prayed
for children or anything else,
being satisfied & over blessed.
only think what that is to say.
It was a glorious moonlight night
I am just come from church now.
I like to have the Thursday night, the most solemn
night of the year a fine night,
because I always think of the
what the full moon looked down
upon at that hour 1846 years
ago - & it seems so ungrateful
to spend that night in bed

which our Saviour spent in
such a way (going from examination to exam-
ination) for us. & it is the
same moon that is looking down
upon us now. I must write
a word to Louisa in return for
a splendid Church Services
which she has sent me. I may
still go tomorrow, if Miss Dutton
is better. I saw Parthe to-day
before church. uncommon jolly.
I presume [she illeg] does not write.
Mr. Chadwick's new statistic is,
that 20 000 £ a year is wasted
at Bristol in hard water, i.e. (1d. a week
being spent in [illeg] the soap which is supererogatory, ie. over & above what is wanted for soft water), now from 3 to 5000 £ wd. bring soft water from a distance & the superogatory works will then be spared. Aunt Hannah wd. come to us when the Nicholsons go to town, I doubt not, and Helen Richardson too, I think—so au revoir, dear mother & father _ I have just been interrupted by Mrs. Bracebridge making me entertain Mr. Tremenheere, whom she shovelled into the back room with me, while she was talking to poor Mr. Mills _ ever dear mum your affecte child

8992/126 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1846-7

buds - there are none - My dear, if you like to go down to Waverley on Saturday, with Henry, to hear all his Irish story; Your people here have not the least objection to send for you thence _ & as Laura's now alone, I thought perhaps you might like to befriend her for a day or two _ so don't make the send=
ing weigh in your mind, as Papa & Mama are quite willing, nay pleased that you should go to. Waverley _ If on the other hand, you do not really wish it, you must write to Mr. Empson Spellow Hill Boro' bridge?}

YORKSHIRE & tell him that you will meet him at Nine Elms, to come down by the 11 o'clock train from London on Satur-day morning & you had better write to him, as soon as you have made up your mind, that there may be no possibility of mistake that Spellow being I believe two days post from London!

Only think, those good Empsons (they really have observed the laws, and cultivated the antece-dents, of "moral Inspiration" to some purpose). have refused a living of Id Cowper's pressed upon them by the Prof- & near Hayleybury - of £ 600 a year, without a moment's hesitation_ There's virtue! best love to all your good friends
for a miniature, instead of a Goliath - the less of its face you do see &c - [illeg] something like the meadows when under water about Salisbury _ the Vandyke is beautiful. Ly Heathcote excessively pretty & very cordial. I sat next Sir Wm & he told me some most curious stories about the discoveries of the "Opening of Letters, Committee" on which he sat. I never realized before the propriety of literally observing the Psalmist's command to go up with a merry shout & a joyful noise, till I heard him hurra the grace. If I had been properly brought up to the responses,

at church, I shd. have joined in the shout. The Ashburtons were the party- she is an American, you know he does not look like a settler of a Boundary question. As to her, with a predilection for Americans, you know, she & I had so much to say about Boston, & I had so much curious information to give her upon that city & its inhabitants! then Boston exclusiveness _ then Mesmerism, & she told me, tho' she does not believe in it herself, certainly the most curious story I have heard, because it was done by Ly Bath, her daughter, in her presence & in joke, on her governess- but it ended tragically _ then Vestiges, which she says is by Combe - & here we got had just got
up so high into the Law of Development & Organic Nature, that when good-night came, I cd. not get down again, & was obliged to go off as an angel. I wish I cd. get up the steam to tell you profit by all the curious stories we have heard, & tell you them. First then, the Strathfieldsaye concern was the most illmanaged crash that ever was heard of. The Ashburtons were the only people of the queen's society asked. & the not inviting the Palmerstons was considered quite a personal insult and almost unaccountable _ but the

old duke, they say, cares for nothing now but flattery, & asks nobody but masters of hounds. He quite ill-treated the Speaker. The dulness of it was beyond anything - regnava il terror nella città. not a sound was heard, not a funeral note, as the queen's corse was carried in to dinner, & afterwards in the drawing-room it was still worse they all stood-at-ease [illeg] & behaved just like so many soldiers on parade - she did her very best, but was finally overpowered by numbers, gagged & her hands tied.
The only amusement of the evening was seeing Albert taught billiards, when if he missed which he did every time, they said Oh that does not count, You play again. and a chance cannon [?] was considered as the first remarkable stroke beneath the stars. Ld. Palmerston says the Q. is stanch. that at Ld Hardwicke's, she asked "who that Bp of Ely was,"

"the Bp of Ely & a violent Whig"- "no worse than a violent Tory, at least I have not found it so_" "I hope your Majesty has no reason to complain of the violent Tories"- "no, but perhaps the Prince may have" _

a little more passed of the same sort, & Ld Hardwicke finished with "We trust your Majesty will forgive at least, any désagrément that she may think have been caused her by them -" "Forgive them, certainly my Lord, but forget them, no"- in her own peculiarly quiet way. It comes from high authority, added Ld P. for it comes from Ld Hardwicke himself. He ended with saying, that the Tories had mistaken her altogether, had treated her like a child, whereas she is a woman & a woman of strong character._ Her passion has always
been to travel, & her rapture at finding herself on French ground, she said, was the happiest moment of her life. Ly Jocelyn always reminds me of a saint, as she sits & works & works & works, & does not speak, but always looks as if she sufficed to herself, & as if her serenity was unalterable by any human touch. I could always see a white lily in her hand, and a St Bertha crown upon her passionless forehead. She looks like Lamartine's lac. what is the secret of these people, & what is the depth of their characters which makes them find no emptiness, no want in life - for she never talked to Ld Palmerston _ she was very fond of her baby, but told me herself she did not care to play with it. so those are not her interests - & there never were passed 4 & 20 years of more excitement than hers. I believe all the young peerage has proposed to her. so what makes all this sublime Heiterkeit _ makes her so completely enough for herself. I declare tho' so monotonous unruhe one cd. have called her great, if greatness is to be one with oneself, without change, without Unruhe _ And her manner just the same, to Ld Palmerston, & to the shoemaker Godfrey, where I walked with her. You will say, my dear, that it is want of earnestness perhaps, but good gracious, my dear, if earnestness breaks one's heart, who is fulfilling the Creation
end most, one, who is breaking their heart, or this woman, who is her own fulness of life, to whom others are so little, who has kept her serenity in a life of excitement, & her simplicity in boundless admiration. But I was not sorry to go away without learning her secret of [illeg], for I dare say she cd. not have told me. But she is so unlike every body else in this restless, uneasy age. she is like the idyllic ladies, or Helena, walking in the contemplation of her own beauty, or my dear, passez-moi this profanity, sometimes I thought she was thinking of her confinement, which she is within a few days of, & if I cd. have got out of my head the exquisite little lace cap, I shd. have thot. her like

the Behold __ the handmaid of the Lord. How different from her mother. she did not seem to find an interest in any of all the things which all the world is bestirring itself after _ I dare say she never got up every morng. to see the post come in. even when she was going to be married. I am afraid I did not attend eno' to Sir W. Heathcote to give you as much as I ought, but the first case he said which came out (of a Sec. of State's opening letters) was in Car. Wolsey's time, when the Austrian ambassador's letters messenger home had his letters taken from him (from some idea of a sub-official)- but as nobody could
k
read them, they passed from hand
to hand, till they came to Sir T. More,
& lastly to the Cardinal, who finding
read them, & finding something unplea-
sant to himself in the highest degree,
sent off to Portsmouth to stop an
ambassador's messenger who was just
going to sail, read his letters. & then
wrote to his Imperial Highness
Charles V saying that he had found
in his ambassador's letters so many
lies about himself, (C. Wolsey,) that
he begged he might be recalled &
openly avowing how he had opened the letters -
and such was the dread of the
Cardl. that Charles V actually put
up with this sublime shamefulness adding insult
to injury & recalled the ambassador -
Ly Ashburton is the most unex-
cclusive person I ever saw _ she had

l
a raspberry-tart of diamonds on her
forehead worth seeing. Adoo, mein
Kind _ I hope thou art enjoying thy-
self & do not doubt it indeed how can I? I do not think I shall be able
to get Mama to write, but if she
doesn't, tenez-le vous pour dit that
you may stay, & we will send for
Shore independently of you. If there
is a letter from you to her to-morrow,
I shall abstract it, as it would in
spoil your cause to remind her
of what she let fall & only annoy her_
I am sure that au fond it is only
for me that she thinks it right to
hasten you home_ Papa is so busy
that he wd. not profit much by your
sweet companies. Thank William
much for his letters I am so glad
he likes the harrien [?]. I did all I
could on Wedny. to make Mama write herself_
but cd. not - so I wrote myself in a
fit of daring. Good bye mein Beste
Thursday.
My dearest - what charming letters you sent me to read -
I am in great perplexity & trouble about the poor dove, as you will see by my letter & Miss Becker. I really don't know what to recommend, without consulting her/Miss B. - & am afraid of my own natural bent, wh. wd. go to promote the going home _
I hope Mama won't be troubled at my thinking of her coming to us, & my mentioning it to Miss Becker. Pray do you consult with her__ & on second thought I won't write to Miss Strutt, till I have your advice, as you may have heard from her that she has 500 Germans, & then it will seem so forgetful of me - If there is any hurry perhaps you will write to her/Miss Strutt, on receiving this _ Poor love - it is very touching & helpless - I shd. like to have another visit
from her in Derbyshire uncommonly, as I feel that I cannot speak one word of German now, it being all gone out of my head_

The enclosed from the dear old Dr. came with a copy of Canning for you - pray thank & say that you are at the sea - I wrote to Mrs. F yesterday _ I thought him much & sadly attired when he was here _

I have had not patterns sent me yet_

I have had so many people to talk to me this morng. that I am quite tired & must shut up shop.

Mama does not answer about Σ's servants _ whom she has to recommend _ you know -

I am very sorry not to come to you, my dear.

but au revoir

I have sent to Romsey "as I was bid". ten thousand thanks, my love.

I miss thee much _

thine ever sage

8992/129 incomplete, unsigned letter, 2ff, pen and pencil arch: 1847

{in pencil, very faint}

Thou bright faced bright haired boy with thy sweet mouth & thy terrifying eye
Thou launchest forth on the sea of life with a full freight of hope & joy
May 1.
St. Shore's Day.

My dearest, I am very glad you are at Waverley _where I am sure they & you will be very joyful to meet _
give my dearest love to Lolli _ to whom I would have written, but that I really, though wonderfully, have had less time than thoughts for my friends _

Mama will not have Tancred _ I will write to Pellatt to-morrow _ trouble not thyself _ Mama is very glad you have done Davis _ who has written you a proposal, of what nature I am not aware, here this morning. I am writing to Aunt Ju about, the pitch & tar - & feathers for her walls & floor _ so let that be off thy conscience.

The little Rennell at the Lodge is lingering on from day to day in the most surprising way _ &, I cannot help thinking, will live _

Mama has been very poorly, but is better. She is thinking of Miss Bathurst, who is gone to London, as your escort back_ My best love to Aunt Anne, whom I hope you will find quite well _ Your stump [?] will find Miss Adelberg a most picturesque subject. a very "happy" subject, I mean. I hope you will not spoil her innocence_

{rest of page torn}
My dearest I send you a letter from William, which I tell you, as perhaps you may not wish to display it at once to the family. We have not heard from Mr. Empson, therefore suppose that Wednesday (tomorrow) we shall see thee by the 11 o'clock from London.

Our poor little boy at the Lodge died last night, it would not have been so hard for the mother had he died a fortnight ago, but that incomprehensible hovering between Life & Death for fourteen days & every day's more life giving a new impulse to hope, & death at last, you cannot conceive how wearing it was - Betsy really behaved like a heroine, "serene & resolute & still" though worn out with illness herself - Au revoir, my dearest best love to all thine.

particularly to Aunt Hannah - I am glad you wd. see Aunt Anne again -

The spring has burst out like a fountain of green leaves.
Sunday - Embley.

My dearest _ many thanks for your letter _ I really have had no time to write _ my best? occu occupations at Combe were so important - the last was being driven in the dog-cart tandem by George Booth and Shore - the members of the tandem being the Oc pony in the shafts & the little Highland pony (I should say pig, but he mistakes himself for a pony) one in front, in a peculiar har= ness manufactured by Shore himself _ Geo. Booth drives the shaft animal, & Shore (standing up in front) the leader _ & always full gallop _ lest the latter should have time to stop. But in spu The little fellow goes like a Rhinoceros, hard at work, with his head between his legs, tucking his limbs up into a small ball with this "earnestness of his purpose" - frequently however & always at certain places, stopping, turning round, looking us in the face - & either
breaking his traces and preparing to go home, or trying to get up behind. when all dismount and drag him out & then full gallop on - At the corner into the Wimbledon road this invariably took place as in the way of business _ But we are all alive, _ thank you _ & Shore went off to school an hour before we walked to the Maldeir [?] station - we came (in four & ½ mortal hours) to the Romsey one.

arriving here at 9 - to day church & state- Empsons pretty bonny _ Papa very -the leaves still in bed_ Teazer dirty- parish thriving - But what do you think we have got here? a poor young German thing _ sent over, one of a couple, by Mrs Brook (née Miss Lydia Xtie) from Cassel - without prospect of situations or any thing - & harboured at the Gover= ness Residence_ Miss Taylor was very anxious about them _ so I thought it wd.
be a very nice thing to have
one here for a little time -
& wrote for the least eligble one _ because the other
wd. more easily find a place _
It was all only settled on
Friday, when Mama went
up to town & saw her_ Poor
things - she & her friend, who
are just like Rosa & Gertrude,
were woe to part _ but she
tries hard to keep up her spirits
She is very pretty, very ladylike,
very modest, has evidently
no idea of what she will

have to go through _ very
elegant & so good as to under=
stand what I say, which is
not the least of her qualifications_
I don't understand an eighth
of what she says, but she
makes out half of mine &
guesses the other _ Though
very far from being so clever
as Miss Becker, she is
very interesting _ because,
having only been in England
a week, all her views are
so queer - & very original too.
She is horribly particular, &
said, with a real genuine
virginal shudder, that she
had never read Faust, except
in Elegant extracts — without
which it was impossible for
any one to do so — so I am
very particular, & always on
the watch not to corrupt
her — & am going to lock
up all my bad books &
worse ideas & keep her as
pure as possible — I suspect
too she is orthodox, I know
she goes to church with a
prayer book in her hand,

but this I have n’t been able
to make out yet, as I have
not so much as allowed a
book of philosophy to put its
dirty nose out & always substitute
Bible for Hegel, when Hegel
comes for the rhyme — But
she may be sparing my
innocence — I suggest she is
not energetic & I do not
think we will read much
but poetry — As to the “æste-
thetic glances,” the “world-wide
views,” the “philosophical pros-
pects” of Miss Becker, they
are not — but I like her &
she looks as if she had suffered
so much —
April 18

My dearest, I must write thee one word of greeting on thy birth-day, being very glad that that day had its existence in this poor young world of ours. And mayst thou always be the lark singing in the bright sunny atmosphere of art & never descend, like the rest of us, to the busy scratching rabbit-warren, where

the inhabitants are digging & burrowing & making a dust for the bare life.

Me & my dove go on well together- though I cannot reconcile my dove's energy in coming to England with what I see. But man is a patchwork quilt. I am obliged to keep myself to a strict regimen of milk & manna, in order to purify for intercourse with her innocence.

She never heard of brandy or heterodoxy & Strauss & exertion are alike unknown to her.

We have had Miss Bathurst here to sleep & the Empsons once to dine. Last night I had tea company _ all the monitors drank tea with me in the Still=
d
room, looked at pictures, listened to my magnificent stories & discourses, & spoke not. Schiller's progress, which made him unrecognizable after a week's absence, is not hereabouts discernable. The flowers & parish being exactly in the same state as in December. Don't fidget yourself about

8992/133 unsigned note, 1f, pen, undated,

You are asked to Combe, where they want much to see you, when you leave the Coltmans. Aunt Mai never interested me so much - she makes more discoveries than Schiller. I mesmerized Mlle. Julie twice - in great haste thine ever —

more about Miss Adelberg anon. best love from all here To all there —

8992/134 incomplete, unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1840s

[1]
My dearest As you mention in your Eastern manner caps worked in gold and silver (under a general formula) I send both Berne & Bologna to your help. devoutly hoping that Hilly will not take a fancy to looking matronly, in beloved Bernoise memory, old style, & getting up to the part of chaperone thus to the life. Sacred to that memory I think the cap should remain - After having all the hounds & hunters out three times a day
à la chasse de votre pocket-book, & opening earths which had not been opened these hundred years, according to my way, a light rose upon me, your best gown in Nursery Bed-room Closet up-stairs! the wily fox had ensconced itself in said closet, & gone to earth in your pocket of the which I send the contents whole & untouched. I hope the pocket.book is for directions for the fancy. ball. you must send me Souvenirs of Favorite Danseuses in their most Celebrated

{in right margin}

Characters to hang up in my window before I send them to the windows of Bond St. As for the Trio here, my dear, the wicked do flourish, You know, always as the green bay-tree & so do we - sleep, balmy sleep consequently formed a large ingredient of the evening's amusement & I read aloud for two hours without much attendance at the Service, I imagine, from any of the parties. but as Macbeth hath murder'd sleep sometimes sounds in my ears like a fore-boding, I never hear the sweet sounds without a feeling of gratitude.

{In right margin}

Your letters this morng. came to make sunny our breakfast table- Mama was excessively pleased with William's letter which indeed Papa pronounced aloud & I in my heart to be a most sweet expression of a sweet soul. And she sung his praises yesterday till I should think about the Basingstoke station, calculating by your time- & then she praised Henry almost to even my heart's content & said how he was coming out of the trial, of learning the Ernst des Lebens by the uncertainty of his profession, so much nobler & improved. Papa said too how much he was altered & how his contentiousness was gone. Then she praised Lothian, & went through embodying in all the Cardinal virtues & allotting an attribute to each persona & Company collectively & separately. till my old
Dear friends,

We arrived here at a little past ten after a very good journey. The rail-road between Basingstoke & Farnboro' was in such a ricketty state that we set off at hardly 6 miles an hour & did not get to Kingston till half past 9 where after tumbling out in our sleep, the train went off with some of our cabbage, John being in the same comatose state but was stopped in time, to the vehemently-expressed dis.

content of the passengers, to give us all but one package which went on to London. At Kingston after a great deal of storming & kicking against the pricks, we ascended a one horse fly & narrowly escaping an upset in the dark drove with a sprint in at the gates which all but shot us in at Uncle Sam's dressing-room window. After this effective mode of entrée à la Lord Portsmouth, people were glad to see us & we had our tea & went to bed. not having had any time to spare at Basingstoke.

We are such a mob here, Aunt Joanna, Fan, Jack, Alfy & Harry & Aunt Ju__ the mob sleeps by sixes in a bed but Papa & I are treated with the respect due to our worth. We met Mr. Dunn at Winchester & the account of poor Mrs. Hopkins was melancholy indeed. She returned home by Red Rover on Friday having grown restless at [illeg] notwithstanding
Mr. Hopkins' pressing her to stay. & the whole of Friday night was spent in tears. She is not at all excited but in such a dreadful state of despondency. & wishes to go up to town for advice. This was Mr. Hopkins' acct. on the Saty. morning.

Poor Mr. Hopkins! I am afraid the veil & cloak would arrive in buddish condition, for it rained in torrents the whole way nearly from Winchester to Basingstoke, & blowing so hard that Papa could

[at top of page above salutation]

Love to Gale & tell dear Anne with my compy. that the collars when unpacked were not crushed. that all things came to light in won-derful manner & the toilette was generally success

8992/136 unsigned letter, 1f, pen, undated

thanks for Miss Clarke.
Thanks for thy letter ___
Perturbed spirit _ rest _
it shall be sent for on Monday & ill shall be right. The Giffards are gone _ Alf will come next Saturday too, if he likes it. Mr. Mills is come back, & I hope Papa will have rest from his anxieties in entertaining him!! I saw Σ for 10 tantalizing minutes on Wed-Thursday we are quite glad you staid.

Turn Over
I have sent two tassels, because your note with a certain imaginative vagueness of expression, did not specify which.

ever thine

8992/137 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen, undated,

a(2) My dearest love, I hope that you were not over-done with writing that letter_ what a fatigue it must have been to you - you ought to spare yourself more indeed. But I hope you will _ Mother desires me to say that she will send for you on Friday _ But you shall have a note on that morning to make arrange=

b(2) Poor Mr Mills is here, odd he always was, but odder than ever I think he is grown much odder than I he is now_ But I was out all day yesterday & saw nothing of him, as I was not home till late - & the Empsons dined - he is constantly on the brink of the forbid= den grief, but I rigorously & almost hardly, I am
afraid keep off it – Pleasant as it wd. be, I think it is so wicked to give sympathy in such a case, where he had so much better forget.

Poor Fielder is dead, died a few hours after I was with her, in dreadful suffering – not 4 weeks after her daughter, & today I have been praying with the husband beside the poor body, a
d(2)
terrible light – which he cd. not keep his eyes off.

Mr Mills stays till tomorrow & the Empsons dine again tonight –

au revoir kindchen

PS You are to come by the train 1 London 2.14 Farnboro’ 4 Souhtton where Mama will meet you Friday

8992/138 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843/1848

My dearest 1st. Shall not we have Justin Martyr? those beautiful lives are out of it, are they not?

2nd. what is Henry?

is he shy?

is he sulky?

is he discouraged?

does he think everything he's not used to nonsense?

I can't make him out which I have tried him in paraphrasing viva voce, which Mr Dawes pronounces
quite necessary, & he does not do it well as 4 of our children at the school did it, first time of asking. I really was not sure whether he couldn't or wouldn't and cd.n't take my affidavit whether he thinks me stupid or I him

3rd. how are you? Louisa says you are not well - naughty child.

4th. Oh my hopes! Soon will be here the anniver=

sary of my poor hopes for this great time. I thought the old accustomed sins, which the "spirit=of= =the=old time of Devil," so easily fosters, wd. now be rooted out. I thought there was an opening to a great progress in new virtues.

I thought now or never a new life —

Bah!

best love to yr dear people ever thine in furious haste
nothing new, the substance of this
document is, that a pipe, or
perforated water conductor, has
been surrounded with spikes
by the Dons during the youthful
worthies absence, than by putting an
end to all former exploits of descen-
ding from windows by the same and
ascending the plumbeous grades
in like manner!!! This is the im-
portant substance, ap [?] adds that
there has been a great row in forcing
open the gates of Trinity, on the day
after the degrees were given out,
when men usually get frisky -
& that Jack may come up as late as
the 27th which he thinks of doing -
Saturday - 8th
Ju is just gone, poor soul! very
unwillingly _ as to the Carter's
movements, of course, you require no hint to take
All my information on that score by the rule of contrary. and therefore I need not apprise you that they are not going to-day nor tomorrow nor perhaps the next day & that all the talk abt. such movements was thin air as also the proposition of going to L. Ditton which has been given out every morng. & extracted every noon_ not in a public way but, as you know, {prouchalamment?} and jocularly. so we are never ready to go out till it rains. Puff was to have to gone to town to-day with the Carters poor little mortal! to have a tooth out with me to escort her but the whole expedition is as I have told you stumpt. Your little men will be on the pinnacle of happiness to see you again & so shall I, my dearest I hope that Salisbury change of air will do everything for Mama, I am very glad that she has made a decided step to getting better. Bee & I enjoy doing our Virgil together much & Bab & I a little French

8992/140 unsigned letter, ff, pen arch: 1840s

Dearest mother, Papa has stripped off all the superfluous upper garments of the enclosed, which I accordingly send naked - having only read Laura's, in order that I might prepare her house room & send up to the village for 1/4 of a lb of tea for her dinner _ spiritual dinner however, as she will find by your letter, being so scanty, I dare say they mayn't come till tomorrow.
I saw Aunt Evans yesterday. & have just been out with Mr. Poyser leaving cards upon all my visiting list of acquaintance. I have had no letters & Papa only a pecuniary application. Dinner at ¼ past seven to day [illeg] [illeg] are the only excesses or irregularities I have to complain of. We I know you're saying, "the climate's quite de different thing below here from what it is on our hills." Don't say it. We have a magnificent hot day to-day.

The horse is pretty well & can go to Amber Gate. Papa has therefore renounced all idea of sending for a carriage to Derby. We shall therefore strictly comply with all orders tomorrow & send either that day or Friday to Amber Gate, as directed at time desired. Orders punctually performed, in town or country.

Our best love to Lady Sitwell & Mr Sw ever dear Mum your loving child Wednesday
A most difficult character to do - & its difficulty arises from its very simplicity. To be all made up of impulse & no calculation, "to be all made of faith & service, to be all made of phantasy - all humbleness, all patience &, impatience" will any one tell me how I am to describe this? For in the first place, there is no leading feature, no starting projection to lay hold of. There is the most perfect grace, arising more from the most perfect un-consciousness than from its usual source, (facility in doing every thing one undertakes, i.e. moving in one's world with ease.) There is the most perfect absence of vanity, of self-love. I doubt whether it ever entered her head that she can be this, or that, or the other. Such pure existence, without question, without introspection, without consciousness I never saw in any one. It does not matter what she is as to beauty, for the question never seems to have entered her own mind.

Unselfishness is her characteristic_ code she has none_ enjoyment of the present is her charm _ the shadows of these great qualities are, (for every light must have its
shadow, only of God could Plato say, that light is his shadow)
want of self-control, & weighing the relative importance of duties. But how few of us with our best reflection can reach the unconscious unselfishness of impulse: & what a pity therefore to disturb so priceless a gift. All that is necessary is to have self-control enough for two with her_ and very happy too, to enjoy her fresh & fertile mind, her passionate self-devotion, the constant pleasure of such a society - at that price. Oh what is self-command, how easy, how little respectable, (any thing so artificial)

though necessary in a world where one must wear clothes, in comparison with her child-like existence. Oh do not disturb it, cherish it, let nothing of darkness or anxiety approach it, to muddy its pure waters.

Of course this character is a most happy one, & therefore a most interesting one. nothing is so interesting as happiness. Her spirits are unvarying. She is like the Bird of Paradise, who floats over this world without touching it, or sullying its bright feathers with it. rather than the nightingale, which makes its nest in it & sings.

Must I find another shadow to all this bright light _ it is part of the same - an exaggeration of the
present moment, which for a time
kills the reality of all beside - a
passionate precipitation towards some
aim, which for ye instant seems ye
very goal of life - a want of sense
of responsibility. But there must
be flowers as well as fruits on this
earth _ all need not have the same
object in life. it may be difficult with
to determine what hers is. but may.
it not be to make life charming by
her charm, interesting by her intelligence

It seems that her aim in life is meant
to be Art & Literature - there will be
always people enough to fulfil its dog
duties, & make themselves disagreeable
with the pride of duty. et estimez
vous bien heureuse, vous, sa soeur, to
fulfil that part, & let her be the
flower, the whole flower & nothing
but the flower.
The character of her Mind is very
difficult to describe _ It is certainly
not for the abstract sciences, - it
would be quite impossible to make
her understand why, because the
square of 2 is 2 x 2, _ 2 x 3 is not the
square of 3 - neither did a demonstra-
tion give her the least pleasure _
& yet, strange to say, her mind, ima-
ginative as it was, was not the
least metaphysical or speculative__
tho' her ready sympathy was such,
that she would enter into any thing
to please you. But all the Arts of Imitation—Poetry, Painting, Description were her forte. No sort of literature, except scientific, came un-kin to her mind. She had attention so ready, that it was really a more fixed attention, than that of people who set up for having a pursuit. She would have written well, if she wd. have given herself time. her drawing was the type of her character, the expression of it, her language. She felt for truth more than she commanded it: her aspirations were ever higher than her affections. execution.

But if her mind is difficult to define—how much more her soul! which was full of those "nuances"

which one knows in the people with whom one lives, more than one can say them—which one perceives only for oneself & not for others. & which one feels, but does not seize enough to reflect upon & express. Perhaps they are too delicate to be seized.

She is the true type of Woman. She has not the smallest ambition, it is almost incredible, but so it is—not the smallest—the love of distinction, or of power, would not make her raise her hand to grasp them, if they were within her reach.

She would be called remarkably frank, but she had nothing more to tell to her sister than to her fortnight's acquaintance. She talked as openly to the one as the other. She seemed to say every thing, but tell her a secret—& it
was in a tomb, perhaps because she had no vanity, & so did not wear the secret as an ornament.

She was remarkably easily deceived - she always believed you - an agreeable & very rare quality, & one you were so grateful for, that you were always full of remorse for having unconsciously deceived her. She had not much knowledge of character - at least it was more intuitive than she could put it into words.

It did not interest her. tho', if she were applied to, she could, by a flash, give light to questions, among which you were all darkly groping.

She had the widest sympathies & the fewest friendships. she liked every body & cared for scarcely any - & inconsistent as it may seem, with her eager soul,

she never took fancies for people - a friend to all, she interested herself particularly in none - she could say too sharp things of people, & it made no difference in her conduct to them, she would be just as kind to them when she saw them again.

[writing in pencil added can’t read]
She was so perfectly happy at home & in the present. that she had none of that restless longing for the future - that wanting something, but what _ one does not exactly know _ that living in hope, which is the characteristic & the curse of the present day. One can scarcely believe it, but she would have been satisfied to have been stereotyped for ever, - she never lived in the future. The organization of her moral being was so healthy, so
in harmony with ye exterior order, that it was almost like that of the ancients, among whom there were scarcely any uneasy souls _ any traces of melancholy. Her thoughts never recoiled on herself, nor, working & subtilizing on her own impressions, reflected them back on the general world, as do our sad & restless souls,- in ye absence of happiness, which always forgets itself.

She had that perfect disposition, which masters or accommodates itself at once & easily, not from reflection, but from natural & unsought power, to the circumstances of its world. It is a gift of God, like genius, as unattainable & as precious.

She hated the sight of sorrow, it did not even interest her.

To admire was her passion - & jealousy she could not understand.

She was excited by the smallest trifle,

Dearest Mummie I feel that I ought to say a few words about our plans (in answer to your letter for which many thanks) though really I do not know the least what is fixed, so can hardly write. I am very loath to go away from here, just the very minute that we are beginning to be alone and quiet, and I have a little steady work and a little improvin' gossip with
Aunt Mai, who is so good as to get up at 6 o'clock and come & sit with me - and are having a little peace after all this hubbub but everybody advocates it with an eagerness which quite amazes me so I suppose that Aunt Jenny really must wish to have some one & therefore it is decided that I shall go & stay with her ten days or a fortnight till Hilly comes - I hope that she will not find me in the way. I can hardly believe that I am to be that some one. The littlies are beginning to cling round me as in days of yore which quite opens my poor heart and I worry Euclid & Virgil for two hours with the unfortunate Bee who nevertheless submits in such a manner as to make me very sorry to interrupt the process. Puff's birth-day is on Tuesday which I hope to beg to stay over- [illeg] [illeg]. The Horners are coming
here while I am away.
I must give you an official
return now of the state of my health
as you are so good as to wish to know
particulars. [illeg]
[illeg] & I have been very [illeg] uncomfortable
[illeg] but as I am as strong
as ever & look as well, that forms
no impediment to my being of brute use
at Thas Bank. As to anything that
requires quickness or tact, I give
it up, I never can be anything
with children or anything of a dis-
traction for people in sorrow-
Dearest Pop The monstrous littlies
have (as they wd. put it,) induced
your ball to make the fatal leap
and it is no more! it threw itself
into the fire. They feed down-
stairs with us, now that we are alone,
but, as Puff says, when their faces
are screwed up with the agonies
of a hot piece of pudding, and

8992/143 unsigned letter, 1f, pen, undated, postmarked 16 Feb, year illeg

{letter written on the inside of an envelope}

My dearest
I am going to stay till Tuesday
Poor Lizzie has been obliged to send
for Tatum. Will you send on the en=
closed to Embley? I have
written to them &
have not a moment
but to thank thee
for thy dear love/thy pleasure
having me here

8992/144 2ff, pen, undated, unsigned

My dearest
I have just discovered a
little seal in my Lothian
box, with a lovely little
hare upon it _ whom can
it have come from but from
you, from whom all pretty
things, which come to me,
do come? here thank I thee
for it- out of a full heart.
Mama says that there is
not the least occasion for
you to fix your day for going to Combe -- but that, as your good people press you to stay -- stay -- I have heard from other quarters how much they love you _

Do get all the boxes (out) of Shaksperian wafers _ as I have sent all I have to Aunt Patty, who desired them - there are three boxes, I think - pray bring them down with you -

My little German has the prospect of a place - I am happy to say -

Pray enquire if Mrs. Plunkett is arrived at No 15, (before you leave) & see her - Papa thinks the vision of the enclosed very visionary indeed. & Bishop's Waltham's beauties an ecclesiastical tradition.

I told you, I think, about the good Empsons' refusal of ecclesiastical promotion - there is a deal of sickness about

in haste ever thine
Parthe
Many thanks, my love, for
a most satisfactory Epistolarum_ I was greatly
comforted by the safe
deriverance out of Xami=
nation. Pray tell Wm that
I have written today to Mrs_
Fowler about Mr. Addison,
whom, to use his Mr. A's own formula,
is a youth of a "beautiful
mind" - really though - & Papa will send
him the introduction. but
alas my dear! the Fowlers,
Mrs F. says,
certainly won't be back for
ten days - & to any one who
knows their habits, at the
end of that, they may just
as well be in the Caspian
or the Red Sea. However
we shall be delighted to
see Mr. Addison here, if
he can manage to spend his
Sundays or any other days
here - pray tell Wm that
we hope very much he
will make him come, &

I will make Papa write
to him so _ Your Spanish
news was most acceptable
& your description of Toledo
reminded me of little Gué_
do you remember it saying -
j'ai vu, mon papa, dans la
place du Carrousel, la voiture
du roi, il y avait un grand
roi sur le siège qui condui=
sait les chevaux - it y avait
deux rois derrière_ & puis-
il y avait, je crois, un peu
de roi aussi dedans.
I was so glad to hear from you of the Octaviuses, as we had had no news of them. I hope tho my dear Lolli will have no return of Ashsaroth, Easas, Celsus, Acars, Cedon of the order of the Tahngeister. Is poor Jack gone? Wm need not be shy & proud about his friend, who is a most agreeable man, my dear _ as you know _ I hope you are taking care & not going out ever thine best love to Aunt Hannah.

8992/146 incomplete, unsigned letter, 3ff, pen undated [before Mrs Hogg’s death, February 1845] [1:96-97]

e

I love. Some unhappy people can have their angels only in heaven - but mine are here already_ on earth. I wish for no others. You are all my angels. I shall never know the pleasure of being admired & looked up to & depended upon, but I can believe it to be a very great one - but I think the pleasure of admiration must be greater _ at all events, it is the greatest I can fancy, & I would not give it up for the world. So all of you who will be at Waverley on Sunday, lay your account to be haunted by my spirit at your feet. I hope Sam & William have had a good day & that Lothian was of the party. I looked anxiously for this soft West Wind this morning, for you terrified me when you spoke of frost, we have had nothing like it. but an exquisite hunting-day [end 1:97]
I wish Henry could have been of the hunters too. There must be a great deal of romance in the gallop one's courser across the ravines. Tell me if you had as good a hunting-day as we. O wild West wind, how soft & sad it was to-day—

I always think of that "O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud".

(but I believe a hunting-day lifts as well) "fall upon the thorns of life. I bleed_" but there is always a rose to every thorn & we have a whole crown of roses in our dear ones.

N.B. I don't want any of your "hemi sphere of cherububs to hover round my head" but those I have - the Geister meiner Lieben, who think of me a great deal more, & are much much dearer to me than any cherububs are ever likely to do or be. God be thanked for them & bless them, {illeg.} as I can never do — & be thanked too for giving me the pleasure of being able to worship those I am put amongst.
i
had he went under directly

If any body happens to be writing
to Whitehall, will they ask
Henry to pay the enclosed
bill- (which I will desire
the man to call for at White-
hall) & also to bring down
the said books. but on second
thought, I think Papa had
better bring down the fat
books, if Henry will pay the
bill - as I cannot appoint
the man to meet Papa to be paid.
mind you pay Henry again the 15/

away in this house. I read
almost all day to the royal
invalid, except after he is gone
to sleep, when I read to Mama,
who considers that as no objec-
tion _ He is the candle of my
heart_ best bees-wax -
but oh how mouldable - a
weak clever man, my dear,
what will be the future of him?
Tell me if I must send back
the Chelsea Pensioners, which
made us roar- they really
are best Punch - & I presume
are Sam's. When will they publish their correspondence in that extensively-circulated Periodical – My best love to Miss Johnson. We shall hope to see you all four, my dear, in the course of this year. – Mrs. Hogg is now delirious, & scarcely ever sensible. I sometimes think the blind woman now sees, - perhaps "many things are becoming clear to her" which we would give our eyes ears & reasons to understand. She knows me still. but I hope such sufferings cannot last very long. But the solemnities of life are not exactly the chord to strike perhaps now - so I will look forward, my dear, to seeing you, et je t'embrasse de toute la force de mon ame en attendant beloved –

My best love to dear Aunt Hannah. Poor little {illeg.}, the garden boy, was drowned on Sunday in Ham Pond {illeg.} ice would scarcely have borne a dog.
Gt Malvern. Friday.

My dearest - Read & burn the enclosed - it is, you see, meant as the answer to Papa's letter — you must tell him so —

Mr. Bracebridge took [7:675] me to the Station at Atherstone yesterday morn., & sent me on with Mrs B's maid. I joined Mama at Birmingham — we staid till 1 o'clock to hear them practising on the organ from the Sonnambule & other Sacred Airs in the Town Hall.

The man destined by my friends as my future had also his Lecture, "Xtianity & Democracy" advertised all over the place — admittance three pence — George Dawson is his name —

We came on by rail to Spetchley & by land here — where we drove up through a Triumphal Arch of wet sheets & an avenue of flannels to the Foley Arms & went to bed, I between
curtains, & Mama upon sofas directly. This morng. we sent for Gully. & Mama was so taken in by him, that I was obliged to tell him I had a father living - She is positively beginning his treatment - but he says that even I must be as gradual as possible. I liked him too very much - tho' he didn't agree with me - (a great merit in me) - but Mama thought

his head like Napoleon's because he did - think like her, I mean - However that may be, she has been & bought his book directly. He considers us as very mild females to be treated very mild _ We have been out all day looking for lodgings a hard job - for the place is full - & we are difficult _ The view from here is splendid, really like the Pyrenees. but they haven't daily service at that wicked old church wh_ is just

[at top of page] under our nose - [end 7:675]
My dear, I sent you yesterday Miss French's letter in a fit of generosity, because of the Frankfurt account in it — please send it back as I have to answer it. M.N.'s was the one you were to "read & burn" — I told you yesterday (that Dr. Gully did not agree with me), in order to inspire you with confidence in him — which I hope had the desired effect. Mama's grounds of admiration are two fold. 1st. because he doesn't agree with me — 2nd. because he does agree with her.

This morning the operation began a young woman roused me out of bed — set me down, with only a small girdle about my loins, like John the Baptist, before a
great tub, & seizing a dripping
towel out of it. began a violent
assault on my back - while, in order
I believe to divert my attention,
she gave me another dripping
heap of linen, counselling me to
do the same to my chest, which
of course, I carefully avoided doing._
She then popped my feet into cold
water, & proceeded with the
same operation on my legs _ &
said she'd come again till
at 12 o'clock -

Mama is to have a very mild
infusion of the same process._
Then I ran up to the top of the
hill before breakfast.
The weather here is like summer._
we are going out on another
campaign after lodgings.
I am so glad you went to Sutton
& hope you made violent love to

{along right margin}
Mrs. Sartoris - I did so wish to understand
her better _ I think Σ will come here _ for
a day or two——
yours ever

I have heard again a nice account from Aunt
Mai _ which I will send you - she thanks for your
letter to her.

Oct 7. Gt Malvern
South Villa  
Gt Malvern. Oct 12

Dear Papa, Our time being now fully occupied between Aeolus & Neptune - it is with difficulty I can snatch a moment for the pen & ink._ Conceive our dismay this morn. when our solitude was broken up by the Dean of St Asaph, & his friends Mr & Mrs Scudamore & Miss Adelaide, heaven knows how they found us out _ & asking us to dine & sleep _ but we said we were too ill._

I & the little birds saw the sun rise from the height this morning _ & not even the donkeys were awake, _ excepting me - The Severn was enormously swollen, so that the vast plain looked all cut up with rivers _ but I suppose I saw the Avon as well _ & Worcester Cathedral seemed to stand
a little island in the midst of overflowing waters & rivers confluent on either side. I went to church this morning & we had an ugly sermon about Antichrist. Not that I object to people talking about Antichrist. The idea of Unity has been evidently one to inspire all minds thro' all ages - the longing to find a one-ness of Truth has possessed them. It was expressed by the Poetical mind, as Spenser has shewn it, in a "Una", i.e. a principle of One-ness or single-minded Truth, leading her Red Cross Knight through the world (whom, as long as he followed, he was safe). It was expressed by the Puseyite mind, in its longing for one church, its denunciation of schism, its doubts & terrors at finding
itself disunited from the Roman Catholic Church, which has the most practically embodied a visible principle of Unity.

It was expressed by the Apostolic mind, when, as yet consisting of only 12, they talked of "One Lord, one faith, one baptism".

It was expressed by the philosophical mind, in its effort to perceive in all religions, forms, more or less true, of one truth—

from the religion of Socrates (who says, in his Alcibiades, that he believes & expects the philosophical probability of some future divine revelation (τὸς θεός) being made to man in process of time) down to that of Mahomet, the "Arabian Socrates". from that of Pindar who "had he been born in Judea, would have made a noble prophet," down to that of Wesley, the modern-form of a prophet.

In all these incarnations, the
free thinker longs to recognise the Unity of Truth, quite as much as the Puseyite does, who imagines the destiny of the Church to be in some way bound up with the finishing of the Cathedral at Cologne, which & that to be the era when all nations are to meet in one church, one faith!

In the same way words that may seem the most contrary in meaning may have been used to express the same idea. It puzzles me long to think how Christ could speak of the forgiveness of God when one knows that forgiveness must be a purely human & fallible act — for what do we do when we forgive? We renounce a feeling of anger or revenge in ourselves. Therefore a God, who has is unsurpassable of such feelings, cannot forgive -- (as the Evangelicals say in a different sense).

I have often wondered how Christ could teach that prayer, "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us" when certainly that prayer is not what we wish, but a great deal more. But that prayer, it now seems to me, was the most practical embodying of a great philosophical truth, perhaps the only intelligible popular form of it.

For, first, we must begin by making the effort to forgive others ourselves, before we can possibly realize that God can extend forgiveness to us. Next, we must have learnt to forgive others spontaneously before we can believe in the spontaneous forgiveness of God.

& what is the next step which takes place in ourselves? why, we begin to see (after having
practised these two long enough) that we have no business with forgiveness, for we had no business to feel the angry revengeful feelings (against what is the result of the education or circumstances in others) — the renunciation of which feelings in ourselves is what we are agreed to call "forgiveness". & till we see this, see, i.e. that forgiving is giving up an evil passion in ourselves, we cannot realize the great Truth, that there is no forgiveness in God — forgiveness being essentially the property of a fallible being not of God, (tho' the Collect does say so) who has nothing to do with it. This Truth now appears, not as the opposite proposition to Christ's prayer, but as its

natural & direct consequence, at which indeed we could not have arrived without praying long & often (till it became a practice) that prayer. And as Religion is the popular practical form of Philosophy, — so that prayer Christ saw to be the only popular practical ladder to this great idea of the nature of God.

I know of nothing more uncomfortable than seeing apparently opposite Truths belonging to different times or different places — it makes one as sceptical as the discovery of an Iceland Euclid, proving the exact reverse of the Egyptian Euclid, would do. The Puseyite conviction of the Unity in Truth is one inherent, I believe, in
the human mind - & one which
will be more & more satisfied,
as more is understood of the
internal spirit of the creeds of
different times -
But I have written a long
rambling disquisition on a
confused idea- I send you
better stuff in a letter of
Mrs. Mohl's - what would I
have given to have been there? such
people have no ambition _ &
Mama & Parthe will scorn it.
You see she has not received
our letters -
ever dear Papa your
loving child
love to Ly Sitwell & Miss Stovin

Malvern - Oct 22
My dearest, I was very
glad to hear of Mary F's
marriage - tho' I thought
she was married to Sarah.
How often an attack of
Terror of Old=Maidenhood
comes over a woman
about 40 - if she can
weather it, the mad
dog goes off, & she does
very well _ Otherwise,
I think that is a very
common age for people
who have been Sisters of
Charity all their lives,
b
to take fright & become
wives.
   I have thought of a
motto for my ring seal.
   From home to home -
   the wish that is wished
to Grecian brides _ I think
it would be very pretty
(for intimate friends)
if you cd. but invent
a symbol for it. I
have propounded it to
Mr Bracebridge _ &
he can think of only
a rain bow or an arrow.
Perhaps you will be
more astute.      [end 1:303]

c
My treatment is as [7:676]
follows, if you want
to know - packing in
the morng., dripping sheet
after _ douche at noon,
a new & horrible instru-
ment of torture. You
go down to the douche
house, where you hear
a series of little yells
& squeals proceeding
from the victims
along the line. &
sometimes a prolonged
howl _ You go into
your own den - &
descend into a deep
d
well. Above are 3
pipes of 2\=, 3\=, 4\= inch
bore; about 10 feet
above your head &
there you stand, 

stark staring naked,
(& mad too) like Eve in the Garden
of Eden, receiving
some punishment
from the Angels _ it
is so like a natural
castigation _ The woman
continually peeping
tho' a window at the
top, like Nebuchadnezzar
to see that Daniel

e
does not escape from
the lions _ which
take you just in
the small of your
back & ' You then
remount, bearing
your own head in
a charger & the
woman says, if you
ask why people
don't escape - Ah
miss, we has 'em
there - if it weren't
for the shock, they'd
be twice as cold - they're obliged to stand under, to warm their selves. In the afternoon, foot bath, & at night fomentations. The cold here has been intense - snow - but now it is warmer. Σ accommodates herself to all our queer ways _ but looks very ill, tho'

she declares she is better. The worst of the water cure is, it takes up all one's time. (If we can but have a little fine weather, this place will be lovely) I never do any thing _ Alas, my dear, that confounded Birt is gone back to Posen _ after all Malvern had bamboozled me with the idea of her
being at Cheltenham—
However I have got her direction at Posen, & shall write to her there _ She was governess at Archbishop Whateley's, but this time she has gone back for life — what a shame of people to desert their country _ I hate absences — & I shall never see any body who had seen the Abbess now again _ I have a great deal to say about the state of Austria _ but as I don't know whether you're in a right state of mind about it. I must postpone it [end 7:676]
I very much sympathize in all you say about boys & boys' employments & prejudices, Malvern Oct 30.

My dear, I am afraid you are not in a right state of mind about this mighty Austrian volcano, which makes all the other revolutions of Europe look like children's crackers. While that great unknown world, the Slavonic Leviathan, is moving for the first time with such power—It is like one of the stories of the Arabian nights, where men moor their boats, & light their fires on the back of a whale, cook & eat—& all at once it moves, it lives, it engulfs them all. But this new Prometheus, who has fetched the fire, not from Heaven, but from Hell, this Imperial Incendiary, may vultures catch at him! what will be the consequences of the barbarian conflagration he has lighted to civilized Europe, we must have one of M. Angelo's Sybils down from the Sistine roof to tell us. will it be old German Austria made robust young Slavia? will it be a new Middle Ages Empire, set up on the principle of the Teutonic nations of old, out of which naturally arose military chiefs, to be sovereigns in good earnest— not, as in our republican days, symbols only of the
"abstract principle of public order" & thinking
no more of interference upon their own
responsibility with the deliberations of
National Assemblies than does the mace
on the Speaker's table. Are we to be cursed
with a second Russia in this new Austria,
if Jellachich succeeds in raising these young
barbarians of the East to an existence & an
empire at the same time? It will be the
primitive order of society restored - the stupid
hobbledehoy-ism of a young nationality - for
these Croats, they say, have all the old Slavonic
traditions of an Emperor leagued with the serfs
to conquer for them comfort & good things
from the feudal nobility. As for political
diary, the Croat animal cares not a
tobacco-stopper for them - much less for civil
rights - personal ones are all it wots of.
Those deputies from Galicia in the Viennese
diet, who did not sleep in beds, & in the
absence of all ideas or even language, held
tight on to this one peg of a belief in the
Emperor! And these Croats line the Kar-
pathians, stretch from Transylvania to the
Adriatic, from 3 fourths of the Austrian
infantry, & have all the depots & magazines in their own country _ Hungary has not one _ And the Croat animal is five ft high, when tall.

If ever judgment from Heaven made our civilized days to start, reminded of those of the Old Covenant _ & that there of a Power which abhors does punish treachery & double dyed black Judas s, one might believe in one here upon this idiot of the house of Austria _ Here he was, giving Hungary all she asked in March, four months afterwards longing to have back the pet lamb of potentates (their selfish prerogative) without being indicted at the bar of Europe for robbery setting his dog Jellachich at her, while proclaiming in the market place & at the crossways, This dog is his own dog - not mine - & just as all Europe cries,

The Idiot is the only sovereign who keeps in his skin & on his throne, let us all be idiots - comes the whirlwind- himself expelled,- his traitors murdered - his plans, on the wings of success, cut down - Nevertheless I'll not deny, the Croats have their grievances against the Magyars _ I myself have my own little private grudge - & a
very sore one too – if it is true that Austria
spunges Lombardy for the Annual deficit of
Hungary — those Magyars being too sharp to let
ıt the necessary revenue be raised among themselves. But the main
grievance of the Croats, does not Krasinsky say?
is the Hungarian creatures insisting upon teaching
all tongues to talk Magyar in their Pesth Diet —
a pest of their Magyar! if that has been the
real setter up of the Croat back, it only shews
that it is always vanity, which has been
the most "intractable" of human things. Archimedes
said, if you wd. give him a fulcrum, his lever
shd. move the world — What an innocent! not
to know of vanity! perhaps it was not invented
then — Forgive this long peroration — It is my own
little private stake in it on poor Lombardy's
account that makes me frantic — If the Croats
beat, we're beat — Oh come home, come back,
Hungarians — I must go & stifle my Elegies in the
Douche — Mama is really much better &
wants like two — I have had a Plunkett des-
patch, obliged to give up Embley — & going to try
Malvern after the confinement, by advice of an
M.D. !!! I am glad you see that the Examiner
has just views on the Austrian subject — Times
scandalous! The Sclaves are quite right in doing
what they do for their own interest — for if they did not, Austria must fall
to pieces — & be absorbed in Germany. But what a perspective

[end 7:321]
Cold weather? my dear friend! drive us away?
to people who live under a Douche which rains small hail stones, cold weather's a fool, frost's my natural fur, & snow I thatch my head with ice I keep in my waistcoat pocket, (as an Irish man carries the whiskey bottle) for a cordial - We've a deep snow on the ground, what do you think of that? I have not seen a snow these 2 years & stood at the window like a child this morng. to see the red Fuchsias nodding at each other under the heavy white covering.
I am so glad of what Σ says about Robertson (Shore's) Robertson - That capitulation of Vienna I began to think be weak weak & weary of the world, which is now altogether the devil's since Windischgrätz took possession of it. That Times - nobody writes in it now but "Reeves & their brothers" & first cousins - confound 'em all - Did you ever read such a letter as from our
own Correspondent at Florisdorf either? If you want to know how I am, I'm very ill.

The Nicholsons went home today — they know nothing of Laura's being unwell— so I did not mention it — At Anne quite as well as usual but such a description of the misery of Ireland. She says everyone ought to see it — ever thine Nov 9. the day of my first sight of St. Peter's by

starlight & of seeing the Sun (of Regeneration as I thought him then) rising cloudless behind the white towers of C. Vecchia who looked, as he cast his bright glory round her head, like a Vestal tending the sacred fire._

Hands too cold to write more [end 7:677]
My dearest Will you reserve the two last Examiners for me? as I want that Review of Mrs. Jameson, & this last admirable article on the "carping selfish old country", cold shouldering the struggles of the young one - I will reprint that in letters of gold & give it to all my friends. it really was a comfort to me "we cannot see, without the deepest regret, the blood of that nation. (who drove out Metternich) poured forth in the ruins of their capital, & the freedom of the empire expiring with the lives of its defenders" Oh no, what a day it is to see -
It was some solace to my wounds to read that.

I am very sorry for the enclosed from Capt. P.

A seven months' child is a misery if it lives - & it will be a disappointment to her, if it dies. as she will think, (as it is a "fellow" which I suppose means a boy) -

Now I've got to make another.'

Poor Mr Bracebridge - I feel rather frightened _ I spoke to Gully about him - & he shook his head & said "it is a very bad life"- but of course you will not repeat this _

We have got the Ladies Proby here, old relations of Mrs. S. Mackenzies, recommended to us. & are positively going to put on our best caps to tea with them tonight-
Gully drank tea with us last night. He is always interesting but I have more trust in his mind than in his soul - I think he is benevolent from caprice & wd. make an admirable adviser but a bad friend - however this is very ungrateful, as he has been very kind to me -.

Two teas running!!
The allusion to Henry's eye in MN was that he had had an alarm about the strength of his well eye in Ireland but, thank God, it is quite blown over however it is not to be mentioned as he cannot bear it -

Auf Wiedersehen, geliebte
I have been writing diligently to Σ to keep up her spirit which cuts short this shabby note. thine ever

8993/8 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848}

My dearest You will be as glad as I am to read the enclosed from the poor dear soul - The reason why I did not tell you before, was that she begged me not to mention it & that I myself thought it too good news to be true as she had twice been mistaken before but I trust in God that she is not mistaken now - what a dunce the man is to keep her on her back-

I am so miserable about the capitulation of Vienna - I don't know what to say - you bigoted ordinarian - don't you see that it is the Magna Charta story over again? people say now=
adays, oh it was the Barons
won the Magna Charta _ not
the people -
    Yes, but the Barons were
the representatives of freedom
& progression then _ the people
didn't know what it was _
    And so the Magyars & the
German Austrians are the
representatives of political
desire for liberty now _ the
Croats, beasts, care for nothing
but their stomachs & their
Idiot -  And now, it is
all up, Austria will be a
Sclavonian Empire, Hungary
a dependent province,  Italy
another -- We're beat for
another century__ I don't care

for anything.  I'd rather have
been drowned in the Douche
before this came about _
    And everybody sings, _ Oh I'm
so glad - the capitulation of
Vienna - & likens the grievances
of Austria against that
Judas to those of the Red
Republic in the days of June
Goodbye, I'm going to cry in bed.
& never see the light of day
again - [end 7:321]
    Nicholsons just been here_
All as if nothing had happened
in spiritual things -
Aunt Anne looking quite
well & strong _ in material.
    I can't make up my mind
for us to stay away another fortnight
My dearest - Good child to write as it does. very good child - I wish I were ditto. And tho' a great deal you say puts me in a rage _ yet it does me good to see the nightly missive - You can't think what a fine effect my braided gown has enabled me to institute here - my light has shone forth before men & women - & I con=vinced Σ I had got a new gown.

b

I think you had better not tell Fanny yet about Lizzie H's hopes. not for the latter's, but the former's sake - because, tho' I cd. not tell Lizzie so, as she has a medical man's opinion_ yet I don't feel at all sure myself that she is not mistaken even yet as I have seen what the medical man has not. seen, viz the wonderful way in which her imagination can represent facts, owing
c
to her having been brought up without the knowledge by which even a hen lays eggs. Don't you see what she has done? she has told the Dr. that she has had two miscarriages, & he in consequence, lays a healthy young woman on her back, (the very way to produce one)-
Now it wd. be such a double discouragement to Fanny if it were to turn out all wrong, wherefore I don't mean to say a word about it to any one. God grant it is all right! [end 8:654]

d
We shall see your face again, my dear child, I believe, on Thursday week- so that will be a little sooner than we had expected & glad shall I be to see thee & all old things again.

The Viennese have not been violated?!! well, what shall we come to next? but Pazienza, you're Metternich's own children_ [end 7:322] Σ has gone to Brighton to see him _ & has him all hot & hot from Ld. Alvanley [end 7:322]
It is said that if the Austrians leave Milan, they do not mean to do it without spoliation & that no Austrians, no pictures Brera will be their "mother". That doesn't signify - give them Liberty, give them Art - new genius will [?] arise - & the "spirit of Beauty" will shew itself as in Freedom so in Art.

With regard to the Roman volunteers, the Croats never stood the onset of these University boys except when in very superior numbers. Durando it appears, betrayed them at Vicenza where 400 of these boys fell - else Vicenza would not have fallen - Pepe has 50 forts guarding the Lagoon - Leghorn is quiet - the railway once more open. but the Lucca forestieri are coming to Rome for the winter. Sicily's fate seems sealed. As to the English policy in Italy, the Italians are disgusted with us - all our agents there are Illiberals. old Adml. Parker the very man who, for 3 years, employed himself in the Tagus in furthering the righteous cause of D. Miguel the Matador, while our Govt. was supporting the other side - Mr Hamilton at Florence (Sir George's brother) is of the same litter from the same mother & (thinking himself I suppose simulating a disciple of Machiavelli & il Principe), his Prince is the man of Modena!
With regard to Rossi, they seem to have great confidence in him at Rome, i.e. not in his good faith but in his good sense — being a good man of business & not a theorizer. If Pius will supply the soul, I don't see why Rossi shouldn't the body. If they can get Fornari, (the clever Nuncio at the Hague, Paris & Constantinople), the purple, the Presidency of the Council, the portfolio of Ecclesiastical Affairs, they will have a good working Ministry, unlike the Mamiani one, which, though it flew a much higher flight, is accused of having had no stock in hand but the theories of old literati, (the vaguest of which which Mamiani himself was,) & the preposterous nullities of journey men statesmen _ It is said that they quite misunderstood the Pope's position in urging him to declare war, & confounded it with the other petty reguli of Italy _

Rossi walked into the Junta for the Direction of Finances the other day, & with a profound bow & slow grave manner enunciated "Signori miei," a profound bow, "coloro che sentonsi poco adatti a queste faccende io li consiglio de cercare qualche altro impiego e prezzo." & walked out, leaving them petrified. Under Rossi it is said they are positively beginning their constitutional education
Dear mother 

The enclosed letter was written to you, though I began it to Aunt Mai before I went out. You can send it on to her if you like it.

Please write to me.

I have not experience to tell in how much danger Mrs Herbert may be, or what state she is in. I should think she required great care.

She is evidently alarmed.

S. Herbert is not going to town this week - so, tho' I don't find myself in the way, I am rather sorry I came before next week. But I did it for the best.

I never saw such a suffering creature as that poor Mrs. Montgomery.

I send Parthe's in case you have not read it.

Please return all my letters to me - as if I've time, I mean to answer them.

As to that wretched Colyar letter, if you ever get it back, it must go to Parthe, of course.

I am sorry for your solitary condition, dear Mum - ever your loving child.

You must, please, now tell Mr Empson, with as pretty a message from me as you can invent, to give poor Elisha Humby's wife the Sacrament, & tell her why I cd. not come & take it with her.
a
  Dearest mother  I send
you the enclosed, meaning
Mariette, & At Jenny's
note _ Mrs Herbert is
in bed today, so I am
really glad I staid _
as I teach in her school
& do her jobs in the village,
& she is in such a fidget
If they are not done _
because she says there
is nobody in her family
who likes doing it _ &
therefore she feels there

b
is nobody whom she
can ask to do it -
I hope there is not
much amiss. But she
has a good deal of pain.
However, she is under
Tatum, which is all
right -  What a lovely
day -
  ever dear people
your loving child

I have given Mariette
a note for Jackson
about the Cerate.
I send back Parthe's nice letter. Did I tell you the Clanwilliams were here? She a quiet cheerful admirable mère de famille. He (the offspring of an Austrian Roman Catholic, Ctess Thun, out= Austrians an Austrian. We quarrel, but we are good friends. Ly Pembroke I really love her cheerfulness under her blindness, her activity, her excessive self=forgetfulness, her seeing considering all her wants, not as privations, but as proofs of others kindness to her is really beautiful.

Everything in my room is locked up & I have the keys so there need be no trouble about that. Oh! if you will take my Gully directions, which are in the 1st page of Gully's book, which is in the book case in my room, I may perhaps want them. (there is a letter of Mrs. Noel's too in the book, don't take that)

I am sorry not to continue Mr Charles's Education, whom I like much, but I have great abundance of teaching to do here.
Dearest mother, What
shall you say to me, if I
profit by your kind
permit, & stay till
Tuesday? Mariette has
done nothing but fidget,
so I believe I had
better let her have her
own way, & go home to-
morrow Saturday, by
2 o'clock train. If you
happened to be in
Romsey, you might fetch
her. for I presume she
doesn't mean to walk
up, tho' I haven't asked
her. I had no idea
of staying so long - but Lizzie
is poorly, & has even had Mr.
Tatum this morning, &
Sidney, I am afraid, must
go tomorrow to the
Speaker's dinner & she
has moved my heart to
stay I feel so very anxious
about her, because Tatum
shakes his head, & says
she has neglected herself.
At the same time, he does not the least hint that she is not likely to do well at last. Only one always fears in this world, (a thing so vehemently prayed for, so fondly hoped, the only element of happiness apparently wanting), that there may be spiritual reasons, as well as physical, for her not having it. At least I have always a superstition against praying so for temporal things, lest it should seem to be trying to bend His will to ours. But, as I tell Him every day I think she may be trusted with happiness. She does so entirely dwell in love, & therefore, as St John says, dwelleth in Him -- therefore why shd. we fear? Again & again heartfelt thanks. You are so good about it, I mean my staying. I too am very glad to stay.
As to the High Church & High State here, it beats all the wildest imagination cd. have conceived. We wish the Bohemian insurrectionists wiped off like blots - & we long in the softest tones of real unfeigned pity, that "so good a man as Dr Howe could be reckoned among Christ's flock, & that we could deceive ourselves for a moment into believing that there can be a means of salvation for him"
But don't you promulgate

As for me, the longer I live, the more I wish, (not for the power of bringing over anybody whatsoever to my side, but) for the eye which looks upon all these things, as we may suppose that of the great Master of us all did - the mind, which treats
these things as he did the
tollies of the woman of
Samaria, - the heart, which
understands that the day
will come (not when these
individualities will be
changed, & "he will come
over to this opinion & she
to that," but) when, just as
we have now discovered
that all the forces, - heat,
motion, light, electricity, &c_
are not individual, but
only modifications, mani=
festations of one & the
same force, _that heat & cold
themselves are not two,

but only one & the same
force going in or coming out,
so we shall discover
that all these different
opinions are only manifes=
tations of the same truth,
which, when more clearly
known, will not disprove
the one or set up the
other but shew them as
modifications of the Same [end 3:336]

You have been very good
in writing to me, dear people.
I have sent At Mai to
Parthe - perhaps you will
send her this, as I am pressed
for time. Once more thanks
my Beloveds. I have not time
to say all I would to you -
Atherstone. Tuesday
My dearest
In answer to Papa's query
about the Sherborne, Mrs _
Plunkett says that they are
now at Southampton, & that
a note this week wd. find
them at The Dolphin there_
After this week at Kingsley,
Alton - As they are going
to visit their estate near us,
it might be even a convenience
to them to do it from us _
I do not know whether Papa
wd. think of asking them while
Mama was away _ I fear
there will be little chance after
they are nested again at Sher-=
borne -
With regard to Mrs. Plunkett's
coming to Embley _ she tells me
to bother Capt. P. she will be
too glad - to come from her
brother John's in Wiltshire.
so I shall - The Baye is an
admirable Baye - & she just
as original & affectionate as
ever -
Σ is not well at all - she is
going to try warm bathing at
Brighton. I think she
may come to see us at Malvern.
She is delighted with our going _
says that Gully is so prudent,
so afraid of failure that
she knows several cases he
would not allow to try the
Water cure - & she is quite
sure he will not let Mama
unless he thinks it a case
quite suited to it. that
he is not at all a hand over head man nor a quack.
   I have got the Abbess of Minsk's narrative in English. but Miss Birt's direction is not in it - However I shall make Σ write to the little Arab. & she is just as keen about it as I.

The Baye came into my room this morn - & I as usual eager to corrupt human nature while yet tender, offered it the glory of all the kingdoms of the world in the form of some articles of jewellery - & it, the only instance I ever remember in a upon record in a female child,

actually rejected them for a woolly dog. You may record this upon its tomb stone -

Mrs Plunkett & I went into the market this morng., & I was enabled to prevent her from spending all her sub stance in riotous live duck buying_ which she wanted to carry home by the necks as a present to Σ & actually had a pair in her hand for that purpose _

I have heard a deal of Italian news here & seen divers letters _ They make me feel a little better _ Pepe seems playing such a gallant Venice Preserved ah the beloved Lagoons.
Mrs. F is undergoing the water cure on herself, to try it !!!!!!! example is better &c The Dr. is a hearer of the word only & not &c&c There was a little note from Mrs. F besides, this morning, which, tell JBC, desired to be told "of that sad Jack." I forgot. That horrid Sir Wm, whom, pardon me, I abaw, comes not till tomorrow. P.S. which stands for Principal Subjects. The principal gist of this letter is to beg for the suckm= stances of the xamination.

Bless its little heart! so it was frightened because I said that, as Abimelech peeped out of his castle window to see Abraham flirting with Sarah, so my friend peeped at me flirting with the water _And such an old stager as any one of our family must be in viewing all kinds of flirtations, it doesn't
b become a young woman, it don't, to be so timoursome! Σ has left us _ she was very nice & so merry, but not the better, I am afraid, owing to our atrocious weather _ Your affectionate remarks upon my! Archdeacon meet with my warmest gratitude & approval— I had only just time to

c glance over that tissue of spiders’ webs to catch the unwary_ before sending it to Mr Bracebridge, but I shall have it back again — What a charming letter from Fanny _ I wish I knew tho’ what her cross was about — If I had time, I wd. incense her with just, (i.e. my) views upon the Croat question
Another long & satisfactory history from dear At Mai. She will be at Caledonian Hotel, but only till 30th. It is Gibbon, (you sanctified deceiver, putting in on poor Stephen) who says of Socrates, vide the account of Mahomet about "how a good man may deceive" &c

8993/17 2ff, pen, arch: 1848, unsigned letter

My dearest, I believe we shall see you on Thursday. What do you think of Berlin? that King is going the way of Charles I_ Gully says he drinks. Gully's "own correspondent" at Paris tells him that Cavaignac's chance for the President ship is a very much better one than is represented in the papers - tant mieux. I have introduced my poor little Esthonian to the Probys - a great boon. I'm got up much earlier now - & am out before it's light- at 7 o'clock. I like to see the fires lighting in the houses & think how uncomfortable I am (outside)- a man, who is uncomfortable may be, if he chooses, in a much higher state of existence than a comfortable man. There
cannot be a much lower rank of life than sitting by a good fire, eating potted meat, (or smoking a cigar) & drinking Bell's Weekly Messenger. 
Papa had better fix the Wards & Gibson Craigs. 
Mama thinks the Persian lion will do better for Xmas & fears he is dirty. 
ever yours my dearest.

Dearest mother, A nice short fresh young lady, by age 18, by name Fanny Gardiner by ambition a kitchen maid by profession a house maid has been here to speak to you about the place - She has rejoiced 2 years at Mrs Millard's Woolston Southampton who keeps but 2 servants & whom she left 5 weeks ago to better herself. 16 years at home (her father having worked 20 years for the Trayetts, who will speak for her, near whom she lives). She has no objection to Derbyshire, (o-oh! no-o Mam) but a great joy in it, which she also appeared to me to have in every thing else - I told her to call again on Thursday
at 11, as I should be 
sorry to defraud the 
soaring hopes of her 
ambition, whose fondest 
vows wd. be realized 
by this place - Write, 
I beseech you, to these 
people for her character. I wd. have 
written myself, had I 
dared to do it, without asking you 
Papa wants to ask Mrs. 
Marshall 
Candlin actually heard

with tears of the Tollet's 
coming I was quite 
touched I am afraid 
the Jeames business is 
unmendable 
You will be glad to hear 
that a gentleman has 
been sent at my anxious 
desire into the pond on 
a raft to mow at the 
weeds, but I observe 
pREFERRED going in on his 
2 feet & mowing in that 
position the pond 
really looked quite stagnant 
but I see no improvement yet. 
I was so tired with riding to 
church yesterday, tho' foot's pace, 
that I almost fainted in church, 
so I am afraid Bourne wd. 
have been impossible; even had 
Papa been willing. It is 
unlucky, for the W. Wellow 
people, who have been to see 
me, have are quite angry I 
have not been there - 
I believe Job Moore will be 
James' successor 
I have had a good cry over 
the enclosed of Mme. Del Monte 
I am really getting very unhappy 
about them - I wonder Heaven 
does not interfere, I cd not have 
kept my hands off long ago - 
But Rossi's account of there 
having been no reprisals on the 
Austrian prisoners makes one
sing Glory to God in the highest
& good will towards men tho'
there is no "peace on earth" to
finish the song with.
When Parthe returns the letter
& thanks, make her thank
very much for me too please -
& say I have not had a mo-
moment's peace since I read it -
the best thanks.
You don't understand a word
about the Pope I pity yer -
& despises Pop too much to write.
I have written to Mrs. Drewe &
Miss Adelberg myself thanks
for your permit to invite - I have
told Mrs. Drewe what Miss
Becker & At Ju suggest - thank
them. & say I was very
SORRY to trouble Miss B. in her
sick state - but to write more
letters was nearly impossible
to me -
I am very glad to think I shall see At Ju
here - tell her with my love
& thanks for her note -

8993/19 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {envelope?, arch: 1848} [1:302]

{poststamped envelope: Mrs. Nightingale
Waverley Abbey
Farnham
Surrey
margin: arch: envelope does not match letter}

I have made the acquain-
tance of a poor little
Estonian exile here of
3 & 20, from the island
of Oesel (where's that,
stoopid?) who is living,
or rather dying, here by
giving lessons. I made
it in such a curious way,
thinking, in my black
darkness, that the Esthonians
spoke Polish, I went to
her to translate the
Minsk pamphlet, which
I have - & to take lessons
from her, (i.e. under that excuse)
But she knew nothing of
the language - She has very
bad health (I have just
been sitting by her bedside)
& is a great admirer of
the Russian system (to
which Oesel belongs) of
serfdom!
She is a little woman
of a great soul & has
gone thro' a course of
"taking up the cross," such
as our luxurious young
ladies little dream of.
How little one half the
world knows (or cares)
of what the other half
is doing.
Has Mama told you of
the poor "Marchioness"
in our kitchen here?
Best love to my dear Pa
ever my dear thine
My dearest I am a wretch,
4 pages of apologies could only amplify & vary that sentiment, without putting it in a newer, truer or more attractive form - wherefore I leave it in all its naked horridness. I had your Note when I was a rat, (a water= rat, that is) in the time of Pythagoras, which I scarcely remember - & beg you to believe that I have not thought of you the less for a certain incapacity in putting black marks upon white.

As births come first in the Periodicals (when will my reputation ever rise again to the level of a Periodical?) I will promise that we have one virtuous
woman in Sodom who prides herself on the fact that she hadn't a child till 16 months after her marriage.

2ndly. I will under the head marriage relate that I have found in a heap of Mama's old treasures the missing sheets of Ewald & married them again to their rightful Lord.

3rdly. I wd if I cd., for the sake of dramatic propriety class Henry & Charles under the article Deaths from Repletion (of Knowledge) but, if there is anything I pique myself upon, it is upon a strict adherence to truth - wherefore, they are still alive, tho' very ill.

I have begun Henry upon Euclid, which makes him very angry - And give little Lectures upon Metals every night.

I shall certainly attend your sisters of Char.e when we come up, & hope we may even find a candidate for W. Wellow - A propos, it is Mr Dawes who says that every boy ought to have a knowledge of the 1st. bk of Euclid, & when I see the feeling of deadly hostility Hy has towards anything that looks like close work, I think so too -

We have been to the Union house & found plenty of
candidates there for Emigration.
one is coming up to morrow —
I have had no letters
except one from the Tunzelnn.
which you can't read unluckily
My best love to Ly Coltman &c.
thine ever

8993/21 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848} [1:229-30]

Wilton — Thursday—

Dear Papa, So those wretched
Storers come out worse & worse _ I
am glad that the whole thing is
to come out _ but do not see
that it at all follows that a
chance ought not to have been
given them _ In the workings of
Providence (which Sir J Graham
says we are not to imitate, in
the which few will be found to
agree with him) chances are
always allowed people till the
very last. The evil seems to
me to lie far deeper _ in the
relations between Landlord & Tenant
of the 19th. centy. _ not between those
of any individual Landlord & tenant.

But that is too deep a subject
for me to go into. I had my
usual quantum of interesting
visiting in hospital & training=
school with Mrs. Fowler, of
metaphysical talk with the
Dr. who is keen as ever _ &, in
his 9th decade, seems but to be
growing up instead of growing
old. I revert to my original
faith that the 100th. year is
the true maturity, to which the
50th. is but the childhood — or
rather that it is the time (so
purposed by Providence at least) when
the child sums up the lessons of
today in order to prepare for the
lessons of tomorrow — I find here,
where I have adjourned today,
a different world, not mine
in truth, but one full of interest
& goodness _ not one where my
calling could ever be, but which
certainly has great callings &
great objects in hand _ I find
Sidney Herbert occupied in
reforming the church, wanting
to make all canons resident,
* to occupy themselves as
schoolmasters of a country college, affi-
liated to Oxford & Cambridge,
& to send up its Undergraduates
to the mother Universities for Examinations & Honours - educating them cheap in country towns -
the Dean & one canon to have an ecclesiastical College for breeding young clergymen & training them upon poor people to their duties _ whereby the characters of young men going up for ordination could be accurately known & spoken to. This is part of his plan _ I will tell the rest anon _ Mrs Herbert is charming as usual The place wd. enchant you & Parthe I hope to be home on Monday to welcome you home _ ever dear Papa your loving child [end 1:230]

Dearest mother I hope you will consider attentively the Hannah letter & give At Mai your opinion. Papa is all for it, but then he considers it so out of the question that Uncle Sam shd. not go himself to look at the man before deciding. I enclose a great heap of Whitsun-tide documents, opened according to order. I have written to "Docketer Taylor" as to Harriet Silence's wants. Mrs Bracebridge writes that the sight of the eye is returning but that he is very miserable. She encloses a letter from the Colyar, which quite relieves all my Pius anxieties _ I always thought matters must be exag-gerated _ more anon of this _ She has a good cook & house-keeper, a rare specimen, to recommend also a good laundrymaid also a nice foot-boy I have vague visions of such being
somebody wanting some one
somewhere - will you tell me?
   I have been leading a life
at once useful to others &
improving to myself. toddling
out as far as the American
garden when I wanted to walk - & falling asleep
when I wanted to write or
read -

8993/23 2ff, pen, undated, unsigned letter

a
   Combe _ Friday.
   My dear child
   This only comes
hopping that you are
well, & to say that
Mama & I go down
to Romsey tomorrow,
slowly but surely _
by the half past three
o'clock train. Shore
goes back to Brighton
the same day _ I have

b
so greatly enjoyed this
very dear Combe
but must write
all about that, from
Embley _ At present
I can only send this
copy of that good
Sir Arnold Knight's
letter _ which please
send by return of post
to Embley, as Papa
c
has not yet seen it_
I suppose your es=
cort when you come
back, will be our
new housekeeper,
Mrs. Carpenter, to
settle with whom
Mama is gone to
town to day _ Now
triumph, "bad man"
in obedience to your

1
recommendation, I
spent the day yester
day at Clapham with
Mama _ & tho' I did
fall fast asleep at
one place, & tho' it
was not exactly the
way I shd. have selected
to spend a day here, yet
now Justice Is Satisfied
& so is The Common
thine ever
Feb 1.

Dear Papa, I cannot be sorry
that the final blow is come upon
poor Storer, & am glad that you
have been spared a parting
scene with him _ I have had so
little to tell, & so much to do,
that I have not indulged in this
making little black marks upon
white - _ At last the world is
beginning to open its eyes about
that "Times." Mr Bracebridge
writes me word that he believes
that the Austrian article, (Jany.
25th., 1st. leading article), was paid
for - "what English mind" he says
"educated to this era, cd. have written
it?" he says it is not the Reeve
hand _ "the bowl of a Tory,
running over an English green,
ever executed so wide a curve_

We have thick mist today, no
cold to speak of _

Mr Bracebridge agrees in all you say about the "Building
Investment" thing _ he says
first, catch your hare, viz your
2/6. next, how buy your plot?
3rd. how build your house?
4th how when all savings are
thus exhausted live in it in
old age? He has seen it
tried by 100 poor ribbon
weavers on the enclosure of
Nuneaton Common, where it
has entirely failed. The Ribbon
Weavers began with 30 to 50 £._
the lawyers have them all. The people have been refused relief
c

having property, tho' mortgaged
so as to produce a loss. The
houses are execrable, cold, ill
built, small, ill placed too
If what Gibbon calls the Demon
of Property seize a man, Mr
Bracebridge says he will stint
his poor children to satiate
Him. Mr. B. is himself the
president of a land society-
they buy land in the block,
let each subscribe for 1/8 of an
acre_ when that so much is paid,
they get it with a mortgage
on it _ all their deeds are
cheap, & a mass of Gardens
defend one another: If a man
can sell his land by & bye for
a house, or build one, well &
good. in the meanwhile, what
are bought as field worth £3
an acre, (it is suburban) become
d

as gardens worth £8 an acre.
& there is a bond of union among
the men too. each gets a county
vote -

I am in a great fury with
May at the Union girls' school,
where we went t'other day _
but that will keep till you
come _ a meddling rascal.
I shall be very curious to hear
the upshot of the poor Storers -
I can only account for the
warp in the British mind, qua
Austria, by thinking
Order always seems to be on
the side of Power
In England Power is the hand=
maid of Liberty.
On the continent of Autocracy-
But, in the Englishman love of order
being always paramount, "else
where wd. be our commerce?"
he juggles this small difference,
& concludes order must be
Right _

Dear Mama

I don't recommend our Inn (Fisher's) at Dunkeld, but we saw two beautiful looking inns, the Duke of Athol's Arms, by the river side, & the Birnam Inn, out of the town, the other side the river, but this was perhaps too far. 1 or 2 miles.

At Perth the George Inn is beautiful _ such a view over the river _ the lamps on the bridge last night reflected in the water (like St Angelo) __ & the sun rising this mornig.

We had a capital journey on the top of the coach yesterday - stopped 6 hours! at Dunkeld! saw the walks, which between ourselves, are a humbug, i.e. it is a beautiful garden for England - & the Cathedral, which is not a humbug, but most interesting, beautiful & amusing. Make a drawing from the S. W. corner, than which nothing can be more picturesque, with
the ivy in festoons. I was delighted There is not much to see in Perth but the walks are beautiful do bridge. & there are shops in the streets!

We had a splendid day & are all of us brilliant.

We go on to Edinbro' via Burnt island now directly. I hope Parthe is going on well. & won't hurry herself. I think it wd. be possible for you two to put off the Richardson, on the plea of illness. ever dear Mum your loving child

Don't hurry the Cathedral at Dunkeld. I have admired nothing so much & don't let them take

Duke of Athol Arms Hotel
Dunkeld
Mrs. Nightingale
Blair Athol Inn
Blair Athol Dunkeld

you on to the stupid walks if you have not strength for both as you had much better draw at the Cath. remember N. W. corner

{top of first page, left margin}
It's no use going to Scone.
Ld. Mansfield does not admit ye Public Beggar!
If you like to sleep & spend Sunday at Dunkeld come on here Monday morn., & to Edinbro' Monday night _ [end 7:703] As there is nothing to keep you here more than a few hours & to the Richardsons Tuesday all will come out right, Papa says who recommends it.

8993/26 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {postmarked 2 Nov 1849, cancelled penny stamp} [7:328-29]

My dearest people. Here we are at Folkstone, having dined in a gorgeous place of a Coffee room _ & to sail tomorrow at ½ P 9 - to go by the 3 o'clock train to Paris - We are all very tired tonight & I am afraid you are a great deal more so _ you laboured so hard for my outfit which indeed is a splendid one - I don't believe there is anything
I can want but the gimlets & the Diary which I shall get at Marseille.
I am glad you are going to Malvern. & I hope you had just enough to do for your afternoon, but not more.
It was quite dark when we got here - & a nice smell came from the sea, which looked a very nasty one -
Goodbye dearest people _ thanks for all more than

I can say _ bless you more than I can _ bless you. I hope I shall come back to be more a comfort to you than ever I have been thank you all a thousand times _ ever dear Mum your loving child
write to me at Marseille you see we only stop one night at Paris _ & say exactly what Papa is doing at the Water
My bag is the admiration of all - & I find all sorts of conveniences in my writing box

Mrs Nightingale
30 Old Burlington St
P.O. London
Great Malvern
Worcestershire

{bottom of page, upside down}
It is just 18 months since I sat in this very room on our way back from Rome _ How much has hap-
pened to me since then & how much in Europe _ I thought then that Europe was entering the King=
dom of Heaven _ 1849 has thrust her farther back into Hell. but thro'
much tribulation nations, as individuals, must enter the kingdom of heaven. I shall almost enjoy the calm of a dead country, an extinct civilization after this & hope that, when we come back, Europe will be lifting up her head. As to my own private affairs, they seem hardly worth mentioning after these. Much I wish I had not happened in an experience, which

in my life, has never put on but one form, that of remorse. In that solemn slow progress up the Nile, I think I shall have time to gather it together (among the ruins of a sleeping nation) & order it better.

God bless you, my
people
My dearest Mother
    Mrs. B. asks you to come here tomorrow & stay all night & insists upon my writing to that effect. & begs you will stay either till Saty. or Monday. At the same time, should this be inconvenient to you, she will meet you in London, or at Embley, whichever you like best, if you do not like the trouble of coming over here -
    I have not yet decided whether to come back tomorrow or not as if you come, I shall be very sorry to miss you. But I shall see what the morning post brings me from you -
    Unluckily there have been people here all the afternoon -
    We have decided upon the Trout as best. Their butler is already placed. & only the housekeeper remains unprovided for -
    She says we shall want mosquito nets, washing linen, gingham gowns, lined umbrellas for the sun.
green spectacles _ Uglies
or calashes or shades _ all
things to be had in London

I met Mrs. Herbert at
Tamworth – she knew I was
going with them _ & was
in raptures about their having
a companion.

They will be guided in
some measure by your plans
whether they sail from
Southton or London – I am
quite glad to have the Trout.
A Maltese servant, it
appears is quite necessary.
also camphor against the
beast.

I find them both better
than I expected _ but I hear from the Schalages [Schalazes?] who were here for the afternoon that they have both been so ill as to make a journey quite necessary.

If you choose to come tomorrow & sleep, there is a train which gets here at 5_

au revoir dearest mother

Dearest people I am so sorry & shall come back, if I can tomorrow to breakfast Papa & Miss Strutt make me stay today to see the young Wm Evans s tonight, who have been up the Nile & will give the most useful hints. Papa will go to Kingston at all events to morrow _ we give up Rempston entirely.

Papa has heard George Sterndale read - well enough to do _ he is one of 6 Monitors, has two good chances of being Pupil Teacher or Domestic clerk to our auditor. If he fails in both, as his character is as good as his brother's, Papa wishes to take him to Embley as reader _ at all events.

Auf Wiedersehen, dearest people - take care of yourselves & don't go to Embley London on Thursday, if imprudent ever dear Mum

Your loving child don't fach yourselves
8993/29 1f, pen, undated, unsigned note

I can't thank you too much
for your letter, dear Papa,
I wish I had a moment
to answer it - nor for
your setting my mind so
at ease about staying-
as I hope I really am
of a little use here -
ever dear people
Your loving child

8993/30 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1849?; mid 1852}

Saturday
Cromford Br.
My dearest, This letter has
put me quite in a "fix"__
As it is evident she wants
me to go to give information
to the poor Clark, I don't
like to refuse __ I have
written therefore to say
that I will either go on
Friday or Saturday night
for one night __ if they
will allow me to leave it
open __ I shall hear from
you meanwhile which what will
enable me to fix it
Aunt Mai & I shall then
go to Waverley on Saturday
or Monday any way __
Thanks for your wee bits
note __ poor people __ I long
to see them __ I hope you
are better, my dear __
ever thine
The greatest delight of those child days was our visits to my dear old Aunt in the Valley. (she was the very emblem, the spirituality of tenderness & sweetness, & complete abnegation of Self__ the gentlest of Gods Creatures)___ & dearly we loved her, tho' I cannot say we valued all this at the worth we now do certainly did not so formularize our belief. she lived in the most perfect of Derbyshire old Houses, with its paved terrace, & its flights of stone steps overlooking the dashing River ___ with a Virginian Creeper over its roof which in Autumn was a perfect sheet of fire twisting with a broad leaved Vine in & out of the old mullioned windows, shutting out light as none in these days would be allowed to do uncropped- It was always hot & dusty, I recollect on
the days of those much expected
visits, & as the we two little maidens
with a Poney's help made our way
along the valley, we always loaded
ourselves with enormous branches of
Campanulas & blue Geraniums which
were sure, when wearily we had convoyed
them home, to be thrown remorselessly
away by tidy Housemaids." I ve no
place for my Musée, I must keep it
in my soo, as an unlucky little
Cousin used to say in circumstances
of equal distress__
The endless delights when we got
there can never be told. the Yew Hedge
on which many successive generations
had ridden in triumph. the bough on
which Papa used to figure traditionally preserved_
the stone steps, the old walls full
of rare Ferns, which I was always
transplanting, & which always died.

the bunches of red & white roses
which seemed larger & sweeter in
that old Garden than any others-
since then they are changed, & have
grown less, or the eyes that looked
upon them are altered ____ within doors
the large old rambling house was
equally fertile _ the innumerable
Garrets, the enormous beams of the Roof
leading to uninhabited rooms which
were considered dangerous & nailed up,
an awful mystery in our eyes. my
Gt Grandmothers Spinning Wheel. (why
is there no word for Aieule but our clumsy
circumlocution) & the charm of the
whirling noise _ the carved inlaid Bed
& Chests many generations old, which
came with the family down from a
village deep in [illeg] the hills
The Cheese Room, the strings of curious Roots
curious smells in the apple Chamber -- all
these no degree of use could spoil the
charm to us. they were as new as
interesting as the first time we saw
them - [end 7:683]
a

Trieste. April 15. 1850

Good morning, dearest people - here we are on our way from Corfu to Athens. today we take the boat to New York, which you know is the nearest way to the Piraeus by going twice round the world, we hope at to arrive in Greece without going far into the interior of Madagascar, or waiting till the Isthmus of Panama is cut thro'._ We left Alexandria by the Aus= trian Lloyd of Saturday the 6th. & were to have reached Corfou on Tuesday - but a head sea kept us back till Wednesday at midnight _ when at last we anchored in the port _ & Mr. Bracebridge went ashore directly to arrange for our going into Quarantine. We were told
very civilly, but quite decisively, that no "operazione" had place in the night, except coaling - But what are we to do? we cried - Go on to Trieste, they said there is nothing else to do- But give us an open boat with a Guardiano, we said we will stay in a boat all night, we will pay for the crew all the time they must spend in quarantine for having touched us, rather than spend 6 days more at sea _ only give us a boat till morning _ it will be day light in 5 hours_ No, nessun’ operazione si fa la notte and positively we were carried on to Trieste against our wills, owing to these nice regulations. to this rabid fear of Infection _ & the only reason why we have not gone on to Astrachan is that
the Gulf stops here _ oh blessed Alps which stopped it. I never liked you before. We did not quite despair at first, because it was suggested to us that, if we held our tongues till near the time of sailing, coaling wd. take some time. & then, if it was near dawn, we might persuade the Captain to wait for us, till then,--or to lend us a boat, & put us ashore on the quarantine quay. But coaling was done before 3 _ & we had not the face to ask him to wait two whole hours _ indeed I believe he had no power -- However, luckily for us, we had a much better passage from Corfou to Trieste. & arrived here on Saturday the 13th. only two days after our time. Yesterday we rested -- & today
(with every prospect of fine weather) we take our passage on board a boat which goes to Ancona, Brindisi, Corfou, Patras & Lutraki, where you cross the Isthmus, & embark for Athens. where we shall arrive, if we don't go round New Holland, & if we hear good news at Corfu, this day week (the 22nd.) The news when we passed, that night, was just the same _ but Lord Ward was travelling in Greece. & if he can, why, so can we. There I shall hope to find letters from you, dear people. when this "panoramic" voyage from Alexandria to Athens is over. As soon as you get within the islands, all fear of sea is over. We might have waited for the great Constantinople boat, which goes on Thursday _ but that goes round the Morea _ & we preferred the inconvenience of a small boat with the beauty of Lepanto no time for more - ever yrs [end 7:356]
There are gone home in the box
1st. two nasty scarfs for you & Mama, with my good wishes expressed upon them in Arabic, that you should wear them with good health & prosperity, which indeed I do - 2nd. a piece of silk for a portière, which won't make it, there not being enough - 3rd. an Arabic ink horn for Papa - a white & gold affair for caps, which I pray you to have made up into a bag for Mama - a delicate pair of slippers to make up for your little feet they will be too small for most people - a little tablecloth of the real Cairene colour & two littler - for the small round table in the drawing room, where you have that abominable thing lined with blue - a Burnous for you - If there is anything you do not care about, which Aunt Mai could have, I should be very glad. But do you take first choice. I have got a scarf, which I think will do for her, if you want all that I have sent home - The birds, of course, are for Shore. Also, if there is any thing you like to spare for Catherine Mrs Vaughan, I shd. be glad. As for the Egyptian rubbish, you may do just what you like with it, keep it, or give it away. There is nothing that reminds me of what I have seen, nothing that savours of my Karnac, or the sculptures except the bronze dog, the brick seals, which sealed the tombs at Thebes, & the four little seals in the Night Light box - two of which are of Rameses.
Shore must have one of the Ostrich Eggs, if he cares for it. I don't think he will. Stay, you must not give away what is in the great Nubian baskets, because some of that rubbish is Trout's. The Darfur bracelets are for you. I got them at Philae. Louisa must have a pair of the little figures, found in the tombs, but I shall make her a little collection out of the rubbish, when I come home. The thing you will take for a stool, & which is a pillow, was a present from the "Bigs" of the Cataracts: The I must keep that for "sentiment". The photographs & lithographs are beautifully like (all of Cairo) & are, of course, for you. I have some little Scarabai I did not send home (for fear of being lost) for you.

The best part of this Panoramic Voyage round the world is that the captain & all the people, thought us so lucky. You get so much more for your money. Why, you have three times the voyage for the same money & we take you back for nothing. What would you have? Why, you have taken out your money's worth, & got 13 days instead of 3 to Corfou for it. (for we shall arrive at Corfou on Friday).

You don't know how difficult it is to get anything at Cairo. For I know you will think, & very truly, what I have sent home very shabby. Every thing has to be ordered. The Alfords went to the Bazar every day & we had not strength for that. As for the Egyptian things, unless you carry away Memnon's head, like Elzoni, I don't know that there is anything to be had.
It is so different from any other solitude—
the solitude of the woods, which is deep
but altogether of the earth—it is concealment, mystery rather than solitude—and mystery must always be earthy.
the solitude of the sea, which is deep
but stormy. There is nothing divine
in it. I understand what St. John meant when he said "there shall be no
more sea." But the solitude of the
Acropolis has something in it so pure
& clear & bright & high, like the
Goddess it represented—The Greeks
had such artistic perceptions—the
purity of the Goddess was to be hers.
as the attribute of uncreated Wisdom
The situation of her Temple was to fore=
shadow herself the citadel of the Air. Now the same
idea recurs in the Virgin Mother
of the Xtians—she is to have the purity
of uncreated wisdom—but then, &
I do think this is a higher conception
than Athena, she is to come down &
suffering use it for mortals—as a mortal

But the Acropolis was the strong
hold as well as the temple—because
Active Wisdom was essentially the idea
embodied in Athena—Will & Intelligence
were to be united in her—I have felt
this when I have looked at that
solid form, so knit together, of her Doric
temple. Theseus, the image of the union
of the Attic tubes, & Athena, the patroness
of Athenai, must be Doric.
How wise was the choice of Athena by a Republic as their God _ if we had a political God, we might perhaps introduce more principle in our Politics _ But it is always said of God, as it is of women, He has nothing to do with Politics _ as if politics were not the first & most practical form of worship. If the Greeks made their worship too practical, too worky day, we have made ourselves too exclusively devotional & removed from every day - a fault one would not have expected among the Saxon
Cromford Bridge - Oct 30
Very many thanks, dear father mine, for the thought of my Saint - when I shall see them all hanging up round my room, in their original glory, I shall say Sancte Michael Angele, ora pro me & think of you -
My idea about such things is that, if they are what art is meant to be, they encourage, not incapacitate for "worky=day life" & I have come so much to try art by this test that many, who are set down as the highest artists by the world in general,

(such as Shakspeare, Titian Cimarosa, Walter Scott) seem to me to have been mere artisans by the side of men whose genius bears no comparison with theirs _
Aunt Evans is quite joyous _ I really believe that she has at this moment the spirits of a girl of 16 _ the pleasure of the change, of having the care of our dinners, of feeling that we are "comfortable" & like to be with her, & that Miss Hall has a rest, makes her quite frolicsome ___
I am sorry that you think my "Telescope wants turning inwards". If any one could see my heart, they would find written upon it, not "Calais", & not "Kaiserswerth" but "Qualify, qualify"— my great ambition is to see before I die, the means within the reach of every poor young woman for qualifying herself for the vocation of "home"— for "ordinary habitation at home." In that eminently practical mind, the English, there seems to me here an extraordinary want of practicalness. She brings up her clergymen on Aristotle & Aristophanes— it is not perhaps extraordinary that she considers no training necessary for her Lady Bountifuls, her Sunday School teachers but music & reading— yet she does not would resent the being thought to deal in this way with other pursuits. A sister nation, most unpractical in politics, yet shews common sense in this— She supposes that, except a few heaven born geniuses, people must learn to teach, be taught how to do good— or they will, like ignoramuses in other things, do harm. I declare, if I had a daughter
Tuesday
Dearest mother  Somewhat
to my dismay yesterday
Aunt Patty appeared
here - evidently intending
to remain - however she
& Aunt Evans are too
unlike - that was quite
out of the question - & so
she returned to Matlock,
having dined here & in
very good humour_ where
Aunt Mai & I visited
her this morng. & saw
her into the rail for
Derby where she will sleep on her way to Tenby
I never saw her so agreeable
& looking well too - How
great would be the boon
of change of air, the change

of air of death to her _
I am glad that you went
to Combe & glad that the
little people had to do the
honours -
I hope dear Pop was better
for the rest _ I am afraid
Waverley will be too
much for her _ but I am
glad I am not going
in the mob that appears
to be there at present -
Aunt Mai has some
idea of going with me
when I go - for the sake
of doing the thing quietly.
She wants to know whether
you think her old black satin
gown will do, if trimmed
with crape — for the evening. or whether she had better have an evening gown & what & what sort of chemisette ___ as she is very anxious not to shock their feelings in anyway _. The black satin gown she had for Laura's marriage & therefore it rather goes agin" her to wear it_
    She says, as the family will most likely wish to keep their black till after Xmas, she shall not mind having a new evening gown
    I send you Mrs. Basil Hall's letter, keep it till I can send you word of Aunt Patty's direction, to whom I am to forward her letters directed to Matlock.
    ever dear Mum your loving child
Friday
My dearest You are very
good to let me stay here,
very - Aunt Mai says
her devil of a conscience
sets her quite alone,
because it sees that
it gives the old lady
happiness, (not amusement),
for all the rest of her
life - And if the old
people did but know
what a haven of rest
their shadow of death
gives to the living young
ones, they wd. be glad
to live & not die -
Aunt Mai has got the
three Irvings, Mahomet,
Columbus, & Grenada, & [check]
wants to know by what
mistake, & what she
is to do with them.

Thanks for my things -
many - I have got no
merino for a body ___ least
ways only a ship, ___ big
enough to put Athena
in black ___ I looked over
all the pieces with a
most respectable dress=
maker, who, unlike me,
knows the back from
the front ___ & she said
there was no body.

Please write me a long
letter from Waverley ___
details are most interes-
ting to us here ___ Poor people

they had not courage to
go up to the Chambers -
I am very glad you are
going to Combe ___ I am
well satisfied & relieved
about Shore, who is so
nice ___

Those poor Stanleys
Send me back S's letter
& don't be angry with
it ___ I'm always fright
ened. & don't think
her a "bad friend"
for me.

ever dearest good
people yours
Wednesday
Thanks, dearest mother,
for all the trouble you
have taken for me & are
taking _ I am VERY glad
Papa was persuaded to
go – I don't know what
to say about his coming
here – I wrote you word
what Grandmama said.
The place on the breast
has broken & discharged
a good deal – I dare say
there is no haven in this _
but Mr. Jackson has been _
sent for _ by her desire _
I am going to take the
Sacrament with her
tomorrow – a great comfort
to me –
She desires me to say
that she is very glad
to hear you are in
treaty with the Strutts
for a gardener _ she
hopes he will succeed.
& she congratulates herself
on your prospect of
having a good one -- &c &c
She takes, as usual,
the keenest interest
in your having good
grapes to eat --
dearest mother your
loving child
Uncle Sam & Shore may
possibly come here
on their way.
I should have been most glad to accept the goodnatured man enclosed, but not knowing whether it wd. be possible, I have declined the invitation for us for the night, saying that we may perhaps present ourselves for the day _ as I do not know what importance you attach to seeing the Rollinson in question, the Scripture Reader I told you of, who had reformed half the Railway men & who will be at liberty in a year __ He kept school for the Railway labourers-- & is now on the Grantham Railway His salary £70 a year, without house - I think those Normans are very good people - Mr. Jackson has been _ does not think the place of any consequence only wishes there were more discharge _
at the idea of Aunt Mai staying by herself, or to Shore by staying, would there be any objection? In consequence of Laura's, saying what I have told you about her parents, I have written to her asking her whether she thinks we had better all come en masse, or whether she had rather that I should come separately afterwards - As I was obliged to do this today, otherwise I should not have the answer by Thursday, I hope you will excuse Poor people - their wishes I know you would think ought to be attended to first -
Uncle Sam & Shore
came to Tapton on Friday.
on here yesterday _ Aunt
Mai says she has no
doubt about its being
her duty to stay on here,
unless the fool renders
it necessary to go on to
London _ I will write
what Poyser says -
    Please write to me
what you wish -
    ever dear Mum your
loving child

    Tell Lady S with my kindest love
    how much I regret not having
    been able to come to her but that
    my old 89 is so rejoiced to have me

that I am sure in her kindness
she will pardon me _
30 Old Burlington St
March 7.
My dear Sir, I wish Rowland Hill had never existed _ he has filled our fingers with pens & our eyes with letters. & our time with correspondence. I wish the Penny Post were in California. The same wish I have no doubt is in your hearts in America _ Nevertheless I am going to write across the Atlantic, & you I hope are going to read it, because I want you to help in a good work by advice & I know you are always ready in that way. The unlucky Hessians are crowding over to England _ Cassel being chuck full of the Austrian, Prussian & Bavarian troops & of their twin Trio, "Plague, Pestilence & Famine." Among these poor people, one family interests me particularly, whom I have known for many years consisting of a very pretty young lady, by name Adelberg, her
promesso, whom she cannot marry, because of these dreadful circumstances, her brother & her mother. The promesso is a thorough Artist _ he understands drawing, modelling & particularly Architecture & I think Engineering _ He has been employed, I know, in making the the Rail roads. The brother is a good Chemist & has for years superintended a large Soda & Sulphuric Acid &c Factory_ i.e the chemical branch of it. What would you recommend these two young men to do? Is there any opening for them in America. The young lady wd. gladly undertake to be governess. or I have thought she might give private lessons in German, if there were any opening for that, & if her promesso could get something to do for them to marry upon _ I shall be exceedingly grateful for any hints you may kindly bestow upon me _ She is a remarkably elegant & clever woman _
The Bracebridges are in London. We are just out of a political "row," which has ended in Lord John Russell & all his men coming back again. & everybody shaking hands with everybody, excepting D'Israeli _ The Jew's harp is out of tune, as the old D. of Wellington said. Lord Stanley, what great things have you done? said Mr. Herbert to him, Oh he said, I've made D'Izzy cut his hair & wash his face - There was not a Protectionist to be found in London for a week_ they were all so anxious to come in why, we have not been Protectionists for years, they cried _ They are called the Anti Protective Protectionists_ Lord John Russell's Papal Aggression Bill has given the direct offence. The Peel people would not join him on that measure _ Otherwise Sir James Graham professed himself quite ready for a Coalition _ Tonight in the House, Sir G. Grey, the Home Secretary, brings forward Ld. John's altered Bill_ & that measure
tided over," it is said there will be a Coalition after this Session. But all parties were anxious to avoid a Dissolution at all risks, especially this year, when the Great Exhibition was so soon coming on _ Whether this note will find you in America or Africa, I have not the least idea_ but I suppose you will be among the visitors at the Crystal Palace - All we Anglicans run away & hide ourselves in the country?

Pray forgive me for troubling you with my questions _ but I believe you are one of those who have always time for every good deed. If you will answer me at your leisure, I shall be always your grateful

Florence Nightingale
if you remember such a person -

{envelope:}
to be forwarded post paid

{printed:} PAID

T.K. Appleton Esq

Boston

United States
Cromford Bridge
April 14
My dearest mother
    Not a word from you, to tell me whether you are in London or at home - nor how Parthe is, nor any thing _ I only know from Papa that you did not go home on Saturday _
    The Carters leave Lea Hurst to morrow _ They have made great many expeditions, & seem to have enjoyed themselves very much _ They have been here every day.
Beatrice & Elinor went today – Beatrice, dear little soul! as happy as the day was long.
Aunt Evans has not been quite well – a little overdone with the Carters – but pretty well to day __
The weather is quite hot & place looking beautiful –
I called on Mrs Wass yesterday – poor woman – I suppose he is not long for this world –
I have called on the Wildgooses & Fletchers – much the same state as before – neither increased nor diminished _

He appears to be a good teacher _ qualified for that _ but a weak formalist, conceited & dogmatical in every other respect _ I suspect you have borrowed nothing of King's Somborne but the payment

If you think If Parthe thinks proper, will she send a "Kaiserswerth," (as per inclosed) to Ellen Tollet _ or, when she writes, tell her that they are to be had at Hookham's –

Ld Dunsany is dead, & the Plunketts come into that _ not before it was wanted _ for I heard lately that Capt. P. did not get enough to eat _ that is to say, she did not provide enough –
ever dearest mother your loving child

[stamped, cancelled envelope] 
Mrs. Nightingale Embley Romsey
Tapton - May 8

My dearest mother

I rejoice to think that you are enjoying Embley. & I hope to hear that you are both better. I forget where I left off in my history. We went down to Fenchurch St. in a what? a thing. I scarcely dare name in your presence _ but which considerably lessened the expenses of our journey. which I believe all together came to about 10d. On our way back, we stopped to hear the fag end of Mr. Ellis's Lecture & I got a present from him, as usual- (I never goes away under a present) we exchanged cards our directions & went away with tears in both's eyes - I never got so much from any man as I did from him. Miss Blackwell dined & drank tea _ On Tuesday they were very anxious to have her opinion upon the little Spine Asylum, before they made a great effort to drag on its precarious existence - Her opinion was decidedly unfavourable _ she said the exercises were not assimilated to the human
body which the Stockholm
School, of whom Georgie is
one, were & various others
pertinent observations -
which, being medical, will
not interest you, but which
have, I am afraid clinched
the nail in the Bracebridges'
mind - tho' she was very
modest about her opinion,
& gave it only conditionally.
We were to have gone again
to the Lock, which I like
EXCEEDINGLY - but I could
not. Indeed the reason
why I staid another day
in town was what you
know _ they were very
anxious to keep me thro'
the week _ because they
said it was such a fine
play for me - but I did
not think it right to give
any time you might spare
me to anywhere but here _
They kept my secret to
the Strutts & Lindsays &
I did not go with them
to the Crystal Palace for fear.
Yesterday (Wednesday) I
came down by the Great
Northern _ I paid £1,12
for West's passage - oh!
commercial Spirit of Great
Britain within me _ how I
do grudge those monies -
however I comforted
myself tertiarily with the reflection
that I had saved from
10/ to 12/ in our Quekett
passage
May 9
Dearest mother

I am very sorry to hear that Parthe is so poorly. It is bitter cold - You will tell me if you think I had better be at home sooner than the end of next week _ I have told Grandmama a week - i.e till next Thursday _ Aunt Mai was anxious to stay till Saturday - then two nights at the Hurst _ but I am sure she will settle all for your convenience - & I could easily be home before _

If I am not, it will only be because of Gdmama. She is in a very curious state - Before, she used to like us to walk _ Now, she is under such a strong impression that she is going to die directly that she likes one of us to be always at hand _ Yet I see no reason why she may not live to expecting to die for 5 or 6 years - She sends you all manners of affecte. things _ She is more excitable than I ever saw her _ & we both think it wd. kill Aunt Evans to be here again till Gdmama takes to her bed _ This is why Aunt Mai is so anxious to have a confab with Miss Hall
in order to explain to her the state Gdmama is in. I never saw the spring so backward—If you like to settle with Futcher or Harland before I come back, you know I only wanted you to see Futcher yourself, & shall be quite satisfied with your decision _ (I cd. not at all make up my mind whether you wd. like Futcher or not) The letter you enclose is no recommendation or dis= recommendation at all. Have you written to any others of his References? I am quite satisfied now with either decision you may choose to make.

I will forward Ly Brydges's letter as soon as I have extracted its contents for the Adelberg. It is not encouraging. The other is from Tunzelmann in German—
I forget whether I finished my story — The night I arrived at Σ's, she had one of her friends, a Detective Police, with her. He said the crowd had behaved splendidly — but, he said, the worst crowd is the grand ladies _ they scramble & push the worst_ there are never any females so bad as those — & there were so few there we had very little trouble — Lady Downshire & Ly something else told Σ their husbands
Kaiserswerth-am-Rhein
bei Düsseldorf -
Aug 4

My dear child
I was delighted to hear of Charlotte Coltman's marriage, which news had already reached me through Σ. The sooner the better, I thought, for both their healths. Also Mrs. Curzon has a son.
I wish you could have given me a better account of yourself _ I go on most prosperously _ I have every thing here that I want, yes-
terday the Sisters mounted an old tower, 8 stories high, which stands, between us & the Rhine, & sang their sweetest songs _ I was just crossing the garden & knew not whence it came _ the trees hid the top of the tower _ & through the still hot mid-day summer air from across the blue sky, it came like the voice- of the Angels in heaven, or of Elijah ascending in the chariot of fire_ And when they ended with Home, sweet Home, which we are not afraid here to sing on Sundays, & I thought of the home of quiet happy exertion, of peaceful labour which awaits us all, my old tears flowed _
Every body sings here so beautifully _ & the cook practises her voice at the piano _
My wants are all supplied, I can truly say, with Addison _ Last night we had the most lovely soft warm moonlight _ & a steamer with lights came up from
Rotterdam, steadily through
the dark river - I thought of
of X't's footsteps on the lake
Luise Fliedner is gone to
the sea for her health _ I
was sorry, but I saw but
little of her or of any of them.

As to any one knowing
where I am, you know I
do not care about it.
I certainly don't want
Louisa here -

On Wednesday we have
the consecration of a new
Deaconess here, which I am
so very glad to see_ We have
now above 100 Deaconesses _

Yesterday there came a
Princess of the Prussian
family here - I thought
a very vulgar one _ but
a goodnatured sort of thing.
I had to entertain her part
of the time - so you see
we are anything but out

of the world _ On the contrary,
I thought it a great bore
to have to leave my work
to entertain company.

The weather is intensely
hot. too hot I am afraid
for you - I like it. & am
perfectly well, body & mind_
( tho' I am afraid you would
much rather hear that I was
not ) _ therefore I refrain -

The Bracebridges come here
about the 11th. & I have
offered Papa to go home
with them _ He writes me
very happy letters.

Farewell, my dear Pop &
farewell, my dear mother _
ever your loving child
Get well as soon as you can
Kaiserswerth
bei Düsseldorf-
Aug 19.
My dearest child
I am very glad to hear that you like people to be happy in their own way - & hope that that means that you mean to let me be happy in my own way. indeed I know of no other in which people can be so. "Do unto others as you would be done by" is not the question - "as they would be done by" is the only true reading. I am most thankful to hear that you take this view of the subject.

The Bracebridges were here last Wednesday - & carried me off for a night with them to Düsseldorf bringing me back early the
next morning, which I enjoyed exceedingly. but they will probably give you their own account of the place. 

I certainly do not want the Nicholsons here but there are a great many of my friends whom I should like to see here exceedingly.

I am very sorry to hear that Mama has been so poorly & that you, my dear, are not making more rapid progress, but it must come afterwards.

You don't think I don't know that you love me, my dear - I have had too many proofs of it -

I am perfectly happy here - which I know you will be glad to hear. but I never knew what happiness was before _
but we have no suffering
which deteriorates, which
is the only true suffering.

The King came here the
other day & the whole
sister hood turned out
to meet him. I did not
go, ostensibly because all
the Sisters off my Station
went & some one must
stay -- but really because
I can have no sympathy
with the man & therefore
would not go to stare at
the King. It was however
a pretty sight - all the
children in a cart with
flowers & flags. Here he
is idolized & he certainly makes
himself very agreeable to these people.

The Bracebridges do not
return to England immediately_
they are gone to a place
(Blankenburg) near Ostende_
We have had tremendous
storms & floods - I have
heard from Aunt Mai &
Papa, very nice letters,
recommending me not to
return with the Bracebridges _

Adieu, my dearest, & au
Revoir, I hope much better
& stronger _ You do not
give me the least idea
of your plans _ I suppose
you have none as yet -

ever yours

Every one says that the
effect of these baths takes
place afterwards _ I trust
& believe it will be so
in our case _ I am so glad
to hear the place is pretty &
hope that you are able to
draw, my love _ & enjoy it -

1000 things to Mama-
ultimate form of all
Human Governments - [3:360–61]
But one would think that all our RELIGION was political & so I believe it is (from the way we talk)
The two churches seem still convulsed in a manner discreditable to themselves & ridiculous to others - The Anglican screams & struggles as if they had taken away something of hers _ the Catholic sings & shouts as if she had conquered England _ nevertheless neither the one nor the other has happened.
I feel little zeal in pulling down one Church or building up another _ in making Bishops or unmaking them _ If they would make us, a Faith wd. spring up in us of itself _ & then we should not want Anglican Ch. or R.C. to make it for us. But people are just as ignorant now of any law in the human mind, as they were in Socrates' time - They have found out the physical laws
since then _ but the 
mental laws they don't 
even acknowledge _ Nay, 
people in England think 
it quite profane not 
to talk of the free 
influences of the divine 
spirit, never thinking, 
if they are an arbitrary 
gift from God, how unkind 
of Him not to give them 
before ___ & if they come 
by fixed laws, why don't 
we find them out? 
People pray "That it may 
please Thee to have 
mercy upon all men", when 
I should knock any body 
down who were to say to me 
"That it should please you to 
have mercy upon Shore" [end 3:360]

  Shore is going on Monday 
to Mr. Simpson's, an Engi-
neering Manufactory, near 
Thames Bk _ His father 
pays down £ 100 for a 
year _ but this binds 
Shore to nothing - He is to 
sleep at Thames Bank. 
Aunt Mai begged me to 
tell you - With Parthe, 
who is a born Conservative, 
(by which I mean one 
to whom associations 
are more than Ideals) 
& Mama, the measure 
must be very unpopular 
  Ever dear Papa your 
loving child
14/9.
I am very glad to hear that you are going to Prag, dearest people _ we travelled so rapidly thro' Germany that we did not know a soul till we got to Berlin. I told you to ask Ju for the direction of her German master at Dresden _ I not knowing him & not knowing whether you would like Ju's friends did not do it without your leave _ But he has very pretty pictures (copies) which is all I know of him. If you go to Berlin, which I am afraid you will not, Madame Pertz is very unlike her sisters (the Garnetts) & was so kind to us & introduced us to all the best people in Berlin in the learned way- & she lives close to Unter den Linden, where you will also live _ But I know no soul at Prague nor Dresden _ & we took no pains to do so _
I hating to be gallivanted about at pictures & Ò too.
I don't think you saw our lost sister _ she was only 36.
By "the Doctor" do you mean Dr. Springer. I believe you ought
to know him at Prague, tho' he is on a very different side from
your Baronne _ I can perfectly understand the two stories. Is
it not the old story about of the slaves? & can you expect
any thing else? It will be very nice to visit the Baronne.
You can buy old lace & pretty things at Dresden in
the old shops, if you have a mind.
Thank you for your letter, ever dearest Pop -
Au revoir at the end of the month, when we shall all join
company again together _
ever yours dear people._

Have you written to Papa about the Printer's bill? The man
has written to him about it.
(St. Ann's St.). he writes me word_
6 Nov -

My dearest mother
I am very sorry to
find you & Parthe have
both suffered so much
Your letter is not explicit
dear mother, about what
you wish me to do _but
I suppose it is to _leave
this on Saturday _ spend
Sunday at the Coltman's
& come home on Monday.
Which, unless I hear to
the contrary from you,
I will. _ & write to
Charlotte to day.

Will you _ send return Mrs.

B. Hall's letter to
At Patty at Tenby?

Don't you think if
the Coltman's put me
in at the Waterloo
end that I could
come out at the Romsey
end into yr carriage
without detriment?
I have no money.

Aunt Mai will
deposit me in the
Coltman's passage
on Saturday -

Will the Stanleys mind

my calling on them on
Sunday - that is what
I am afraid of -

I hope rest will do
you both good

& am ever, dearest
people, yours _

I do not write more
as I shall see you so soon.

I enclose Parthe's
prescription - She is
to take a tea spoonful
in a little water
with the Cod Liver Oil
as before - & say
grace before it.
Sunday

My dearest mother, Will you write to Mrs. Bracebridge, Moreville, Warwick, by return of post, to say whether you want her housemaid or maids? I will tell her that you will write -

We are getting Aunt Evans's picture finished which is really not so bad as I expected & I think I had rather have it than not? It is in chalks, with a little not much colour. How ought it to be framed, Miss Hall wants to know?

Parthe has just put me in a "fix" by telling the Coltmanes I am here. How do you think I had better do? I am unwilling to be later than Monday 11th. at Waverley both because I shall have been so long away from home, & I don't want to cut short my visit there & because Uncle Sam wants Aunt Mai at home - She, on the other hand, wants to stay here till Saturday, thinking that Aunt Evans ought to come first, & that really to her a day is as years, & makes her
happiness for the rest of her life. Then I am very sorry to give up Combe on Sunday—as I wanted to see Shore's tutor, Mr. Clough. Does Parthe think that I shall be more acceptable to the Coltmans on a Sunday or on a week-day? I don't know them well enough to say. Will you say what you wish? I can't find out what Aunt Mai does—except that she would rather, I believe, if we had gone together to Combe on Saturday, & together to Waverley on Monday. But my path is always one, like the owl's, of pellets & food, food & pellets, because I am so afraid of somebody's ire, particularly of Parthe's if I don't go to the Coltmans. You know it is a matter of misery to her for 6 months if I have missed something that is worth doing. Enough of this long story. Aunt Evans seems particularly well. You can't think how I like Sarah Brocklehurst. We have been very often to the Hurst & the dear little place looks so beautiful & loving, it breaks my heart. Miss Coape does not come till the 15th. I think I never saw this country so beautiful.

ever dear Mum your loving child
1/12.51.

Dear Papa  I doubt whether it is possible for even a Water Cure to produce any difference whatever at the end of one week. Is Gully satisfied that you should try only a week & then come away? I staid 7 weeks & found little difference till after I came away.

If it is the noise which you dislike, I think it would do me a great deal of good to have a little Water Cure after my measles, & I should like to come & take a little lodging with you very much, dear Papa - Mr. Taylor having given his consent yesterday week that I should do every thing as usual, (except see Parthe).

We could also combine the Conference to be held at Birmingham, on Wednesday week, on the best way of managing Juvenile Delinquency, & moving Government to do something - All the practical men & well known men are to be there— Mr. Bracebridge writes that it must have weight & is going himself. It is on the 10th. & there is in the morning.

After this exploit, we might either come home or remain a little longer at Malvern, I being rather sure that less than 3 weeks is no trial at all.

ever dear Papa your loving child
It is so cold that I can hardly move my fingers.
  Gladstone, Sydney Turner, Hill, Tufnell &c&c are to be at the Conference — I am quite in Travelling Order.

Cromford Br. Saturday
My dearest mother
  I heard this morning from Mr. Bracebridge that she was out of town & he had left Hyde Pk Gns. At the same time Aunt Evans said he so strongly today & yesterday "you cannot leave me" that till Monday, that I felt it impossible, she was so much moved & after much difficulty, I made up my mind to go through in a day on Monday, which I might easily have done — but your note this morng. & Aunt Mai feeling convinced that this would disturb
you more, have determined me to sleep one night at the Carters, & to come home by the first train on Tuesday morning, 10:15 at Romsey. so that I shall still be in time to do anything at Embley on that day.

I am all amazed at your letter about West — I thought her rubbing Parthe was the great reason for her coming & for my coming home. Of course I shall dismiss her, as you say, & am very glad that you have the person you wished so much for.

Saturday.
Many thanks for your note. & its enclosure, dearest mother — You may send on the enclosed to Parthe, or do what you like with them _(for here I shall have no time for answering letters) provided I have them again ultimately. What wd. I give
for those spare 4 hours
Mrs. Plunkett complains of?
Half the world are hunting
Time like a fox, & the other
half it hunts _ I never
catch it. As to Georgina
Tollet, I don't know what
she's dreaming of.
I believe I shall not
be able to return on Monday,
(tho' I had much rather
be at home with you,)
for I suppose I'm of some
use here _ or they wdn't
want to keep me _
Don't forget about
Elisha Humby's Sacrament
please - You are very
good to wish me to
stay. You mustn't send
any of my correspondents
to any body but Parthe,

please, as they are all
such queer 'uns that
they wd. infallibly be mis=
understood - Please write
to me about Papa's coming
home - I haven't writ to
him since Thursday, sup=
posing him gone - & have
n't writ to Parthe since
I came, not having time.
ever dearest Mum your
loving & grateful child.
Thursday
Dearest mother

It is very hot in London & you may rejoice that you are in the country -

I spent the evening last night with Aunt Joanna & Hily. at Chesterfield St.
Papa & Made. Mohl dined at Bedford Sq. & there was a grand "do" afterwds.

there, to which Aunt Joanna & all hers went. Hily., who has a bad Influenza, staying at home & I with her.

This morng. we breakfasted there.

Me. Mohl has a Me. Dumont, a friend of the Aragos, for me & I suppose I shall go on Monday at latest But she may go on Saturday.
Papa did his business yesterday (Uncle Sam is gone today to Tapton) & I went to see the Trueloves J.P. whom I saw yesterday, has given up going abroad & takes the Marshalls' cottage at Patterdale instead.

Uncle Sam breakfasted
with us this morng._
The Inspectorship,  
only £25 a year only
annually, till it
reaches £600, has
been actually conferred
upon Mr. Clough,
but his answer is
still expected _
Shore comes to me
this evening - We
have a nice cool
downstairs front

8993/54 4ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851?} [1:310-11]

a
My dearest When I left
you, I adjourned to the
Stanleys where I had a
long talk with Mary
(very nice) a little one
with Arthur & a little
one with Mrs. Stanley,
they undressed me, because
Mrs. S. said, if I hadn't
my bonnet off, she couldn't
cut leaves - That queer
Ly Stanley, who tells one
all her husband's torments
about the horses, came in.
I couldn't help liking the
queerity. They were much
disappint because Kingsley
did not come _ & asked me
to come on Monday _ but I
did n't confess to being in London
Thence I went for my body to Mme Nousilles, then to the Ragged Dormitory, where I saw a new boy promising, I thought. then to the Burlington, to gather up traps & news of you, then to your shop, for crochet, & then here, where we had a nice pleasant quiet evening. Sunday we went to a Charity Sermon at the Lock Hospital, & after it, all over the Lock. Both the Matrons I liked exceedingly, & it was really the first

Institution of the kind I had ever seen in England, which I could at all liken to Kaiserswerth. The matrons were really matrons & not wooden guardians. & the girls looked happy. Mrs. Chadwick, who went with us, had never been in a Hospital nor seen any kind of suffering whatever. oh ye Gods, how one half the human race hides its head in the sand, depriving itself of the means of discovering remedies for
d

the other half _ She was so much affected she could not go over the Hospital _ I thought to myself, I'd rather be a patient than you _ (The day we went down the river I happened to say to Quekett before Ld Ashburton that the conditions of the existence of the agricultural female were such that she cd. not but be low, mean, degraded _ Ld A. went off in a fine rhapsody about devotion to her children the finest existence, the domestic hearth & all
that — How people talk
& don't take what is before
their eyes) — In the afternoon
Σ sent me to Miss Black
well's to ask her to go
with us to Quekett's &
to make a long day of it —
Accordingly she came the
next morning. (We had
a Cook, a New Zealander
to breakfast. with us —
told us a great deal
that was interesting).
Quekett has built himself
a nice little Parsonage —
we went to his Savings
Bank to find him, when
we did find him, des=
patching (with the help
of all his staff, Pupil
Teachers, School Masters,
all pressed into the
service — what an education for them) 2000 people
in an hour — Oh how
I envy him — Afterwards
he took us to 7 of his
schools — examined
the children before us_
delighted in every thing
he did — with a whole=
some appetite for praise_
no false humility — no
"miserable Sinners"_
Every body's face
cheered up to see him.
Every where we saw
the little gardens he
had given the seeds for
the little glass boxes
he had fitted up the
cottages with for their
ferns _ making a
horrid Row into some
thing Xitian _ & cheerful_

But I don't think
you'll like him _ his
voice is loud _ his
manner is preemptory hearty.
subordination, respect
& gratitude don't appear to occupy any
large place in his thoughts_
he is ungraceful _ the strong
element is predominant
in him. the healthy more

than the beautiful. His
morale is in such robust
health- indeed that a
little scrofula would make
it more interesting to
many. This made me
rather shy of asking
my friend to Embley.
With regard to his
religion, I am sure
that's safe enough -
there is no lack of
that in the schools-
but it is a working,
not a talking religion-
And ___ he has actually
managed to bring the
Raggeds! to the a service
in the School Room - the
first clergyman who ever did this.
Dearest I was most thankful to hear that you had accompd. your journey pretty well. & that you had seen Söst.

I have done all your behests _ body & all. & have got Mudie’s books. I have talked to Mr_ Bracebridge about Consecration. Quekett is the prince of angels _ I will go by Great Northern.

thank Papa for note. & thank all for letters. I will send Dr Howe as soon as Mr_ B. has read it.

I went to Ragged School - printing not yet done _ they have got a perfect Godsend in an incense boy of Card. Wiseman's who has been 3 times in prison & has turned a perfect Protestant, the man told me, in the Dormitory _ I told the man it was a special Providence, worth £ 3,, 15 to them, advised him to put it in the papers, told him it would bring
them more subscriptions, turning one incense boy into Protestant than 50 ruffians into good men, & pressed him to make much of it at the Meeting. I have got your silks. Had a very pleasant morning with dear Mary Stanley tho' Kingsley did not come _

Tuesday
Hyde Pk S.
Quekett kept us the whole day, fed us,
shewed us every thing, has nothing on earth to do but saunter about with us - & as I never go away under a present, gave me lots of things, & will come & see us _ But oh! there's another Mrs. Quekett on the tapis _ how I hate her_ Nobody here knows that I am here._
a scratch for Athena _ I hope Mama has settled Futcher - I saw Mr. Ellis yesterday. & got another present _

[top of page, above salutation]
Will you look in the pocket of that carpet bag you so magnificently offered to lend me whether the key of my little portfolio is there - & send it me. If not in that fascinating pocket, I am undone
There was only room for one
in the Sheffield carriage _
so, as I am very particular
& don't approve of females
travelling unprotected &
alone, (especially at the
time of the Great Exhibi-
tion, as Mrs. Pope of the
Red Lodge says), I plunged
out, collared the policeman
& demanded a Sheffield
carriage for two - This he
said was impossible &
we must go in a Retford
carriage _ This however
was no hardship to me.
I like the human interest
of a Railway Station -
I like to change carriages
& drag about my baggage.
I like anything which associates me
with any class not my own
& it relieves the tedium
of a long journey _ when
thoughts unbidden, sad
& many, of the conditions
of human life, will run
thro' one's head -
West is good & accom=
modating & interested
about Parthe _ but slow,
unpunctual & unhandy
& crams my blue bag
with what she can't get
into my carpet, which
old Trout used always
to do & leave me to carry it.
The carriages are splendid
with good roomy troughs
under the seats for one's
luggage _ We came down
by the 11 o'clock & were at
Sheffield at 5:45 for 5:15. Peterborough Cathedral we had a great view of "a very imposing structure," & a beautiful tower of Boston Church, chiefly remarkable for its disproportion to the body. In fact, it looks as if the nave were set up on end. I had had a romance in my Youth about Boston & the Wash - but it does not look so much like it. I don't know why Boston always seemed to me so poetic. At Tattershall there is a splendid old red brick tower with two turrets. but what it is I don't know. However I remembered at Hatfield that Hatfield is "the Marquis of Salisbury's." Lincoln Cath. has a magnificent position, but it looked on that washed-out water=coloured day like the picture at the bottom of a wash=hand=basin as seen thro' the soap suds. The line is a very fine one, but I was sorry not to see my dear old valley, for whom none know the love I have. Aunt Mai & I are thinking of sleeping a night at the Hurst on our return, for the sake of seeing
Aunt Evans & pretexting business there - We changed carriages at Lincoln. There were two women who talked, if you'll believe me, in a shrill scream all the way from London to Lincoln & I left them at Lincoln talking still, for Leeds I bought a paper & offered it them to keep them quiet but it was "no go." So I began to talk to them about the Exhibition - I have always thought that the great characteristic difference of the French & English was that the French English do something practically & wonderfully fine - & have not the least idea what they have done nor what they did it for. With them the fact comes first, the theory comes afterwards or not at all. With the French on the contrary, the theory comes first, they have a beautiful ideal, but they cannot carry it out into a fact. I am quite certain that not one hundredth of the people who have laboured for the Great Exhibition had an idea of what they were about - not one thousandth of those who went to the Pageant thought any
more of it but as a Coronation or such like thing. Yet no other country could have produced the Great Exhibition. It was a great comfort to me for the exclusion of the Exhibitors that I felt sure half the women there were tradespeople & I have since heard that not one eighth of the people inside were gentry. In the carriage yesterday were two separate parties from Leeds who had come up for the Opening by the Excursion Train with a return ticket which only cost the price of one journey & allowed them the choice of 7 days in May to return on, & 2 trans a day. The women were full of glee, especially at having seen the Queen on Saturday, when she went quite early & unattended with the next pair of children "in a very ugly bonnet" to the Exhibition "her things were good enough, but so plain" & my friends stood close to her - They had immense provisions of meat & wine with them in the carriage, which they offered to nobody. They had insured their Lives for the journey evidently thinking that secured them from an accident & I expounded
to them the towns as we went along & my views upon Socialism. Then I asked their views (this is à propos to the English not knowing what they are about I never saw a finer instance of this than Quekett) they said their views upon the Exhibition were that a great many poor people wd. spend their hard earned pennies in going up to see it which was a great pity & that it would also lead them to spend in London what they ought to spend in the provincial towns but that it was a very good thing to shew the Queen how orderly her people were, & to shew foreigners that we were not barbarians This was very enlightened in general, we want to shew foreigners that they are barbarians or at least you know they are so, whether we want to shew them so or not. We had a great deal of very agreeable talk, which I cannot give you now. I certainly like better to talk to any other class than my own. I get more from them - I always know beforehand so exactly what my own class will say upon every
thing, how they will think_
(with the exception of
Birch, Aunt Mai & two
or three others, I could write
down beforehand all that
they will say) It will
probably be said, if you
knew the circumstances
of any other class as well,
you could do the same thing.
But I doubt it. I believe
our class to be the most
conventional _ Given the
heighth of the mast, to
tell the Captain's name,
is not at all a prepos=terous proposition _ Given
the number of thousands
a year a man has, to
tell his thoughts is a pro=
position every body does
every day _ Why? Because
a man spends his [illeg] lives
not according to what he
"would do" or "would not do",
but according to what is
"consistent" or "not consistent"
with that position. It
is all agreed what he
shall do _ & therefore
you can tell pretty well
what he will say & think.

We drove thro' poor old
Sheffield, & arrived here
about ¼ after 6 _ I did
not see Gdmama till
this morng. _ I find her
most affecté & glad to
see me - she says you are
very kind to let me come_
she sends Papa her "love-
many of them". She says,
I hope the end is drawing near." I see no prospect of it, but it is most affecting. This longing to die, life a burden to her, & yet death not coming. Aunt Mai was very glad to see me — I hope to hear from you — we shall decide our return accordingly. Everything here is very backward — Thanks for the Illustrated News — Tell Parthe I did the Polka. I left my goods at Whitehall, her silks, books & all — Quekett showed me his way of working a Parish. His books, all so beautifully made out — his helps, all so systematized, & gave me his papers. He said there was not a soul in all his parish he could ask for a sovereign — not one single well-to-do man — Yet his highest school pays 6d. a week — & out of this he pays for his Ragged School —

Farewell, dearest mother — It is very affecting to see Gdmama expecting death hourly — thanks for all your 3 letters — ever dear Mum your loving child.

I hope you will tell me truly how Parthe is. Σ says if you go to Schwalbach, that wd. decide them to go too — I think this wd. be a great thing for Papa.
We go tomorrow to Birmingham, sleep at the Hen & Chickens, & arrive at the Hurst Friday. Whatever directions you have about Futcher & others, you had better send to me there. We were to have heard G. Dawson, who generally lectures on Thursday, at Birmingham - but unfortunately he is absent. The weather here is beautiful for continuing the cure. I am most sorry to go. Miss Peacock is the poor invalid for whom I asked the flowers - She has been chained to her sofa for 11 years by Tie & Spine disease. If you have your stove lighted, remember to open the Ventilator in Drawing Room, which is shut. Ever dear people yours. The hour of the Whigs is struck - the Tories are a feeble people.
Great Exhibition

Many saw nothing more in the Opening than they wd. in a Coronation or any other pageant. To me it was like the opening of a new era in the world. The great characteristic difference between the Fr. & Eng. seems to be that the Eng. do some great thing without knowing why they do it, nor what it is they have done _ with them the fact comes first. the idea afterwards _ The Fr. on the contrary, have always some great idea. afterwards comes the fact, or sometimes not at all.

No other nation cd. have produced the Crystal Pal. & yet no nation sees the gist of it less _ Pr. Alb. has 2 ideas _a great thing to say. most men having but half an one. These 2 ideas, incorporated in the Crys. Pal, are, one, the greatness of work, & not of rank or wealth or blood _ the other, the unity of human race _ It was the first time that working men & a Queen ever walked in procession together. that a Queen's husband ever appeared as a working man _ i. e. an Industrial Commissioner. that working hands were put before white hands.

Idea the 2nd. unity of human race _ we have for ever done with thanking God that we are not as other men are - while one individual of the human race remains vicious or ignorant we acknowledge the whole race must be less wise
& less virtuous than it otherwise wd. be. We are affected by the degradation of the less civilized nations of the earth- we begin to learn, not only in sermons, that we are all brethren. & we Must suffer for our brother's sufferings & we leave off being grateful that we are not as the savages are-

Two ideas however fail of their full meaning in the Crys. Pal. No cooperation no look of Unity in the Interior. each booth advertises no connexion with establishment over the way. Wanting to the very spirit of the thing, Exhibitors not to be the Spectators of the Pageant. Those who did the work shd. see the show-

Still there was the true spirit of representation. Clergy least represented, as not being working men.

Pageant as the expression of our pride & joy in so good a thing, Queen, of the idea of centralization _ in this sense admirable
Lesson

Days what how many
weeks
months
seasons what months

Colours have worsteds of the prismatic

Orrery

4 Elements
Points of Compass
Continents
motions swimmg. flyg. compg. [?] walkg.

5 Senses what?
look here what do you see in my hand
How do you know it is
Because we see it
What do you see by
Eyes
Then what is that power
Seeing
Take this in your hand & tell me how it smells
Sweet
How do you know
By the smelling
Take a piece of this & taste
What taste has it.
How do you know the difference of the things eaten
By the taste
   Ring the bell
What did I do
You rang the bell
How is that sense called by which you know what every body says
Hearing
Feel this & this & tell me the difference
   Soft- hard
How do you know
   By feeling
How are these powers called
   Senses
How many have we & what?
Who gave you all those by which you receive so much pleasure
How do you know that you owe them to God.

Ps 139 14

Reading & asking questions, with book open insisting however on a conversational answer not repeating the whole verse.

Let one say the prayer itself or the grace _ instead of the mistress -

_ The colours in the rainbow seem
   Are orange red yellow & green
   Blue Indigo & Violet
   Caused by the sun & drops of wet

Take a verb
to iron eg. who irons
   irons what
   irons on what?
      with what?
to send
   who sends?
      sends for whom?
         to where?
            by whom?

For the Deaf & Dumb at Berlin _
From Parthe
Dearest mum

Don't trouble about the woollen stockings. Mariette says there are none - Two pair of cotton will do quite as well - & my summer boots will not admit any thing thicker _ So do not you be running over to Derby - or otherwise tormenting yourself in my behalf -

I must say I should like the trousers-
How kind you have been sending every thing by Mariette conceivable.

Dearest mother

Sir James does has just seen her _ & is quite satisfied - Her bowels have acted right _ I am most thankful I came _ as she will do what I suggest. & it takes off the responsibility & anxiety from Lady Clark & Charlotte - I never can be too glad that I set off instantly _ She testified the greatest satisfaction at having me _

Saturday eveng._
8993/61 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848 or 51; ?1850 or 1851}

Dearest mother

Not a moment have I__
More thanks than I can say for your dear kind letter, which set me more at ease than I can tell __ I can't quite name my day yet __ You shall hear. My best love to Papa— I'm so glad he's come home_ ever yr. loving child

8993/62 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: early 1850's, Wilton}

I am afraid Mrs Warren will hardly do. I have been talking to Sidney Herbert about it, & his first desideratum is as certainty that the person does not do it for lucre - now this poor woman is indigent _ therefore I am afraid, my dear, you must write & say "we're suited" _ & I shall reserve it to myself to think of her at some future time _ for I think she would do _ but Mr. Hamilton, who came last night to talk is their referee, & thinks she wd. not.

Lizzie is better
many thanks mein Herz ever thine
Ostend _ Hotel Cour Impériale
good.
Bruges
{Abbé Carton. D.D & B
{Anna.
Brussels
1 Blind Schl.
2 Infant Hospital _ beds _ Sisters of Cy. [Ey?]}
Ghent
D & D.
Cologne
{ D & D. day school _ learn
to speak
Frankfurt
Hössel's D & D.
Albert's Toy shop

I
An Eastern Missions Aid Society
has been formed at
for the support of the Deaconess
Institution at Jerusalem founded
by the Parent Institution at
Kaiserswerth & of other Deaconess
Institutions in the East, founded
or about to be founded
I 
((3))
An Eastern Missions Aid Society has been formed at . . for the support of the Deaconess Institution at Jerusalem founded by the Parent Institution at Kaiserswerth.

II
The Society may give its support either to the Hospital & care of the out patients (also given by the Deaconess) or to the Schools, or to both objects together.

III
The subscriptions consist in donations & yearly contributions either in money or kind, viz, clothes, linen, books, & other means of instruction, &c or in undertaking the support of individual pupils in the schools &c

IV
These must all be sent to the Parent Institution at Kaiserswerth, & which will give an annual printed account of the application of the same & will send every 3 or 4 months to every Society a Report of the Institution at Jerusalem.

V
The Members of the Society meet twice a year, in order to deliberate upon what measures should be taken to increase the funds of the Institution at Jerusalem. They will annually request some preacher of the Gospel to preach a Sermon in aid of the Funds _ They will
advertise in the principal Newspapers & if possible, an Annual Meeting will be held in the Hanover Square Rooms. where the Reports of the Institution at Jerusalem will be read. [end 7:585]

[hand?] + Where any letters or parcels may be addressed to the care of the Ge Sisters, of the German Hospital Dalston London, who are diaconesses of the community of Kaiserswerth

8993/65 1f, pen, initialled letter {arch: May-June}

Combe
Sunday
My dearest Shore & Beatrice & I came down here yesterday _ the place is looking perfectly lovely _ Rhododendrons, Azaleas, double furze, lilacs & laburnums all out together _ We go up early tomorrow _ The Chesterfield St people kindly take me to London Br where I meet Mme Mohl's friend ever your F
Dearest mother

This poor man, the Master of Nuneaton School, was trying to improve himself & get a higher certificate for high school. When Mr. Bellairs, the Inspector came round he gave him a theme to write, as is the custom. The poor man said his eyes were bad & might he answer viva voce, on some compromise, I forget what? Mr. Bellairs said he could make no difference. All the school masters did it. The poor man set to work wrote his theme & did it. The next morning he was stone blind. He is a capital school master & would make a good Master for the Blind if he could first serve an apprenticeship to a Blind School. The Bracebridges, who are always starving themselves for every body, mean to place him at one at their own expense. Would you send them £1 towards it? or whatever you think fit? as we did not do what we intended to do about His church - I thought I was coming home, else I would have sent you this before - Mr. Tremenheere is going to get him in at the Blind Asylum.

{printed document: see photocopy}
draws better than Parthe, & does she not rather seek improvement and tuition because she has a capability, which she wishes to become a power. There are some geniuses, I know, but so few that mankind must not calculate upon themselves being the favoured one who wants no instruction. These mistakes will all be cleared up in time, that is my faith, but not in my time - However I shall be quite satisfied if the only result of my suffering is to be that people should awaken to a principle - Every mistake is worth while, in as far as a great many mistakes make a principle

But you will be quite tired of me, dear Papa, so I will only add that I think Aunt Mai & I make such poor bargainers, that it would be better if Milnes & Newbold were to threaten the turn pike man than that we should be the threateners. We have already one Magisterial affair upon our hands in the shape of Aunt Evans's walnuts & have had to refuse some begging culprits _ However I don't know the whole case of the turnpike man ever dear Pa your loving child
My dear people

Don't fash yourselves about the Chisholms. The sum has been made up & the ship is to sail. Rebecca is not come, which I am glad of.

How do you pay my Aunt for her chickens? We have had a couple — & some bacon. Her poor old pony died — a natural death, last Monday.

Have you Mrs. Browning? or have you lent it? Papa has a fancy to read her Prometheus translated. If you have it, please send per post. If not, perhaps I can hire it at Birmingham — I have a fancy either it or her husband was lent to Mme Mohl.

Papa is wonderfully well, & eats & walks & rides almost as well as ever — Old Crish Stand is built up again.

I have found the books ever yours.
Umberslade

Birmingham - Jan 6

My dearest mother

We were in hopes of a letter this morning from you to say you were better. We came down yesterday from London with Arthur Mills & Mrs. Bracebridge, who indulged in all sorts of extravagant demonstrations of joy at seeing us off & en route for the Water Cure - I like Johnson much - not the man of the world & the agreeable companion that Gully is - but far more careful & I could not but admire the point of the many questions he asked - He does not doubt of restoring Papa to the health he had 6 months ago - He insulted me by calling my pulse a miserable little weed - thread
Papa is in good spirits & well pleased by the grand old house by Inigo Jones & Johnson's care — The company is a Mr. & Mrs. Ford, a Mr. Newcome, another Mr. & a Miss Bell, besides the family of 4 sons & 2 nieces. And if you were to see them, you would have some hopes for me that I should learn the value of good society by its contrast. Mrs. Ford sits with her hands between her knees — Mrs. Johnson does not admire her haiches — The men are harmless — but I don't see much of them — sitting upstairs in a large & handsome bed room, where Papa comes to be read to. The rest of the party play Vingt et Un. The Bracebridges
are now at Moreville, near Warwick & will very likely come over & see us _ We had a charming two days at Combe _ but Papa was so much tired on Saturday that we were very thankful of the prospect of two nights' rest. We left Combe about 10, stopped at Hookham's for the Quarterly Review, taking Uncle Sam & Mr. Clough, whom I like extremely he is going to Australia in the autumn as head of the 1st A. College (tho' desperately shy, & timid like a bird,) up to town-found Mrs. B. at Euston Sq. by good luck, & came down to Rugby with them, reaching this by half past 6- We sat down to tea with the company at 7. & today Papa quite enjoyed his dinner at half past one _ I took care to see Johnson directly I came in & enlighten him before [enlightened?] he saw Papa which he did that night, on the state of the case _ He is a good elderly man, not a gentleman like Gully, but clever, practical & liberal.

I must leave off to read to Papa - we are very anxious to hear about you _ [end 7:679] ever dear Mum your loving child
Umberslade. 8 Jan.
My dearest people I am
glad to see a little Jack -
We were delighted to see dear
Mr. Bracebridge yesterday,
who rode over from Warwick.
I continue to like Johnson,
though he is what the world
would call vulgar. But he is
extraordinarily careful. tho'
not the Genius that Gully is.
Up to this time we have
not done much & are not
in full work - tho' we walk
hard in the morning. (pitch
dark & raining fast). & we
sense the little birds who
are not yet up, in the hedge
Lazy wretches! And we can
only just see the white swans
on the pond glimmering thro'
the night. Why does it seem
so much queerer to walk in
one dark than in the other
dark? We are used enough
to the late dark are not we? Papa's
architectural feelings are
so strong that he has no
others & they keep him warm.
The house belonged to Lord
Archer, but some years ago,
when Mr. Bracebridge was
here, the cows were grazing
in the Dining Room with
the gilt columns - & all the
mouldings, now painted out,

were then gilt. I however
am faithful to my first Malvern love.
It is so different taking those
dreadful 4 Constitutional Walks
in the place of the crimson
lights & purple shadows, with
the most beautiful sunrises
in the world, where every look
& every breath is a delight,
& in this dull great gentle=
man's park. But it does
not much signify for we
are always in long before the
sun rises _ I should think
so. We breakfast in the dark
& the patients play billiards
before breakfast. Papa likes
Johnson, which is the main
thing - & is perfectly satisfied
with every thing. The treatment is much milder than Gully's. Papa has only one dripping sheet & one can douche per day. the "can douche" being water poured out of cans. Johnson says he has no doubt of curing the Constipation _ but he says that is only an effect, not a cause _ the cause being a deficiency of nervous power._
We now sleep next door to each other, which is a great solace - The rooms are magnificent. Papa & I play at battledore & shuttlecock, like two fools_ Johnson says his appetite is quite good enough._ We hope to hear good accounts of you in your quiet. Johnson is full of information. Papa is in excellent spirits. [end 7:680]

8993/71 2ff, 1f by FN, unsigned letter {arch: Jan 8 1852}; other side of letter is rough hand, WEN I think

Papa says capital mutton & potatoes beautiful brown bread pudding & today a beautiful Apple Charlotte _ Johnson says it was quite wrong to take Quinine & to eat rice at breakfast__ recommending brown bread & vegetables in abundance _ in fact, with a little more appetite, Papa says he should not desire a better table nor better hours __ (half past one o'clock dinner!) But his pain is not yet gone, nor will go, Johnson says, till the bowels act- But as to Aperient Medicine, it is the greatest nonsense _ before he tapped him all over & says there is nothing in the stomach _ that is, hollow_ so if there is nothing in, out of it can nothing come-
Jan 12-
I am so good as to send you
dear Mrs. Colyar's letter directly.
I think you might read that
part of it about Ld P. to Ly P_
telling her it comes from a good
Catholic – You need not read
her that part about Louis Nap.
because, since she is so entichée
with her odious pet, it may
neutralize the effect of the other_
& I should like her to know
how Ld P. is regretted- & how
they treat us now abroad. Send
it me back directly _ as I
must let the Bracebridges see it.
The weather is quite mild _ Papa
has a little touch of Diarrhea,
which I think has done him
good & all with the mildest
treatment. Our bill comes only
to £8,,3. More moderate than the
printed terms _ including fire & candles

I have written to Ly Byron - very
sorry to hear, my dear, that
Mama is so bad, I hope
Taylor will do her good-
but pardon me, my dear, if I say
that, if you wish Papa to stay
here ( & I assure you I have
hardwork sometimes _ tho' the
faith of neither both of us in Johnson
is the least as big as ever _
& we both say we have nothing
left to wish for) that she
must write him calmer letters,
& not bother about the going
out before breakfast. He
told me not to write that to
her, & I, like a fool, persis=
ted in doing it- I thought
she knew our ways at Malvern
And tell me ALL that she feels & all her pains -
but don't tell him -

I hope, my dear, that she is really better _ I shall be very anxious to hear tomorrow _ I have hardly any time between Water spouting, reading aloud, & other intellectual amusements for writing _

But we bid fair, like Pen, between eating, sleeping & drinking to consume our whole time.

Umberslade Bethesda
Jan 15

I don't know how, if you have your bath at 7, & breakfast at ½p 8_ (breakfast has been put off half an hour to please us)_ you are to walk, which is necessary after the bath, if not in the dark _ & you cannot breakfast later, if you are to have your bath & your walk at the proper interval between that & dinner - not too short a time soon after brkft, not too late before dinner _ Papa desired me to explain this.

Farewell, beloved. I hope you will prosper _ as we are likely to do.

God be with you & take care of thee self __
Could you my dearest ascertain whether there is not a letter to me from Mary Stanley lying perdu somewhere _ Mary Stanley told me in London that she had written to me about Felicitta _ a long account _ & asking what had was to been done with her which letter I have never had — The first thing Papa said to me at Umberslade was that you had said "Here is a letter for Flo from Rome" or "from Mary Stanley" I forget which _ & he wanted to hear what was in it _ therefore I conclude that this letter is perhaps behind some clock at Embley _ especially as I received today from Embley a scrap from Σ dated Dec 24.

I went to see Aunt Jenny the day I was in London _ she looks deplorably _ I then went to the Stanleys _ & saw Mrs S. (Mary was out). Mrs S. was very nice & Mary Stanley came to see me in the evening at the Bunsens. & gave me a parcel for you — From Mrs. Stanley's an instinct took me back to Pallmall to see if there were any news _ & there I found the telegraphic message from Miss Hall, just arrived _ But it was too late to do anything _ I was afraid Mary's conversion is beginning to be talked about, but I hope it will not be at all
893/75 1f, pen, unsigned letter/note {arch: Feb 1852?}

Please return the enclosed letter & speech of Mr. Thomson to Mr _ Bracebridge at Atherstone, "not to be forwarded."

We are going on well - but nothing now to tell-
I have written to Ly Byron _
Today there is a thick fog _ No new patients. I hope you always feed Athena yourselves I dare say we shall go over to Birmingham some Sunday to hear Dawson
They say Bm. is now divided between Catholics & Dawsonites.

Please ask Hogg to see whether he has the vines in pots & the quicks from Parthe's gardener=man, which were to form the remaining part of the set off against the Rhododendrons, which were sent to Southton -so as to have the bill completed

Mrs. Murray was very ill from the first & Ly Dunmore sent out a nurse.
I wish you could send me some good flowers for a poor bedridden patient here - Miss Peacock _ a friend of Mrs. Hopkins.
You might send with them, Papa says the "Socrates" 8th. volume of Grote - & the 3rd. vol. of Merivale if you have got it down _
My dear mother

If you will send for me tomorrow (Thursday) at the Bunsens at 3 o'clock, I will be ready to go with you wherever you please.

I am going to Clewer with Mrs. Herbert on Friday to spend the day, but shall be back at night. She wants me to fix a day for going there to stay, which I must talk over with you.

That bothering Miss Boyle has written me the enclosed note—do you think it can be true? I don't believe a word of it—pray burn it.

ever yours, dearest mother

Don't forget me at the Bunsens—They always go out after luncheon Wednesday
March 22. 1852
My dearest mother
I go to Clewer
tho' I do feel it's all
nonsense - & return here
on Wednesday to meet
Mr. Temple of Knellar Hall
who dines, and whom
they wish me much to
meet _ On Thursday I
hope I shall see you _
What lovely weather -
I hope it is ridding
Parthe of her cold _ &
enabling her to go out
ever your loving child-
I hope the Bunsens had the

My dear mother
These dear good people
are very anxious that you
should sleep here on Wednesday
night _ & say that they
are quite sure that they
shall have a room at your
disposition. I do not
want to persuade you to
come - & I shall send
Mariette at all events
to meet you by the 5. 15.
but I am sure if you do
come, they will be very glad.
The Plunketts are here & Lady
Easthope & a man _ & the
Tollets come on Wednesday
   The train 5. 15 came in
before the train. 5. 8 started.
or rather we waited for it,
Therefore we might have
spared ourselves the trouble
of coming by the earlier _
Not that I minded it
except for the tying in.
   It wd not do for you
however to trust to this _
besides you wd. come I
suppose by land.
   Mr B. met us at the
Station -
ever dear Mum
   your loving child

   The B s will give me
all information about
lodgings. & will I believe
send me with a maid
on Thursday morn to
Birmingham _ all thanks
to Papa for the plan -
   Atherstone
      Tuesday morn.
         before 9 o'clock
which is the explanation
of the post.
April 18
My dear people, I hope you know that our late friend & confidant, Louis Vanneau, is now undergoing 15 months' durance at Genoa, for taking in that poor ass Miss Gamble tho' I must say I think she was fair game & the least of Louis's sins I could not have resisted taking in the vain little fool myself.
I have heard from Anne Dutton I am afraid the affairs are in a sad mess, & she does not & her becoming 16th lord is not so pleasant to her as might have been expected tho' she desires this may not be talked about & her letter not read Of course however everybody knows what a dog the late lord was He died, she says, of a Concert at the Dublin Court suddenly. Capt. Plunkett is really sorry The late man had squandered away the whole of Miss Evelyn's immense fortune, she will possibly also be dependent upon them. But that, of course, is private. Capt. Plunkett has a work to do which he is ill fitted for & in very bad health besides.
The only really good thing is that Prestbury disagreed with him & they are leaving it. He was at Dunsany last week for the funeral & is now in London for the business, where she will perhaps join him from Sherborne. They are trying to sell Prestbury. Why did they ever buy it? I have answered her letter. I do love that good man.

Miss Hall gone to Sheffield for a week.
Flora is going to Umberslade with her mother, I think I told you -
You never mention Athena. ever yours, dear people

Thanks for the papers. I shall not forget tomorrow, what it is.

8993/80 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852?}

Cromford Bridge
April 28

My dearest mother & father
I made my farewell visit at the Hurst yesterday (the "last day", to-day, you know, is always considered too great a bustle" to be allowed to do anything")
The place was lovely - & the garden looking very nice - Henry Brocklehurst recovering - Papa would be very sorry to hear of the burning of the Gorse in the Lot - All the wall between Thomas Amatt & John Else's territories is laid bare - but the hollies are saved - John
Alsop, Crooks & Alison
put it out the fire with rails – otherwise much more
damage might have been
done - It looks dismal
enough at present _ It
is supposed to have been
Sam & Tom Storer, as they
were seen about there with
a gun & two dogs on
Good Friday night _ when
the first fire broke out
which was put out _
The second fire, which
did the damage, was
on last Thursday night _
John Alsop saw it &
woke the other two men,
who seem to have behaved

with great alacrity & good
feeling _ it is a great pity,
as I am afraid it will
vex my poor father very
much –
    Sarai wants to know, if
he will order Buxton to
put a fresh coat on the
floors of the Housekeeper's
Room & Dining Room, as
they look very white,
even when done up with
beeswax &c & can't be
done justice to, she
says, let alone great
stains _ I said I would
write –
    Also, whether she may
have her sister from
Nottingham to see her at
Whitsuntide for a night
or two -- As there is but
one child, I gave my
gracious permission, as
I think they are a
very nice family.

Mr. Smedley's new
chapel & school room
are running up very
fast & will be roofed
in very soon _ "It is, as
Wildgoose says, a noble
building. What windows!
They have dismissed all
the children, above 7 years out
of their Infant School, in
deferece to us, I believe,

Letter unnumbered 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1852} [80a] [7:691]

May 13
Many thanks, dearest mother,
for the first half of the £10,
this morning received __
It is particularly welcome,
because Aunt Mai was
going to subscribe for a pony
for Mr. Chalmer, & I think
Papa may just as well
do it instead _ & I hope
to prevail on her _
I have sent Dr Howe to
Dr. Fowler.
You know I gave you took
Futcher's letter with his
references _ so that I
cannot write to them,
unless you send it me.
I gave you all the letters
of all the schoolmasters
I think you must decide
upon the schoolmaster
you like best _ I shall be satisfied with either & I cannot possibly decide which you will like _
I don't call our "mountaineers" rude" at all - I am sure they are ten times more civilized than our Agriculturals, & I had much rather have to do with them. I have always an idea that, because Embley is a finer place than the Hurst & the climate better _, you think therefore the population of the Hurst is ruder than that of Embley. My own impression is that you will feel less anxious & safer, with Harland _ For me it does not matter _(I think Dr. Cornewall's reference you will think safer than Futcher's)

Sunday & Monday were the densest fogs I ever saw _ here _ A Dieu _ many thanks for the £10 -- you remember all things well - [end 7:691]

ever dear Mum your loving child
Cromford Bridge

Holy Thursday

Dear Papa Where did I leave off? Where Lord
Palmerston expounded the scale between Metternich & Buol. He says the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the young Emperor & her clique have so consolidated power into their own hands that no death will make any difference in the policy that the Young Emperor is the hardest animal we have yet seen. But then, if this policy is pursued by weak hands instead of strong, what will be the result? He seems to anticipate, tho' not yet, a crash which will rouse Europe, a Revolution to which that of France was a weak farce.

It is thought that Louis Napoleon will be Emperor before three weeks are out.

Our Dissolution will probably be in the middle of June. Walpole's withdrawal of the Militia qualification is so humiliating that it is thought the Devil at his left ear, jealous of his influence in the House, must have whispered the
I have not felt in such spirits for a long time as by Schwarzenberg's death. The man was only 52, it is really like Ld. Castlereagh, Ld Palmerston says, they do want somebody to keep them in order. They say the present time in our House is like that of the beginning of George III's reign - All parties broken up & none knoweth what his neighbour will do - Graham & Cardwell have evidently joined the Radicals. Gladstone, it is said, would join Ld Derby, if it were not for Dizzy. When the Protection is settled, But everybody bets that Louis Nap. will be Emperor before Ld. Derby is out, & that Ld. Derby will be out before Xmas is in -- Ld. Pembroke is better & Sidney Herbert likely to come in, another Election, for Wilts. - The article in The Times on Schwarzenberg is so shameful that, when one thinks that that was read at 20,000 breakfast tables, one loses all faith in English political honesty. But times will change - the race, it is said, will be between Ld John, Graham, & Ld. Palmerston. [end 7:689]
Cromford Bridge

Wednesday

Many thanks, dearest mother, for your kind letter. We have accordingly made our arrangements accordingly.

We leave this on Thursday, we could not go before, because Miss Hall called on Grandmama, who kept her till today, so that she had no time for her own visits, so we have allowed her to stay at Sheffield till Thursday.

On Wednesday we shall take the Sacrament with my dear Aunt.

We stay at Tapton from Thursday till Monday, unless you go there for three or four weeks, three or four days are as good as a longer time, as it is every day, have you packed up your things? have you ordered the fly?

On Monday we go to Harrogate for three weeks, so that I shall be back at home the
week before Whitsuntide, thanks to your kind permission.
  I hope you had the Manley baby if you did not, you lost the principal member of the whole family I never saw such a child he seems to have swallowed up the vitality of two generations on both sides I wonder whether Papa would try Homeopathy for his eyes -
  The poor little Derwent is dwindled to a thread-
  & the buds come out quite yellow, owing to the long Drought But the sun is quite hot - The dust has been so tremendous that even on the Terrace, we were constantly covered with it It was like showers of sleet & almost impossible to get across the bridge Today the wind as sharp as ever & the sun as hot ever dearest mother

Your loving child

If we go to Harrogate, as seems now certain, we shall want more money.
Thursday

Dearest mother I am very glad that Parthe has arrived safe & hope she will be all the better.

I hope the scheme for the Lea Hurst school will turn out well. I suppose Sterndall will not remain now, but go back to Wellow for the Examination. It is necessary, of course, that he should do that.

Will the boy Knellar come with Sterndall to Lea? or do you mean him to be apprenticed at Wellow, if it can be done? He cannot be apprenticed to Futcher, you know, because Wellow is under the Nationals & Futcher won't be under them therefore he cannot conduct the Wellow School.

What should you think of Elizabeth Hannah Allen to undertake the work at Lea? & the infant class in the morning? If you thought of this, I think Mrs. Wildgoose would be able to ascertain whether her work is sufficiently good - as I never saw her teach work - which was not done at the Eveng. School -

I believe Beardsdale's daughter in law, who is staying with her now, is a good workwoman, but I know nothing of her but what a few visits have shewn me.
I do not quite understand from your note whether I am to write to King's Somborne for a boy to undertake the Wellow School solely with Mrs. White, or to help Futcher there — I think it possible that Mrs. Wildgoose might undertake the work at Lea for a time, as it is only in the afternoons. If you have quite made up your minds to John Sterndall, Papa must write to the Committee of Council & place the Lea school immediately under National Inspection as we shall want a Pupil Teacher apprenticed directly at Lea —

I hope Bertha will help you with the School feast — I am very sorry that you should have the trouble while we are both away. but I am sure she will help you nicely.

I am very sorry that dear Aunt has her pain again _ for I was in hopes, when she was quite quiet, she would have recovered. I hope you are better, dearest Mum —

I have not an idea where the Stanleys are — They were to go on Monday last. Mary's note was written on Saturday from Canterbury. _ contained not a word of their plans, but only said, "if you write to
6 Grosvenor Crescent, it will be forwarded" which looked as if they were on the point of starting _

ever dear Mum

your loving child

I have written to Hogg to tell him that Mr. Hughes is not coming at present

Grandmama is but poorly.

I send my note to Mr Dawes, but it will not do, as it does not appear in what capacity the boy is to act at Wellow & I do not understand myself _

8993/84 2ff, pen, initialled letter {arch: 1852}

Mrs Wright’s
York Place
Harrogate

My dear chid

Many thanks for the enclosed - I was going to ask you to send Aunt Joanna some hints about the Govt. Emigration, but I see by your letter from her that you have done it _ at least so I interpret.

If not, will you?

I have only just had a letter, directed to Tapton, from you, & forwarded here _ I think you might as well ask the Dunsany s to Embley, if you like to have them _ it would do no harm _ & they might be coming down to see Ralph __ or they might come to you on their way from Sherborne
I liked Cassel much in London, but if you did not see him, with his nephew, making him go through his noises, you lost the best part.

Please tell Mama that I have now got the whole of one £5 note & half another for which many thanks.

We are quite satisfied with our lodging & drink & we bathe with enthusiasm.

Flora appears to be making rapid progress at Umberslade with her mother under Johnson.

Many thanks for the newspapers—

I do not call Grandmama's a death in life—on the contrary, I never saw any one more full of feeling, which I suppose is life. "Thankful" she always says when she can say nothing else—& thankfulness seems her great thought.

When I think how my aunt reminded us at least 6 times to take some of Mrs. Gillott's tea cakes, how Grandmama will devote her whole soul to get us a piece of pie we don't want, I think how they would have worked, if they had
but known how, to do
something for us which
we did want if they did
but know what -

FN
May 5
Mrs. Wright's
York Place
Harrogate

Private May 12 1852
My dear Father
on my 32nd. birthday
I think I must write a word of acknowledgment to You.
I am glad to think that my youth is past & rejoice that it never never can return. that time of follies & of bondage, of unfulfilled hopes & disappointed inexperience when a man possesses nothing, not even himself.
I am glad to have lived. though it has been a life which, except as the necessary preparation for another, few would accept.
I hope now that I have come into possession of myself. I hope

that I have escaped from that bondage which knows not how to distinguish between "bad habits" & 'duties'. terms often used synonymously by all the world.
It is too soon to hallow before you are out of the wood. I like the Magdalen in Coreggio's picture, I see the dark wood behind, the sharp stones in front only with too much clearness of clearness however there cannot be too much. But, as in that picture there is light.
I hope that I may live, a thing which I have not often been able to say, because I think I have learnt something which it would
be a pity to waste & I am ever yours
dear father in struggle as in peace
with thanks for all your kind
care

FN

when I speak of the disappointed
inexperience of youth, of course
I accept that not only as inevitable
but as the beautiful arrangement
of Infinite Wisdom, which cannot
create us Gods, but which will not
create us Animals & therefore wills
mankind to create mankind by their
own experience a disposition of
Perfect Goodness which no one can
quarrel with
I shall be very ready to read
You when I come home, any
of my "Works" in your own
room before breakfast, if you
have any desire to hear them_

Au revoir, dear Papa__

8993/86 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1852}

I wrote to Aunt Joanna to send you a
very nice letter of At Ju's from
Dresden & May 13th.
one of Hily.'s
13 York Pl.

Dearest mother I received
the fourth half of 1925.6 [?] just now -
all right - many thanks _
we shall have quite
enough to bring us home,
having paid all our
bills handsome, & made
beasts of ourselves at
all the houses of enter-
tainment

My expenses for 8 days
have been
Lodging £ 1 ,, 8 ,, 8
Board 11 ,, 8

I have been intending for
the last two days to take
Aunt Mai for a lark to
Castle Howard - but rain
has come at last & not before it was wanted for the dust covered the table in the old bow, as you sat with closed windows. I never saw anything like it, except in Egypt. The country round is all sandstone, so that the dust is not a fine impalpable powder, but large brickbats flying about. I dare say we shall have a month's rain now.

You do not say whether you took off anything, in my letter to the Dean, relating to our willingness that he should provide for Knellar. I cannot help hoping that we shall get together the 50 in which case we should hardly wish to part with him. Of course you told the Dean the answer we had had from Govt. Probably the Committee of Council is taking in its operations. Formerly the No. was 25 to each Pupil Teacher then it was 40 & now it is 50. England will of course always take her place lowest in Re Education. As somebody says, England, Russia & Turkey & I think, Spain & Portugal.
Don't you think Mrs. Empson is a great deal better without Mr. Empson at Ems? I admire her spirit, tho'.

I think Aunt Mai looks better - We really do not know whether the Shores are out of Chancery or not. They have taken a Courier of the Edward Carters, who were much pleased with him. I do not know whether the bargain is quite struck, because I advised them to write to the E Carters, & ask what agreement they had made, respecting the dismissal of him in case of quarrel - but I shd. think it was settled by this time - Offley is going with them._

ever dear Mum your loving child

8993/87 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1852} [7:689]

Cromford Br. May 16
My dearest people
I certainly was very much disappointed not to have from you either yesterday or this morng. a single line what I was to say to Wildgoose, or how Parthe was or anything -
I am now going up to the School to hear Wildgoose's story. I believe he is extremely anxious to have a month's holiday till the new Master comes._
I have written to Σ about my coming on
Saturday _ but I don't even know whether she is in town
   I shall be at home at all events either by the 4: 23 or the 7: 37 on Monday - but cannot say beforehand_ so don't like to appoint the carriage
   I confess I see little use in my seeing Harland again _ it will raise his hopes & an hour more or less will not alter my opinion of him _ a week might __
   I am so sorry I took West _ alas! these chaperons_ what incon venience & suffering it does cause _
   My heart danced with joy at seeing the brown hill sides, feathering with firs, the lovely valley & little grey village of my dear place again.
We got out at Holstand well & walked up there yesterday & to my dear Aunt's to [illeg] tea-
She was delighted to see us _ The Hurst was looking lovely _ & Sarai [end 7:689] in great spirits _ but I did not go to the school,
because I had not heard from you that morning & hoped to hear this morng. _
   Miss Hall is just gone _ ever dear people yours _
May 16
13 York Pl.
My dearest mother
Aunt Mai wants a girl,
who shall cumulate in her
interior the functions of
kitchen maid & under
housemaid - This young slave
is to be powerfully strong, to be under
the cook in the kitchen,
the house maid in the house,
& Mary Locke everywhere _
Harriet (Hannah's niece)
leaves with Hannah _ Aunt
Mai will give any wages
you think right.
Furthermore, will you ask
Mariette who washes & gets
up my Collerettes in London _
I saved them from Milly Elliot
to be got up here, where, of
course, I thought there was
an Artist, who did things in
the first style of fashion, but
lo! they turn out like night caps _
I must therefore leave the said Collerettes to be done up washed up in London, if you will kindly send me the direction_.

We shall perhaps sleep in London, as I find there is no train which gets in before 7.45 from [illegible] here. even leaving here at 9 in the morning _ & I suppose I shall come down with Uncle Sam & Shore on Friday. He tells me the Lawrences are coming _ please write me word who are coming, as it will be awkward if I see any of my friends in London & I don't know _ I see the Stanleys are _

I am very glad you told the Dean our answer _

Aunt Mai looks better, but we must not waste
our days in "larking"—
I think the Times Article
on Histrionic Politics was
capital — the "most
successful performer of
the day" must have been
delighted with the
encouragement his
"dramatic taste" received—
I suppose it will bring
on the Dissolution sooner —
ever dear mother your
loving child

8993/88 12ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter [7:691-98]
a
13 York Pl
Harrogate. May 16.
1852
My dearest people
We had the most charming
of "larks" yesterday & did the
thing well — Aunt Mai got
her drinking over early &
we went by the nine o'clock
train to York, but the train
was beyond time, & altho' we
made our way to the Minster
the shortest way across the
ferry by an unprecedented
trait of genius, which is not
my own, we were too late
for the Anthem & only came
in for the Thanksgiving for
our creation, preservation &c,
which never excited any body's
gratitude in any body way.
In spite of my prejudices,
I like a Cathedral Town — it
looks so respectable__ & there
is an air of quiet stolidity about it, especially a walled town, which enlists the sympathies about at once. We ran down the steps of the old castle wall to the Roman ferry, with ecclesiastical & military buildings on both sides the river, very picturesque, quiet & dull, opening upon the river with little arched doorways, where a priest could steal in & a garrison steal out & the ruins of old St Mary's where the blackguard monks lived, from whom the purer portion seceded & built Fountains Abbey, & then up a little steep narrow street to the Minster. The quiet stolids appear to be doing nothing, not even driving carts— but on the very road to the Minster had stuck up a huge placard, _Reasons for leaving the Church of England._ The Minster is sadly built up, & has a little old church in its side, which looks like a wen in a fine oak tree— but for those who like the Gothic, it is _still_ perfect & beautiful in its every part. The needle work on the front & all the stalactite & stalagmite & icicle work I confess myself incompetent to admire. It may be beautiful in interiors and decoration, but, in the grand simple Unity of all the finest forms of Architecture, save & except the Gothic, it seems never at home. The countless mysteries of that rosace, which seem created to puzzle the eye, & astonish
the understanding its into appreciation I can never understand admire _ We wandered in the vergers were just making all tight after the Service- but we just walked round - The interior is grand, severe, sublime_ A Gothic Cathedral always seems to me turned inside out _ & those forms, which ought to stand clear & massive yet, light against the blue sky, vast & simple like itself, are frittered away in unceasing embroidery, while the interior, where you might have painting & carving & all the delicacy & intricacy of fret work & colour in a circumscribed space, is generally bare & dull- York Minster however is not dull - though few of the painted windows are left, & though the screen, exquisitely beautiful as it is, & the heavy double grills in the side aisles, interrupt the view, yet the lofty pillars soaring up to heaven, & the light pointed arches which seem poised & hovering there, & the immense height of the transepts give the whole a supernatural & unearthly effect, tho' not solemn enough. It is too much like the work of Genii to please me - But what strikes me about these ancients is that they always gave their best __ God was of sufficient importance to them to give him all that they had_ whether it was out of love, whether it was out of fear, or
out of the spirit of offering—whether the Egyptians in Karnak, or the Mahometans in Cairo, or the Romans in St. Peter's, or the Normans in their Cathedrals, there it was, their very best, offered to God—Some may have imitated them from ambition & some from ostentation, but the first Cathedral arose out of the fact that God was of consequence enough to the builders to in some way or other, to offer Him their best—To no one but God could such a building as York Minster have arisen _now_, to no one but God could such music arise, such buildings be dedicated, such slovenly poor Art be devoted. Who would ever ask their drawing room friends to hear such music as we think good enough for God? who would ever ask them to sit in such a room as we call God's house? Ah! but we say, we worship Him in spirit & in truth, _they_ worshipped Him in a form, _You do worship him in the spirit with a vengeance, for you can worship him in nothing else—But it is not true, for there is a form—as long as we are body as well as soul there must be a form, & that form would not be good enough, in the present
day, for any body, but God_

There are some fine old monuments in the Minster, but every one must feel how unmeaning a Cathedral is for Protestant worship. Where a little pound must be railed off in the middle for it. The old basilica with the choir brought down into the centre of the church, as you cannot get up to it, is the only architecture for Protestants —

The procession & the service at every altar & the long Raceling comet-tails of worshippers stretching across the Aisle is the religion for the Cathedral — Just as the fretted cloud & dappled brushy sky is the only sky for the Gothic & in that point of view, they were

[3]

right in choosing it for our climate — For the expanse of deep blue & the clouds, which rarely form themselves in Southern kingdoms into anything but great masses, is ill fitted for that finikin architecture —

We wandered about for some time thinking of the first & the last, the first day when it was opened, the last day that Catholic service was celebrated there, the day when the it will see itself in ruins till we came to a large white new tomb right in the centre of a Transept, to a Dr. Something or Other, who died 1843 — "leaving the whole of his vast fortune to" &c

He lies at the top & round the sides are twelve compart—
ments, in each of which is recorded, "To the Blue Coat Boy's school £ 5000", "To the Grey coat Girls School £700," "To the Old Woman's Asylum £ 4000" "To the Young Man's Society £ 3000" "To the Charitable Shoemakers' Aid Society £10 000" & so ad infinitum — Really, I think this is the way to put it.

At. S. Lorenzo, in Rome, the angels holds the scale with the man's good deeds in the one scale & his bad ones in the other, & when this seems to be going up, the devil, in a fright jumps in, to weigh it down, himself — when the Angel cuts the matter short by throwing his sword into the other — But this is a much more comprehensible way of putting the matter — I say to God in his Cathedral every day, Three thousand pounds I gave to this, four thousand to that, Shan't I get heaven now?

I don't think this tomb could exist anywhere but in England — Among the old tombs, which are very curious, I saw many striking & interesting characteristic — In all, the hands are clasped, deprecatory or supplicatory — the relation to the Most High is to power — I saw one to "Elizabeth Eynes, widowe & wyfe of Thomas Eynes, one of the gentlemen of Quene Elizabeth hir prevye Counycle (& some thing about) the Admiraltye 1594. At the four corners are emblazoned her arms — This seems to me very much
like writing your name, as one of the Curious, on a bench with which names this same monument is covered, though the one we think very vulgar & the other very genteel. But I don't see the difference. It seems so curious to be talking to God about the Admiralty. But that, I suppose is talking to us - What she is saying to God appears by a scroll, "I have kept thy commandments & thy judgements are ever before me". Not exactly I think what people with God do say, but that is her business, not mine.

We walked out again, leaving the monuments & the verger to themselves, & down the narrow, rather picturesque streets, where here & there
you see a fortified Archway or a quiet Precentor's Court & I went in to buy Reasons for leaving the Church of England, price 1d. where we had some very spicy & refreshing conversation with a red hot Convert behind the counter who had been a Newspaper Reporter. It is very rare, I think, for men of business to become Catholics & who told us that half the Catholics now in England were Converts since '29. The brother of a very Protestant member of the late Committee of Council for Education told me, that almost with tears in his eyes, that the Catholics were the only people, who were able to make head against the overwhelming tide of Infidelity in the manufacturing towns of the
N. of England, but begged that his name might not be mentioned. We were obliged to break off a very interesting conversation & make our way back to the ferry. The quiet stolids again impressed me. But Hudson produced York produced Hudson, we must never forget that, to whom Cabinet Ministers subscribed, & applauding ladies bowed their heads.

At 12 o'clock we were on our way by the Scarbro' line to Castle Howard. I think we shall go again to York for service on Ascension Day, but these larks are so expensive.

Arrived at the Station, we walked up the loveliest of shady lanes, which seemed like the end of the world, instead of the near proximity of a great rail road & th all
the castle of all the Howards, to a village a mile off, where, at the Black Bull, we procured what the landlord of the Bull called a conveyance, which would not break down, he thought,—& which was built before the Romans entered York._ This took us to Castle Howard._ The dulness of the place is beyond all praise— an irreproachable house of Vanburgh's, an infinite park, where the Spirit of Avenues branches in all directions, possible & impossible; I never saw such a conglomeration; as far as the eye can reach, miles away, there are avenues; close upon you there is the side of an avenue, the back of an avenue, the top of an avenue, the fore shortening of an avenue__ It is like the
P

seaweed on an African coast_
And, when you look across
the valley, as if there were
not park enough, oh! there's
the thing, beginning again _
There is a star fish of avenues,
a vista of avenues, a
labyrinth of avenues _ & at
the end of each, a horrid
column to Marlboro' or an
archway or a Trieme to
Nelson or a Padoga or something inappro=
priate or peculiar _ Before &
behind the house are two
seas of made water &
everything is made & naught
is beautiful - We went
through currents of rooms (a
term quite as good as flights
of stairs) & parterres of
pictures _ among the rooms
Ld Morpeth's own bedroom &
dressing room _ You sometimes
hear of a room bearing
impress of a mind _ & I believe
that was the reason why people raved about Shakspeare's house. But Lord Morpeth must have a queer mind, if his room bears the impress of his. A collection of the portraits of old French roués & all the nobility of Louis XIV & XV in pastille or chenille or what do you call it? to the number of 160 I should think, line the white walls of the very narrow bedroom, illuminated by two enormous windows filling up its length, out of which the very small bed projects. The row of Gallic profligates is interrupted by a magnificent ivory Christ (dear me! I'm afraid he's becoming a Catholic) opposite the bed & there is nothing else. Next door is his little sitting room, lined with prints, & Mrs.
Arkwright & Mrs. Charles Howard.
But not a place where one
can sit down -
The Carlisles are very little
there (the mother lives with
him) & I'm sure it is not
to be wondered at_
The Library is the only fine
room in the current _ & there
are a great many books in
cases _ but also nowhere where
one can sit down- not
speaking much for the
literary tastes habits of "all the
Howards." Of all the pictures
I saw I don't remember one,
so don't ask me _ nor never
shall as long as pictures are
seen in that way _
But in the drawing room,
(By all that's uncongenial!)
with pink tarlatane young
ladies & Mrs. Norton's novels
are the Three Maries _ I
wonder what Annibal Caracci
painted it for it is too small
& highly finished for a church
it ought to be a pendant for
Coreggio's Magdalen - the
only picture in the world
worthy of it.

I know no dead Christ
which satisfies one like the
Christ in this picture - there
is a living one at Rome which
I think is its equal - but
others I know of none -
for livingness I know of
no picture in the world to
be compared to it - you speak
of it exactly as you would
of a real death bed -
"He does not look as if he
were dead - he seems to speak,
who, being dead, yet speaketh'
the countenance is so deeply
thoughtful - it is not of one
who suffers or even who has
suffered - peace, profound
peace, thought & force are
its characteristics, it is not the Christ who said "It is finished", but of one who full of power & nobleness to act & think & suffer again is meditating fresh plans for the salvation of other worlds. It is not the ascetic of Titian's Zinsgroschen. It is the grown up man of the divine infant of the Sistine Raphael, which has begun its career, full of thought & world wide wisdom, & is now continuing it in power & calling.

I know no other infant Christ picture of Christ as an infant which grew up to this, no other Christ as man which continues that infant.

Then comes the painful incongruity which all art, at best, must have. But an artist must have contrasts.

What is that Magdalen doing in all the impasioned woe of a horror-stricken despairing?
woman, who has lost everything? If this countenance is so inspiring to us, why was it not so to her who knew Him so much better? How can she disturb the solemn moment so? The fainting mother is different; she does not see his face; she has her hand upon the cold body & feels nothing else but horror. It is natural. But in the Magdalen, who does see Him there is nothing but grief, earthly, passionate, hysterical grief. I could not give way in His presence so. And she is the only one who sees him of the other Maries, one, a young thing, is saying to the other, I cannot hold her up any longer & the other is stretching out her old arms to support her. Neither of them see Christ.
They are all purely human, & the contrary of violently agitated, highly coloured, & the contrast of the pale, deep peace of the divine head & the form which lies upon the ground is wonderful—

The colouring of the picture, tho' more daring than the Caracci's in general, (the Magdalen is yellow brocade & red, the next Mary green,) the Virgin lilac & blue, & the third Mary lilac red & blue), is I suppose an extraordinary success in a very bold conception, to make the contrast between the world & God more striking. The accessories are a perfect poem in itself. The rich colouring of the circle round him only fixes the attention more powerfully on the mass of white in front,
on whom the moon or sun
or whatever it is (Caracci
was not particular) behind
the cave is shining _ And the
divine God in the livid
repulsive death is more
attractive than the
passionate earthly emotion
of all the beautiful forms
round him - This I suppose
is the poem of the picture
& wonderful is the execution.
But I am not standing
before it to criticize the Art,
of which I know nothing _
but I cannot help thinking,
How can she? how can she
make such a noise? If she
thought he were God, why
now he made himself man
for our sakes & now he is
God again - While he was
on the Cross, it was natural
for the poor creatures to be
convulsed with human pity,
but now I shall see him again on Monday, he told me so — Human feeling has its course, however, & they are inconsolable.

We walked down across the fields to the little inn where we sat down in the little parlour & made beasts of ourselves to the amount of one shilling & liked the little house much better than the big one, such are the low tastes of human nature — & then we walked down again by the shady lane to the little station (I can't say much for my Lord's road) & saw a plough run away with, & came back to York, & bought the Illustrated day's paper & home again at 8, having had a most successful lark.

[end 7:698]

thanks for the letters — Pray don't call Sismondi "dear old plodding S." there never was less of a
Saturday __ May 22
Dearest mother__ Parthe did not say whether Mde Bunsen asked me for a night or a visit luncheon, morning call, or what, or my way back - so I could not say anything - she said Mde Bunsen's letter shd. come the next morning so I waited - but as it has not, here I am - I will call there on my way thro' town, if I have time - Shore, you know, always sleeps in town, so he will bring me down, of course, on the Friday__ so I shall not need to make an appointment with Willie C. whom else I should have been much beholden to - unless I hear that Shore makes an arrangement to go to Combe__ in which case I will myself write a line to the helpful Willie, & beg his patronage__

I can't say I think Aunt Mai looks so much better as I expected__ I thought so more at first -

The summer has set in with more than its usual severity - & if the severity goes on increasing at the rate it does here, we may expect ice & snow in June.

I don't think, at all events, I could have gone to the Bunsens ( I mean, even if it was an invitation to sleep) as Aunt Mai wants to so some things
in town, stays a night on purpose for them, & I shd. not like
not to do them with her,
if she wishes it _ so I
have not said anything
about the Bunsens to her__
as otherwise she would
be writing off, as she did
about the Harfords--,
your ever dearest Mum
your excellent child

8993/91 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} [7:698]

Harrogate. May 24
Dearest mother
Aunt Mai is much
obliged about the girls__ should
they fail, she feels much
inclined to " Eliza is grown to a
strong girl, & mother is in
want of a situation for her
as soon as she can hear of
one" vide Mr. George Saville's
letter & for Mr. George
Saville's sake -
I am surprised at your
criticism on the Caracci _
because the picture only
gives you any idea of the
head of Christ. & the head
of Christ is the only elevating
thing in the picture _ The
composition must be a
fine one even in the print,
but there is nothing elevating
in Mary's having fainted,
nor in Magdalen being
half distracted _ It is
merely a fine picture of
human emotion _ the Christ
is the only thing divine
about it _ & of him the
print does not give me
the least idea _ In the
picture certainly the main
feeling is one of disappoint=
ment that his high nobleness
& divine calm produces so
little effect upon those
who are seeing it _ one
wonders that what seems
so calculated to elevate &
comfort, what does so to
us, produces no effect at
all upon them _ & in that
respect, the picture is one
of disappointment to me _
but I cannot compare it
with the print, where I
never felt the disappoint=
ment, because the head of
Christ says nothing _ It
is merely a graceful
composition _ a fine pic=
ture of human suffering _
I think you will notice in
the picture, that, altho' it is,
as you say, highly finished,
there is not a touch too
much to give what the
painter wished to say
in the expression of the Christ _
I think you saw it at
the Brit. Ins. where they
varnished it, much to
Ld. Carlisle's discomposure _ [end 7:698]
I am very glad that
Knellar stays to help Sterndall
Au revoir, dear mother _

8993/92 2ff, pen, signed and initialled letter {arch: 1852}

30 Old Burlington St.

June 28.
I thank you very much
for all your kindness _
The poor child is at
this moment at Richmond _
but where we do not know.
I went into the country
yesterday afternoon to
organize something for
Mrs. Chisholm, & found
the mother of the girl
(an Irish widow living
in a shed by the road
side) in great distress
about this child, who
had run away _ I had
known her before _
She thought that she
could catch her again, if a place could be found which would receive her when taken— She has been about a month in this life— I am sorry that you should have the trouble of going to the Good Shepherd on purpose for this. If you were to write?— I am to see a person at 12 o'clock about this poor child— but, as I shall have nothing then definite to tell her, it will not be of much consequence if the answer is put off till to morrow— I shall be truly glad to see Miss Lockhart, if we are still in London on Friday—

Florence Nightingale

Since I wrote this, I have learnt that a girl can be received at the Good Shepherd upon the payment of £2,2, if they have room— I think therefore it would be wrong in me to trouble you to go—

very gratefully yours

FN
30 Old Burlington St
June 29
Mrs. Chisholm lives at
No. 3, Charlton Crescent
Islington
I fear she is not to be seen anywhere else, as her time is occupied, in these days, every hour nor there till after Friday, as till Friday she will be at the Docks with her ships_
On Wednesday & Thursday evenings she has Group Meetings at 8 o'clock P.M. National Mission Hall Cripplegate.
But the evening at her home after Friday is the best time to see her_
Your name will, of course, be known to her _ but if you wish to be introduced, I enclose a note, if you will not think it impertinent of me to offer an introduction to you _
As soon as I have seen Lady Lothian, which I shall do, by your kind permission, if she gives me hopes of a vacancy, I shall go down to Richmond & with the assistance of the police, track & try to persuade
this poor thing to go with
me at once to Kensington
as the mother, who is a
poor feckless thing, could
not keep her at home
even for a night _
If I fail, do you think
you could, do you think
you would undertake
it yourself? It seems a
great deal to ask _ but
she would not resist you
God bless you for your
tender mercy to this
poor child _
Florence Nightingale

8993/94 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

a
30 Old Burlington St.
June 30
The child is safe _ Thank
God _ If, when you go to
Kensington, you would ask
for Margaret Daly & speak
to her as you know how to
speak, you would be doing
a true kindness _ You will
find her absolutely ignorant,
but though she has led
the worst kind of life, I do
not believe hopelessly hardened.
But I never knew a case
of that kind permanently
regenerated _
I should have preferred
placing her under regular
Sisters, with whom I believe
the blessing of God more particularly rests. But the kindness with which she has been received at Kensington is beyond all gratitude. If however, you should have such a chance come in your way, perhaps you will remember this poor child. And I should look to Emigration as her ultimate best chance. But they will kindly refer to me, when means are wanted. And I must thank you once more in her name for all your kindness. Without you, she would never have been rescued.
I will answer what you have written, because I know it was written in the spirit of the purest kindness, & of love to Him, whom we both serve - & not in the spirit of proselytism.

But I think you mistake my state of feeling. You think the defect is in the will. All Catholics do.

You think it would be a sacrifice to me to join the Catholic Church - a temptation to remain where I am.

If you knew what a home the Catholic Church would be to me all that I want I should find in her all my difficulties would be removed.

I have laboriously to pick up here & there crumbs by which to live she would give me "daily bread" - the daughters of St. Vincent would open their arms to me they already have done so & what should I find there?

my work, all ready laid out for me, instead of seeking it to & fro & finding none my home sympathy, human & divine No one asked last night, is it well with the child?

I dislike & I despise the Church of England - She received me into her bosom - But what has she ever done for me? She never gave me work to do for her nor training to do it, if I
It is false to think that God's Laws can be broken. It was not God has not who said, "Thou shalt not kill," because for people do kill, but while God's Law is never broken _ Think what God's world would be, if it were, as is often represented, a continual breaking of His Laws, & being punished for it! The world would be out of joint indeed. But it is not so _ His moral and His physical Law stand upon exactly the same basis. Neither is ever broken _ Bodies do not fall upwards, & His moral law, which says, 'if you kill, certain consequences
will follow, & if certain circumstances take place, you will kill' is also always kept. 'Thou shalt not kill' was Moses', not God's thought — God's thought is, if a certain phase of civilization society exists, there will be 999 murders in the year & that thought is always accomplished. & accordingly, we see an average of 999 murders annually in Great Britain.

The Spirit of God is expressed to Man in Law, i.e. in all those relations of co-existence & succession, of which all other existence is the manifestation. And herein we may distinguish the Spirit of Benevolence, of Wisdom, of Righteousness, which we designate as God.

For such is Man — such the nature, that is, of the Laws, in accordance with which he is as he is — that he can & will learn that which Law, in its eternal existence, is teaching — he can & will learn what are those possible co-existences which consist with the satisfaction of his highest nature.

Relentlessly will Law hold its course mankind, in ignorance of its significance, suffering age after age __
age after age existing in
poverty & meanness of spirit_
the Spirit of God within
man unmanifested. Yet
Law shall prove itself
the successful teacher,
keeping what we may
observe to be the only
conditions of success in
teaching _ viz that that
which is taught shall be learnt
by the exercise of human
capability, in the individual
working idiosyncratically,
in the race working in
common _ If we bring to be
those co-existences in human
nature & life which,
according to Law, consist

8993/96 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1852}

Tapton - Aug 14.
My dearest
I am very glad to hear
thou art prospering, &
shall think of thee tonight
as safely arrived at
thy journey's end, &
greedily welcomed, &
resting _ My love to
Charlotte & Miss Clark,
& also to Mr. Clark. I
know that to tell them to
take care of you is
superfluous _
Papa comes here tonight.
I have good accounts from
home, but Mama desires
me to tell you that she
has lost your direction &
that I am to say why you
do not hear from her, 
& that you are not to think 
she is ill __ I have sent 
her your direction __
I have not heard from 
the Fowlers yet __
  Grandmama is much 
the same __ only more infirm 
of speech & has not got 
up at all since the rash. 
It was a mistake bringing 
Beatrice, as when Aunt 
Mai & I are here alone, 
we always sit with her
& have our meals with 
her__ Now we have our 
meals down stairs & see 
little of her __ It is very 
affecting to see that 
vehement spirit, quite 
incapable of expression, 
& yet quite patient. All 
she says is "thankful. thankful."
  I have had a long 
letter from Sir U Brydges, 
discouraging Canada __ I have 
sent it to Mrs. Barkis __
The Nicholsons have now 
been apprised of the 
Barkises, & Aunt Anne 
has written Aunt Mai a 
letter of congratulation which 
I have read twice as I 
ever shall see such 
another __
  My love to Willy. 
Had I known Beatrice 
was coming, I think I 
should hardly have come 
on Friday Wednesday 
ever dear child your loving 
sister
5 Royal Terrace
Belfast
Aug 29
My dearest We had
two very busy days at
Dublin & then we came
on here The road
appeared to me beautiful
the rail is within sight
of the sea almost all the
way. And the moon=
light shone under the
tall trees (of the Emerald
Isle) for it was moon=
night & I rejoiced that
the moonlight suggested
to me not images of
Romeo & Juliet conversing
under its milk white
shafts but of me &
women conversing of
great things, high things,
holy things -- And before
the moon was a great cloud,
like Ezekiel's picture of
the Eternal, (I never saw
such a cloud) tipped with
her silver fingers

At Drogheda, a little
scrambling dirty Irish
town, we turned out &
were conveyed in Irish
bus's across the Boyne
the rail=duct not being
yet finished which will
be very fine, like that
of Newcastle Dr. Fowler
took one Irish child
on his knee, which
asked him, where is
your black hat? (he
wears a white one) &
in this guise we crossed
the famous Boyne.
We did not go to Armagh.

Belfast is a large new town, very unpicturesque, very business like - very white.

Our two days at Dublin were spent, the first by Mrs. Fowler & me in visiting St. Vincent's Hospital. whence I adjourned with Dr. Fowler to call upon Miss Clifford, who is now Mistress of Novices at the Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, near Dublin. She received me very kindly, talked about the Ambrose Phillipps's & introduced me to the Superior, who founded the Order 37 years ago in Ireland under good Archbp Murray, its protector - a wonderful woman. something like the Abbess of Minsk in manner.

One day Mrs. Fowler & I spent at the Irish National Schools - famous places - well worthy of all that has been said of them - where Catholics, Protestants & Jews meet - They say the new Archbp (Cullen) has not done any harm yet - Mrs. Campbell, the mistress, the little cottage kitchens for the mistresses in training to learn cottage cookery by, Prof. Sullivan, the master, appeared to me excellent - & the locale is quite magnificent three vast buildings for the children - & others for the masters & mistresses. in training -
We went to see the Catholic burying-ground near Dublin—where O'Connell lies buried. & Padre Gentili. It is a lovely spot—beautiful, peaceful & cheerful—all that a burying-ground should be & the setting sun shone thro' an opening in the clouds just as we walked through it. God does better for his children than man—Close to it is one of those vast Houses of Correction, which is what Government has for her children—vast building, kept up at a vast expense, without any means of reformation whatever. When one tenth of the money, spent in preventing the evil, in education, would have saved the necessity of this.

Dublin is a most beautiful town—& such a situation—Belfast all that is dull & uninteresting—it is a cross between Geneva & Manchester—that dull animal, an Irish Presbyterian, infests it—that curious anomaly, quite unlike
the Scotch Presbyterian.
The Brit. Ass. does not begin till Wednesday._
Archbp Whateley is to be here — anyone who could send us a line of introduction would be welcome — We are here so long before in order to accustom him to the place first.
  We come home straight from Belfast on the 8th.
  I hope you are well,
My dear, & enjoying thyself_
  ever thine
FN
Fan is going to Malta for the winter with the U. Giffards __ please send this letter.
on to Mama -

4
Miss Lockhart, whom you remember at Gracedieu, was at Kingstown, which is lovely beyond any thing you can imagine _ nothing in the blue Mediterranean is lovelier.
  I went to see her & had luncheon with the Henry Wilberforces, who very kindly asked me _
  Mrs. Fowler sends you her best love _ we stay here till the 8th. she is very ill, & glad, I believe, to have me _
  Please write to me here.
Love to your people _ I see your Queen is going to you.
5 Royal Terrace  
Belfast  
Aug 29  
Dearest mother  
We crossed from Holyhead on Tuesday night— & had a very tolerable passage _ which we did not deserve, having made a great piece of work about it.  
When we got to Kingstown, every place was full — so at 11 o'clock at night, we were obliged to go on to Dublin by the rail_ where we got ourselves housed _Two busy days only we spent at Dublin _ & came on here on Friday _ They were days rather of bustle & disappointment to me, as we saw nothing thoroughly & did nothing well _  
Dublin is beautiful as a town I think there can be no finer street than Sackville St (in which we were) with the Portico of its Post Office & its pillars_ We were only there two days_ the first _ Mrs. Fowler & I walked out before breakfast with something of the same pleasure & excitement I felt the first morning I went out in Rome _  
Mrs. Hill (of Athens)'s sister, who married a Scotch Professor here, Prof_ Masson, is here; I have been to call upon her & she came
& spent yesterday evening with us—But she is very unlike Mrs. Hill, or even the tortoise.

We arrived here late on Friday night & all Saturday we were hunting for lodgings, which, after going through a fine selection of dirty grubby places, we found at last, very good & clean, close to the place where the Sections will be, though rather out of the town.
at a Mrs. Davidson's, the sister of the M.P., a very nice woman. The Lord Lieutenant, & the lord Archbishop, & the Lord Chancellor are to be here—so we shall be in very good company.

The town is quite new, quite Protestant, quite Orange— the consequence of which is that every body this morning, instead of going to chapel, was out in the Streets—An Irish Protestant is a kind of anomalous monster. It seems a very flourishing place—We are going this evening to a great Sermon. Please send this letter on to Parthe, as I have not had time to write to her.
We heard this morning two sermons—the one a Presbyterian—Belfast seems pretty—but we have not seen much yet. 

ever dear Mum your loving child.
I hear from Aunt Mai constant accounts of my dear Aunt
5 Royal Terrace
Belfast
Aug 29

Dear Papa,

I hope you will hear, with some disappointment, from Aunt Mai that my mission in Ireland has entirely failed. The hospital at Dublin, which I intended to visit, was under repair. And it appears that there is no other in Ireland. Mrs. Fowler fancied that there were many things at Belfast. But I find Belfast an Orange place, full of the heartless Institutions one sees in England — a large new town, thriving & busy, I am happy to say — but about as unspiritual & uninteresting as it is possible to conceive. We are about a mile out of town, too far to step in to the different things but close to the place, where the Sections are to sit, for the sake of Dr. Fowler.

Archbp Whateley is to be here for the Association, & I suppose we shall know him.

Whatever is, is right — so I shall not consider my visit to Ireland wasted — I found my old friend, Miss Lockhart,
whom you met at the
Ambrose Phillipps's, at
Dublin & spent a
delightful day with her
at Kingstown _ The blue
bay & the boats with
their yellow latteen sails
like the Mediterranean
& the opposite coast, so
fair & Southern in the
sun light _ I had no idea
the Bay of Dublin was
so beautiful _ I think
I have nowhere seen
in the Mediterranean
anything more lovely
than the drive in the
rail road from Dublin
to Kingstown - & the
long morning in Miss
Lockhart's room looking
out upon the blue &
sunny ba[cut off] with the
little boats standing in
& out like Nautiluses
reminded me of the
days of my youth at
Civita Vecchia _ Miss
Lockhart was staying with
the Henry Wilberforces
who asked me very
kindly to dinner _
We shall stay here till
September 8th. & then
come straight home _
The Lord Lieutenant
has a grand to-do here
on Tuesday _ but we
shall keep out of his way.
Mrs. Fowler is better _
& the old man seems
to be enjoying himself _
At Holyhead the dinner was
luckily bad _ or we might have staid

{top of page above salutation}
there for ever _ dear Pa. ever yr. loving child  [end 7:715]
5 Royal Terrace  
Belfast. 30 Aug  
Dearest mother  
I believe I have  
nothing new to tell you _  
We have not been out today _ Mrs. Fowler  
being very ill _ I hope she will be better tomorrow.  
Meanwhile she is glad of me to amuse Dr _ Fowler.  
please write to me here till the 8th.  
ever dear Mum your loving child -  
Could Papa give us a word of introduction to Archbp Whateley? I don't know.  

Holyhead.  Monday  
Dearest mother  
Here we are & here we are to sleep_ a great mistake, as, to my nautical eyes, tonight is a calmer night for crossing than we are likely to have again _ However poor Mrs. Fowler is very unwell - & so perhaps it is better as it is _ to rest_ today _ We only came from Bangor _ In the morning we all went to "inspect" the Bridges_ It is impos= sible to imagine anything more beautiful _ under this sky, at least _  
The tide was down _ which I thought a pity
But I believe, if one were
to make it into a
composition, one would
have it with the tide
down _ as it takes
from the Straits the
aspect of a river _ the
bare black rocks, un
uncovered by the tide
give it a sea boldness
it would not otherwise
have - Anglesea, a long
low bare grey coast,
with white villas
sprinkled about, like
the Bastides of Marseilles,
is very like that coast _
with its grey bare rocks_
very like the island of
Cefalonia. But its two
wondrous bridges, spanning
the Straits from side
to side & to be seen at
one glance, make it
wholly unlike any thing
to be seen in the rest
of the world _ How true it
is what the Bible says
that eye hath not seen
nor ear heard neither
hath it entered into the
heart of man to conceive
what we are to see -
Fifteen years ago, who
would have conceived the
railroads annihilating
time & space all over
England - who would have
imagined the Menai
bridges? The tubular bridge (the railroad bridge) is not beautiful — other wise than as part of the Shore_ it is about two miles from the Menai Br. which, spanning the straits at a height of 100 ft above high water mark, with 500 tons of iron suspended mid air & resting upon nothing, & a length of a thousand feet, makes the whole view look like Fairy land — like one of Turner's pictures _ It is so exquisitely graceful _

[2] & there is so little to give you an idea of what its size is, except the Ships passing under it, that it looks as if a bird might have carried it over _ There is nothing to compare it with (like the Pyramids) except its sister Tubular, so that till you have walked on the seashore below, you do not conceive its size _ We went into the Cavern below to see the immense slit in the living rock, about fifty yards deep, made to fasten the foundations of the iron chains in _ The Tubular Bridge, throu' which the Railroad passes, is about two miles lower down the Straits, & spans them at a wider part, being some hundred feet longer _ Two splendid stone lions guard the entrance _ The weight of the bridge is 10,000 tons _ & three towers,
in the middle of the Sea,
two hundred feet high
support the mass. There is nothing graceful or beautiful about it, but as a work of Art, it is perhaps more wonderful than the other. When one thinks of all the calculations that must have been made, the expansion & contraction to be allowed for, the wonderful Mecha-

nical power, it is however difficult to imagine any thing greater than the Menai. Telford is said to have gone & hid himself in the cavern & covered his face from with his hands, when the last link was set to his bridge, because his agitation was too great to allow him to stay & see the result. One can fancy this.

As yet, I do not believe that our immense national progress has added anything to the happiness of mankind nor to his spirituality. I doubt whether it has added at all to his stock of happiness, all his railroads & bridges & things, though of course it might be made to do so. And it seems a pity it should not. But material progress must come before spiritual, I suppose.

We came on to Holyhead thro' the Tubular Bridge from Bangor to-day. The romantic Anglesea is a dismal little island. Low & flat & barren. Growing nothing apparently but wind & with no
habitats but a few
wind mills _ though what
they are to grind I do
not know_ I hope they
are not Protectionists,
 thro' the aspect of Holyhead
looks very like it _ a
poor little fishing place,
with no look of any
thing but Home Consump=
tion, or of importing
any free trade, even
in corn _
I wrote to Parthe from
Bangor_ please send her
this letter, as I shall not
have time to write to her
from hence -
I do not understand why
people should say
that God does not speak
to us because He does not
answer our prayers
directly_ He cannot
speak to us except as
we can understand -
To me the Menai Bridge
said nothing in one
way, because I know
nothing of machinery
& do not care to know
a thing, unless I can
understand it thoroughly.
To me therefore it would
have spoken of mechani=
cal wonders, if I could
have understood. But
I could not _ To me then
it only spoke of beauty
& a picture, as I stood
upon the rocky shore
& looked up at its
graceful soaring arches
& at its "Arabian Nights"
of a span -- its Genie like
flight _ To another it
would have said a great
deal more of Art &
Beauty both - Those
wires along the rail road
look to me like nothing
but wires _ yet words
are flying along them
at this moment perhaps
by which empires are
governed. messages of
the utmost importance
to Governments — But to
me they say nothing —
only to those at the other
end — So with God's
communications He is
always speaking to us—
but sometimes it says
nothing to us, because
we are not in a state
to hear, any more than
the Electric Wires said
anything to me — We
must be in a condition to
hear what he says — & to expect God
to speak by direct
communication, or any
more than we have power
to hear is to expect
the Menai Br. to speak
to me of machinery, when
I know nothing about it.

We shall be at
Bilton's Hotel
Sackville St
Dublin
please write to me there,
though when we mean
to cross I know not —
Mrs. Fowler is so altered,
hers cheeks fallen in &
quite an old woman —
I hope she will be
better for the journey —
I hope you are better,
dear Mum — You will
see Aunt Mai before long.

She will tell you all my
Tapton news —
We have the stillest
weather — but misty —
love to little Puff —
ever dearest people
your loving F.
in haste
Dearest mother, Dr & Mrs. Fowler will be "happy to accept your kind invitation" & to bring me home I suppose it will be about the end of the week or the beginning of next

Dr. Fowler is restless & dissatisfied I suppose we shall leave Belfast on Wednesday cross from Dublin to Holy head Thursday or Friday & be at home as soon as may be afterwards

Mrs. Fowler is better. Please write to Bilton's Hotel, Upper Sackville St. Dublin, & not again here for fear I should lose it

A letter about a Penitentiary, which Miss Lockhart, whom I saw at Dublin, tells me that she wrote to me ten days ago, directed to Lea Hurst which it was written last Tuesday week This letter I have never had - Can you remember directing or forwarding it anywhere? It would be a great loss to me not to have lost it If it has been forwarded to Parthe, she has not sent it on to me

I have Mrs. Fowler tells me that she thinks it will be about Monday the 13th when we shall be with you - I hope it will
There is a letter also
from Blanch which I have
never had_ which Bertha tells me
was directed, P.O. without telling me P.O. where_
   I dislike the looks of the
Archbp so much that I
am not sorry we do not
know him_ He is President
of one of the Sections here
& hardly a gentleman. If
the letter of introduction
does not come before we
go, it does not much
matter.
Pray thank Papa for his
letter.
It is considered a very
full Meeting _ The natives
are curious to see _ But
this is not a bit like
Ireland
   in haste, ever, dear
Mum, your loving child -
Aunt Mai writes me a good
account of dear Aunt Evans_

8993/103 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} Bundle 123 [7:715-16]

Belfast -
Sept 6.
My dearest mother
   I expect we shall be with
you about the beginning of
next week _ Mrs. Fowler desires
me to say that she has
directed their newspapers to
be sent to Lea Hurst &
hopes you will open & read
them but keep them for her_
   I received Miss Lockhart's
letter in an enclosure from
you this morning. I can't
think where it can have
been _ Had I had it in time,
it would have saved my
journey to Ireland entirely -
as it told me that what
I wanted to see was not
seeable -
   I am very sorry to hear
from Aunt Mai that you
have tooth ache _ but I hope
you will have the tooth out
if it lasts much longer

The Association is nearly
over. I am very sorry not
to be at home while Miss
Hall is away (tho' I am quite
sure I should not have
been asked to stay at
Cromford Br) but I don't
see any way of getting home
sooner than the Fowlers.

The Archbp of Dublin
looks so very unpromising
that, though I am sorry
Dr. Fowler should not
know him, if the letter
does not come, it does not
signify -

I saw Miss Lockhart &
Manning in Dublin &
the former gave me a

letter of introduction to
some nice old Irish bodies here
with whom we all dined
last night: a true Irish
dinner with whiskey - of
which more anon -

ever dear Mum
your loving child
Please write next to
Bilton's Hotel,
Sackville St [end 7:716]

Dublin
a

Birk Hall
Ballater _
Sept 20  Aberdeenshire
Dearest people

As we passed Durham
the whole district was
flooded in a misty
golden
sunset _ with the
Cathedral floating over it _
I never saw anything so
beautiful as the effect _
When we got in to Edinbro',
it was quite dark_ & those
tall houses, like towers, with
eleven rows of lights
glistening in them, under
the Castle, were so striking

As I left Edinburgh,
silent & deserted, by peep
of day the next morning
I could not help asking
Are we not gone back?
The only, (certainly the most
striking) object visible was Sir. W. Scott's monument, the grandest monument which perhaps has ever been raised to an individual. And what does it represent? Amusement. I don't suppose any body was any the better for reading Waverley. I read Waverley again this year & it appeared to me a monument to the projector of the Vauxhall Gardens wd. have been as appropriate. Perhaps you will say that was not harmless amusement. well then, a monument to the inventor of backgammon. In this age, to whom do we make monuments?

to royalty, to the makers of money & to the makers of amusement. this is quite natural that the relaxation of amusement should rank very high in a nation where the excitement of the pursuit of the material is so great as to require the relaxation of amusement very much. When you go among ancient nations, you find a monument to Athena, to Wisdom, pre-eminent over all around. I suppose no one will say that Sir W. Scott was the incarnation of Wisdom? or will they? A little later, you find monuments (raised on the top of columns
dedicated to emperors) to S. Paul to St. Charles Borromeo
I am not discussing here whether S. Charles Borromeo did more good or harm - But I think no one will deny that he is an incarnation of a higher idea than Hudson or the D. of York or Sir W. Scott - S. Paul, I suppose, is without any doubt, the representation of a higher principle than these. Are we then gone back? Will the 30th. century, rummaging among our ruins, say, here I find the idolatry of wisdom, here of spirituality & self-dedication to a great object. (idolaters are very bad anywhere -)
but here what I find is the idolatry of money & of amusement -

When the Romans began raising pillars to their emperors, the Roman Empire fell - when the Britons begin raising monuments to their D. of Yorks & their W. Scotts, will the British empire degenerate?

These questions I am unable to answer. I cannot even ascertain what principle in human nature Sir W. Scott represents - some say he represents that of the material advancement of Scotland - that his poems filled the inns of Loch Katrine & brought the country into fashion.

You will say, I am only carping at my country. But I am not - I really only want to know the truth - Is the church steeple towering over Sir W. Scott's head the representation of as high an idea as the Parthenon on the Acropolis, or the Madonna di S. Sisto at Dresden? The former represents wisdom in action, the latter purity in action - what does George III at Charing Cross represent? The principle of loyalty - Loyalty to what? I spent the passage over the Firth to Burnt island was beautiful, though
very cold _ & the curious likeness, which every body has remarked between Edinbro' & its Castle & Athens & her Acropolis seen across that glorious firth, tho' seen by me only in a mist made the comparison still more striking. But no one will ever grapple with the question _ they will only say, oh! you are mad for Athens (as if it was a question of you) or oh you can't bear the North —

The view of the Firth from Burnt island is lovely _ I spent the day at Perth & went to church (as there is no train on the Sabbath till late in the evening) & found our old cook, Mrs Myers, married & keeping the refreshment room at the Station _ She was very grand about the Scotch being so arrièrés _

From Stonehaven Montrose to Aberdeen is the sternest & most rock bound coast I ever saw _ the rail road almost en corniche, except where deep gashes cleave the rock into the sea _ & the sea rushes in _ But not a place where a boat could put in _ & whether it was from the consciousness of the Sabbath or from this I don't know _ But I hardly saw a boat
thro' all that coast. while
but the gay little Bay
of Dublin which I
& the Firth of Forth which
I had just left was
full of yellow sails
I believe the Clarks
had written to Mr. Douglas,
(of the Hotel at Aberdeen)
for he was at my feet
& accompanied me by
day break to the coach
next morning & in a
vehicle like a French
diligence, holding six
in our Intérieur, we
journeyed up Deeside,
which is very pretty,
not prettier than Darley
Dale - but very pretty
in its way - The heather
is over_ The lights & shadows
are beautiful _ & the lovely
rushing stream -

Today we have had
snow_ but it has disap -
peared except on the
hills _
The princes came to
luncheon one day. I
sat next the P. of Wales,
as nice a little boy as
I ever saw- so simple,
so unaffected _ very
shy. I thought the
future Sovereign promised
well - Ly Clark is like
a grandmama to them _
But P. Alfred is the_
darling _ he has much
higher spirits than the
P. of Wales, who seems
a little cowed _ as if he
had been over taught.  [end 7:707]
Edinburgh

Sept 30

Dearest people

Here we are all right.
We left Aberdeen on Wednesday._

I conceiving it my duty to
adhere strictly to Sir James
Clark's written plan. We
had an even down=pouring
all day, which did not
contribute to the cheerfulness
of my poor patient _ &
when we got to Perth, the
Law was there - Now I
have a great respect
for the Law, which was meant
for a terror for evil doers _
But whether we were
evil doers _ in this case it
was a terror to me _ for
when we drove up to the

Royal George, we found the
Judges there where I meant
to be - & two great enormous
Highlanders parading sentinel
before the door, besides a
third performing his
national music on that
instrument ( whose name
I scarcely dare mention, as
it calls forth tears of a
different nature from those
which fall from true Scottish
eyes at its sound) From the
Royal George we drove to the
Salutation - but there also
the Law was & we were not-
in other words, they were full.
At last, in desperation, a
dear good woman, Mrs Wilson
of the Star, may her shadow
never be less! seeing the plight
we were in - for by this time
my poor child was beginning
to cry- took us in, turned
out her own three children
& gave us her own room.

We came on here today
& have lodged ourselves at
Mackay's- The train was
1½ hour late at Edinbro'-
which caused great lamenta-
tions on the sofa on arriving.
I went to the undertaker's
to buy her a coffin
& when I came back
the dog was a laughing.
No, but I ran to Dunean
& Flockhart's to buy her
Sir James Clark's prescriptions,
intending to administer all
three and the box & when
I came back, the dog was
sitting up eating tea & mutton
chops at the table, an attitude

in which I had not seen her
since I came to her_.

We shall stay at Edinbro'
tomorrow _ she says she means
to stay for a week _ a thing
Sir James charged me by no
means to give into _ so I hope
to go on Saturday to York.
give her the Sunday's rest
there - if possible, get her to
the Minster _ & home on
Monday, please God _ There
is no necessity for to-morrow's
rest _ But I thought it
best, one day. If I feel
"plucky" tomorrow, I will go
& call on the Combes _

Mr. Watson has not turned
up_ But it did not much
signify _ For what has had
to be done could not have
been done by him nor by
anybody but me - _ & when
she thought she could not
walk, which Sir James assures me is only a delusion, I summoned a trusty Porter, & he carried her bodily into the carriage. I am certain from pulse & appetite & good sleep & colour of face, all which are improving, that she is much better physically. But as yet she does not think herself so.

The express was certainly anything but express from Perth hither - Still we got in soon after 5- & the Porters - what a noble race the porters are - By dint of blandishments, the Superintendents have always given us a carriage to ourselves _ They too are a noble race _

The master of the inn at Aberdeen took us to the railroad himself _ & behaved himself like a benevolent genius -

The good Clarks came to see us at Aboyne -

Linlithgow was looking beautiful, as we drove through today, with the distant blue hills. But we have seen nothing so pretty as Deeside.

We have still a partridge left & some arrow root from Lady Clark's bountiful stores _ which I mention to shew that the Commissariat has husbanded its resources _

Of course you will see Sir James Clark in London_ I went to the Ragged Schools, after all, with Mr. Lyall, at Aberdeen - greatly to my edification - & he insisted on paying the cab, greatly to my mortification.

Edinburgh _ Friday - a very good night
we go to York tomorrow —
au revoir, dear people  [end 1:136]
We came down stairs today & established ourselves in the drawing room without difficulty, dearest mother, had jelly & grouse for our dinner - & were down stairs as early as 11 o'clock. It is not cold today. I expect, before the close of this week, we shall have begun our journey home. Sir James is gone to Balmoral to day _ but saw her down stairs before he went _ & comes back tonight - ever dear Mum your loving child Sept 21. Birk Hall

My dear father Sir James Clark seems to be fidgetty about our travelling without a man in Parthe's rather weak state - as she may want somebody to look after the luggage, while Mariette & I look after her - He wants us to have Watson to meet us at Aberdeen. I think it an extra precaution & an extra expence - but am willing to be guided. So, if Watson leaves Ambergate Cromford on Monday by the train 3:5 _ P.M, he will leave Ambergate
by the train
    which passes     P.M
          Ambergate  4:13 on
Monday, (the day you
receive this), & he will
reach Edinburgh
    at 4: 55 the next
morning, sleep a few
hours there, leave
Edinburgh again at
   12:15  
reach Aberdeen at 6:13 PM
on Tuesday night _
   We leave Birk Hall on
Monday & shall be at
Douglas' Hotel, Market St,
Aberdeen, on Tuesday night,
where we shall sleep _ if
Watson will meet us there _
   I think that I am very
sorry to put you to this
extra trouble & expence,
but Sir James says that

{along right margin}
he shall be more comfortable
if we have this man _ He says Mary
would have been no use at all_
& that Parthe may fancy she
can't walk, & then a man will
be of use - If you think so too, send
him, & let him bring an air cushion &
& 2 hot bottles - we cannot want
anything else- I don't think we shall
want him, but if you like to send him, [end 1:133]
remember     Douglas Hotel
          Market St
          Aberdeen
    on Tuesday or
Mackay's, Princes St. Edinburgh
    on Wednesday, or Thursday, if we don't come Wednesday

ever, dear Pa,
    Your loving child
FN.
Dearest mother
   Your affectionate
cold greets you - we
came down today jollily
& walked about.
had lamb chops for
dinner & have been
dictating letters - Sir
James thinks of our
going Monday._
   Will you, please, post
pay the enclosed, which
is the desired letters
to Madame de Goulaine?
ever your loving child
FN.

Wednesday -
   all guests departed _house
luckily empty.

Birk Hall
   Monday
Dearest mother
   Mariette & I are
just arrived. I have
only time to say that my
dear Pop was very glad
to see me, that Sir J._
Clark thinks very well
of her & is quite satis=
fied with the progress
she has made _ & I will
write more at length
tomorrow _
   I am very glad to
have come _
ever dear Mum
   Your loving child
post going out
Friday.
Dearest mother
This is to announce that we have made our first walk this beautiful day & we come down stairs now at 10 o'clock we sleep well & eat well & I see no reason why we should not set out homewards, except that the time is the end of next week again - & Sir James is not quite certain whether we had better go before or after it. He will decide tonight & you shall hear. He says that she is quite able to travel now, but she does not think so herself - & so he does not like to urge her.

We shall sleep at Aboyne, at Aberdeen, at Perth, at Edinburgh, at Newcastle, as at present advised, & perhaps one night between Newcastle & home. Don't say another word, please, about dreading the journey, or stopping long upon the road - Sir James says that she will want to stop too much. & that it would be much better, once under weigh, if she would make the exertion to go on. Please write encouragingly about this -

Yesterday, as we were out, we came upon the Royal party in a scompiglio - the Queen came out into
the middle of the road by herself & said, My niece has had an accident. Luckily Sir James was with us & he went to her directly. It was the young Princess Hohenlohe who had been thrown from her horse & we have not seen Sir James since. But we hear she is better.

Thanks for all the things, dearest mother & the list, they were all safe. I have written to Miss Birt to ask her to pay us a visit at Lea Hurst or Embley.

ever, dearest Mum, your loving child.

Sir James decides that we had better go on Monday during this beautiful weather & before the time comes -

Aberdeen

Tuesday -

Dearest mother

Here we are safely arrived, by the grace of God & Sir James Clark. Is that profane? Not at all. But true.

Bab was very much affected by our departure. In fact, I saw her struggling with her feelings in her nurse's arms.

We came a quiet drive of 13 miles to Aboyne yesterday, slept there & came on here in 3 hours to-day. 

½ an hour at Banchory.

Parthe is now celebrating Sir J. Clark. "who, she says, is so great a man that he enabled me to do this journey & made the horses do it in 3½ hours"

She slept the sleep of the just all night & till 9½ this morning — I sleeping with her —

No end of pillows & hot bottles, besides partridges, plucked & unplucked, cloaks, arrow root & biscuits, were sent with us by dear Ly Clark's most kind care —

I have not yet heard of Mr. Watson — We shall leave Aberdeen tomorrow or next day.

We ate the bigger part of two mutton chops after arriving here — had tea & cold partridge at Banchory.

I hope shall have as good a night as last —

I have been to pay a bill, of Parthe's here. at Lyall's- & paying it, had some comfortable conversation over the counter upon Ragged Schools. whereupon
a very Scotch & elderly
gentleman, Mr. Lyall
himself, I opine, appeared
from below, whereupon
we embraced over the
counter in a long &
close embrace, terminating
thus _ In a very grim
voice_"Ye canna go by
yoursel to the Schools.
I sall come to-morrow
at 11 o'clock in a cab
to fetch ye"-
And this from a
canny Scot I never saw_

Monday.
Dearest mother
All going on well here,
 thro' our fancies are more
in number than the
sands of the sea -
Last night we slept
like a top
_ have had
three good meals today_
& bowels acted _ we have
been talking of going
down stairs today _ &
should have done it, had
it not been for company.
Tomorrow I hope we
shall do it without fail.
Sir James [illeg] says
she is able to move homewards now_
[illeg]
but as she does not
say any thing about it & seems to dread the journey much, we have not said any thing about it, especially as today there was a little snow. But we expect fine weather & much warmer after this, so the Prophets tell us.

Sir James says, if she could but think herself well, she would be so or rather if she could but think of something else.

I was rather amused at the contents of your box. I know she asked for them. It arrived quite safe, tho' it cost 10/ Ly Clark was very much pleased with the Pine, which looked quite handsome.

The pears we smuggled out of Parthe's way. She won't wear any of the things. So I wear them. She makes me write every day to Aberdeen for a new gown. So pray don't send any thing more, if she writes to you, dear mother.

She walks about the rooms a good deal & not weakly.
Sir James & Lady Clark are quite indefatigable in their kindness as indeed you know as well as Charlotte [end 1:132]

Parthe has told me every day that you might find yourself in a scrape about the Bunsens. I don't quite know what this means, but, as she asks me every day whether I have told you, I now write: "Tell her, she says, not to have the Bunsens, Frances Bunsen says he does not care about country, but only about society – And you will be in a scrape if you have him."

York. Sunday.

Dear Papa

Please let the carriage meet Parthe tomorrow (Monday) at 3:25 at Ambergate. If there is any difficulty about luggage, of which there is a great deal, I & the luggage can go on to Woot standwell – but I think it better to avoid the changing of carriages for her. If we do not come, you will know that some incidental interruption has taken place & will not be alarmed. But I fully expect us – ever dear Pa

your loving child
Thursday
   Oct 31.
My dearest, Young Price has just been here _ to say that he wishes to emigrate as soon as possible (the sister is dead) & that you have not yet sent him the Prospectus. He was very nice _ has got a good little book on the subject & I thought was very promising. I told him I would write to you & let him know whatever information or Prospectus you sent. Aunt Mai & I were so very good as to go & call on the Arkwrights. & as I was afraid all our goodness wd. ooze out, I dared not keep him longer. Miss Hall has spent your £5 upon a drawing of Aunt Evans _ I wish you were here to settle about it _ but if you have any hints, for goodness’ sake send them, as I am to see the sketch to-morrow _ At all events it may be
copied by some better artist _ I should like so much to have something of her _ When this place breaks up, I don't know the loss of any house that I shall feel so much - The old lady is quite jolly. Tell them, she says, that I'm very uncomfortable & that you're very uncomfortable, & that you're very bad to me _ & I'm quite tired of you - The currant slips from the Hurst came yesterday. Aunt Pat has quite given up the Hurst _ & Aunt Maria does not come perhaps till the 15th. tell Mama - I have seen Mrs. Sarah B. 3 times at the Hurst & was much pleased with her _ The autumn here is more beautiful than I ever saw it _ colours almost worthy of an Egyptian sunset _ & the Hurst quite resplendent in crimson & gold - Pray write to me - You are, I think, the worst correspondents I ever knew _ I wish to goodness you would write to me instead of writing me _ i.e write less of my letters & more to provoke my letters - Did you call upon Lady Byron? Many thanks, my dearest, for sending me here _ it was very good, very, of you - ever thine
Umberslade Hall
Birmingham
Nov 4

My darling, I went to see Lady Byron in London, thinking she would like to talk about some things. She was perfectly calm, tho' her poor hands trembled in her lap & were very cold. She said Lady L. might live an hour, a week or months, but the disease had not yet touched a vital part. She was not enduring much comparatively & was reading Neander's Christ & other hard books with the keenest interest. She said she had wished to see us to communicate a fact which must soon be known to the world, but, she hoped, not yet. She began by saying "my eldest grandson is lost to his family" but I think this expression is too hard on one. Ockham has run off to America. It was found that he had not joined his ship when he set out for that purpose & it is now known that
he took a £5 passage
in a ship sailing for
America. He went to
visit Dr. King, when
he appeared to have
no such idea in his
head. He then went
to a messmate at
Portsmouth, upon whom
they charge the mischief.
With him he left the
message that his father
wd. hear from him from
the other side the Atlantic.
I really should not
think the worse of
a boy for doing this_
so many have done
it, pursued by a love
of adventure _ the unfeeling

part of it is that he
could do it not wait
one fortnight till his
mother's death. They
have not yet told
Ly L. they are wishing,
longing for her to die
before she knows it _
while they can still
conceal it. Ralph has
behaved beautifully _
with true sympathy _
for his father, who
was much overcome_
& his father fell &
recognized it. I think
there must be madness in Ockham

They have taken Mrs_
Clark, but in a private
interview I had with
the latter, she told me
she cd not stay _ & I cd
find nothing to answer
to her reasons — Madame
Umberslade- Nov 11
Dearest mother

I have received this from Parthe - I am very unwilling to disappoint her- but after what has passed, you will know [illeg] that I should feel it impossible to do anything at the Forest do [?] And I suppose it is only in that view that she proposes any thing - Will it not be too much for you & her to do anything there yourselves? If not, I shall be too glad to write to Madame Forster, who I know would be too glad to come - She asks £20 a year - Her direction is Honbl. Mrs. Hamilton's 14 Chesham Street

You probably know that poor Ockham has been found & brought back. I would not like to be Ockham__ but I am very glad that poor Lady Lovelace's dying moments are spared this sorrow-
I am sure that Miss Hall will do what is most tender & comfortable for my dear Aunt's ease - Of course we shall go if we are desired, or in case of her death, we should probably go to Grandmama - But neither seems likely at present _ On the contrary, she seems improving _ I am taking the water cure very mildly - only two baths a day _ & it always gives me a fillip - & my long experience of it makes me feel that I am always the better for it. I felt a good deal knocked up with the Birk Hall story & glad of a little strengthening.

Such sunsets as you describe always remind me of the Archangel Michael's colouring in the Cappuccini at Rome. Here Aunt Mai & I were taking a long walk & a deep crimson band in the west continued for many hours - But since, such torrents of rain _ Thanks for the papers _ ever my dear Mum, your loving child _
we have the Times, thank you, sent us regularly the

day after from Combe - an occasional Examiner

or Athenaeum might be acceptable _ I read the Punch

with great delight _ We have not been to Birmingham,
as all about there has been flooded-

Dearest mother
    Most unfortunately I left my

prescription book at Combe _ not daring
to bring such a thing here _ But the exact

quantity of salt does not much signify.
It was given me by Mrs. Offley Shore
    & I have practised with it

as follows-
  1 small tea spoonful of salt to
  1 tea cup ful (small size) water _
  colour with cochineal _ & give
  2 large table spoonsful morng. &
  eveng. _ on rising & going to bed _I mix

it in a large Quart bottle in these proportions _

I have also [illeg] practised with Sp. of
Turpentine - from 2 to 5 drops _ if the
patient were not sick _ But I should
try the salt first, wh. I believe a specific.

The establishment which you ask
about is not Mrs. Harford's at Bristol.
But Henry Bunsen's at Newport in
Shropshire & that letter was from him.
    I am very sorry for the horse -poor fellow.
Aunt Mai talks of staying till the 15th. here -

Col Lewis, (a very grand patient & chief mourner [7:681]
at the Duke's lying in state) came down again last
night here. the line all under water near Oxford

People attending in boats to carry off the passengers.
    A poor washerwoman here got lost in the

gog. slipt several times & fell - completely lost
her head - I heard her shrieks from the window
& sent a man & a lantern to her. If it had not
been for this, she would have been drowned - [end 7:681]

{middle of page}
Mrs. Nightingale
Embley
Romsey

{bottom margin, upside down}
Mrs. Forster writes to me, (please tell
Parthe), that Lady Byron has most kindly
called upon her! & given her £1
Umberslade_ Monday
My dearest/ Lady Byron was
at Brown's Hotel, Dover St.
I did not go there, because
I was so afraid she would
think I wanted to see her _
so I went boldly to the _
very poor house itself _ I
went in & asked to see
Mrs. Clark_. The poor body
had left that very morning
accompanied by Ld. Lovelace
for a place near Newstead.
Of all the queer things it
does seem to me the
queerest that they should
wish to bring her into
connexion with Ld. Byron
in her death. Ly Byron
had left the house on Monday
(she died at ½ past nine
on Saturday evening,) & had gone to
Brown's Hotel to be quiet &

had had leeches & a bad
night & since that, had
not even seen Annabella.
But Thursday she did see
her _ & Miss Montgomery,
who had been attending
her constantly, went home-
I sat down in poor Lord
Lovelace's bedroom, the
only room in the house
where I could sit down,
& Mrs. Clark gave me
a long account of the
last days _ too painful
to dwell much upon- the
last moments were peaceful
It was said she could
not possibly have lived
so long but for the great
vitality of the brain, which
would not die- Once she
was not moved for 30 hours_
I went into the room where
the poor corpse had lain
& into the room where
those last dreadful 14
months had been passed,
& saw the water bed where
for 6 weeks she had lain
without moving _ and
I thought of the words,
"conceived in sin", & what
an account that man, her
father, has to render,
from whose excesses her
dreadful sufferings must
date _ & wondered they
should like to bring her
near him in her death.
She never lost her self=
command _ I am sure
they may be most
thankful they have Mrs _
Clark there to depend upon.

She has burnt everything-
all the dreadful letters
which would have broken
their hearts to know of _
Mrs. Clark is not going
to stay _ she says she
cannot bear it _ but has
consented to remain till
as long as they want her
so much _ Poor Annabella
was still _ in the house _.
Ockham was to go down
to the funeral. _ What a
mercy the poor soul is gone.

Next I went to Ly
Byron's old house to try
& see somebody. _ They
had left it three weeks!
So I went to her house
in Seymour St. & saw
her maid. She was very
friendly & told me that
Ly Byron was really better
& going down to Southamp=
ton, as I told you, today
(Monday) she believed. For
Ly Byron cd. not bear
Brighton - She asked
after you & I sent a
message for you to Ly B -
saying that I had ventured
to call, because she (you) was
so anxious to hear _ Miss
Montgomery was shut up
with Ly B. She said it
was a very good thing that
poor Ly L. was dead, & she hoped
her lady wd. now recover _. 
Annabella & Ralph were _
with her_ Aa. had felt her
mother's death but little.
I think Ld. Lovelace's letter
most affecting _

On the whole I went away
with a feeling of relief that
the worst was over & Ly
Byron would now recover _
& she & Ld L. be very
happy together _. 
I left town on Saturday,
both because the Brace=
bridges themselves went
to her brother's that
day, & because I had
the opportunity to come
down with a horse,
& a protégé of his !
Aunt Mai met me
at the Station - & I really
think her better
ever thine my dear
of course what I have said
about the Lovelace affairs
is only for thee
My dearest love  I must give an account of my stewardship. I called first & foremost on Lady Byron, whom I did not see, but she is better & of her more anon. I received my gown, for which many thanks & my cloak &c (the whole very acceptable - toged me out for an evening party given by Mrs. B. to Lady Sandford. I didn't wear the cloak tho' on that occasion). The traitor Mulot never came near me, tho' she said she would. But the ribbon produces a handsome effect.

I called on the Bunsens & was very affectely. received & they asked me to tea & breakfast, but I could not go. They will send me Guicciardini's address.

Lady Byron was to go to Matcham's Hotel at Southampton on Monday (tomorrow) Mrs. B. would not go & call, so I went by myself.

Also I called on Ly Clark, who was more than affecte. & much pleased with the flowers, which she had been distributing however among all her patients & every body but herself.

I think you may write to Ly B. whenever you like.
Ockham is going to the funeral & I understand is all right _ asking for the Illustrated News to be sent after him to the Mediterranean _
Caroline Bathurst's direction is
The Grove
Stanmore
Middlesex
I send you her note, as you ask for it, but you will not like it. so I would not have sent it otherwise.

The incurable old ladies are Miss Brownlow Byron Mortimer St
I should have been glad to have taken your parcel if I had had it _ But I dare say I should not have had time.

Lady Clark gave a very good account of the travellers. The Squeeze arrived in high feather, thank you, my dear. The drawing I sent to Louisa with a note - Mrs. B_ did not want her to _know she was in town - so preferred my not calling.

I called at the Stanleys' house, who are expected on Monday- they were at Paris _ Arthur gone to the Nile, the maid told me _ Mrs. B. thought the drawing very pretty _ I gave all your messages to Louisa -
My dearest You are
very good to give us
so much sympathy _
The poor one here wants
it sadly. She expects
her death hourly & it
does not come -
I have sent an Athens [7:440-41]
Church paper to Mama.
I thought you might
like one for Ly Byron -
I know she secretly
fulfils her husband's
claims & honours his
drafts upon posterity_
You know that the
middle column of the
"dauntless three" (of
Jupiter Olympius) has
been blown down &
our church almost
entirely destroyed. I
meant to have written
about this long ago,
but thought I was
coming home _ The
Bracebridges tried
Papa about this--&
the poor blind school=
master. But he would did
not take - I know that
Mama has been so long
watching for an
opportunity to serve
them in the money
way _ (she meant to
have done something
about their church
at Atherstone -that
I thought she would
like to know about
this - if you would
take care that the
money be sent by
P.O. order to them_
I did what I could_
The Bracebridges are always pumping themselves to death.
Athena must sell herself & give the produce to the Bruce bridges for the Church, which is close by where she was picked up. [end 7:441]

8993/120 2ff, pen, unsigned letter with printed document {arch: Nov-December 1852} bundle 132 with envelope no stamp Mrs Nightingale 31 Dover St.

Dearest mother
I thought you might like to have some of these papers - You probably saw his letter & Advertisement in the Times - Would Parthe like to send one to Lady Byron?
Or are her & Ld Lovelace's Associations with Athens too painful?
If you would send Mr. Bracebridge £1 for the Athens Church, for love of my stay there, I should be grateful, as they are always pumping themselves beyond their powers __

{next two pages printed document - see photocopies. Hurricane at Athens from the Times 24 Nov 1852, published letter of C.H. Bracebridge}
My dear Tèssier, I will send you a dreadful bill. I left with him Mrs. Herbert's bracelet, according to orders (replaiting that, 4/6)—your snake bracelet, which was all to pieces—replaiting that (it is beautifully done —) (he said nothing could be done for it but to replait the whole) 12/6. Louisa's bracelet, which was a little untwisted, retwisting, 2/6—putting a new pin to Louisa's brooch, done at Edinbro' for nothing, 1/6—I told him I would not pay this bill (& he must send it to you) without your authority as I don't know the price of hairs, he may be right—but it seemed to me monstrous.
b

Hookham, my dear, had never had nay letter from you. so I scurried off at the last moment, seeing he did not come, & bought at him's the Illustrated Edition of Longfellow, price £1.,1, which Mrs. B. thought very nice & likely to please a foreigner particularly _ the illustrations are very pretty _ & it was the only one he had _ I packed it up with the silver brooch. & gave it to the B. s, who promised to make out some way

c

of forwarding it to Mr Noel thro' his brother _ & dear kind Mr B. wrote to him directly _ for you had given me no direction, my dear, & I could not trouble Lady Byron, & the Bracebridges did not so much as know he was in England - but thought he might be in Leicestershire _ he may be in London, for aught I know. I made the requisite marks in Longfellow _ but the cannel coal bracelets I could not bring myself to buy, tho' I went to look at them. They looked so vulgar I thought you wd. not like them as you said buy pretty ones
[3]
I know nothing about T. Appleton & heard nothing about him. But I don't know how I should _
The Dunsanys were to be in Paris this last week & in England directly. But we heard nothing of them in London _ & we don't know what they are to do next _ You had better write to Sherborne, I shd. think _ I shall.
I will learn all I can from the Lewis's- but tho' most goodnatured, they are much too recherche for me to ask _ He & I are the only people who speak at dinner & we talk across the table to one another & all the table listens (& adores).

Combe Hurst
Wednesday
Dearest mother
I hope you were not over tired with the journey that horrid day.
I suppose I shall go to the Water Cure with Aunt Mai. I believe Papa comes here to-morrow.
I have written to Miss Sailly & Halsted _ & asked them whether we ought to ask Mr Nichol or the Dean -
Will you tell Parthe that Antonio's name is Antonio Cornelli?
Papa was to sleep at the Burlington Wednesday night & here on Thursday
I think they like to have him here - He will go to the Holmwood afterwards. Aunt Joanna is very anxious to have him - She sent you all kinds of messages asking you to come there. It is really a lovely place, quite beautiful, but the soil is clayey. The house is MOST picturesque, I never saw anything so pretty._

I came here yesterday. Harry was at Holmwood several days he saw Fan at Malta for 2 hours. he was full of Athens & Constantinople & very entertaining.

Aunt Mai's cold seems baddish. I have written to Dr. Johnson for her, but I fear he may be gone to Malvern - I hope Athena will have her sand bath every day. if you accustom her to stand on it every morning, she will splash herself with it, which is much better for her than being splashed -

ever dearest mother your loving F.

There is a packet of books here from Rolandi for Parthe _ Papa shall bring them to you
Harrogate. Tuesday.

My dear people

I have not yet received
the other half of the £5
note _ I hope it has not
gone astray- We arrived
here yesterday per rail
from Sheffield- & took a
lodging "opposite the church"
as usual, that ecclesiastical
edifice being the centre
of all our aspirations__
we made a bargain that
no painting should take
place, the whole of
Harrogate being under
that operation, to the
great credit of our sagacity

But this morning the
process commenced _
I can't say, if I were put
to my confessions, that
we smelt anything _ but
we thought we ought
to smell it something _ & we thought
of what you would say
& what the world wd.
say, & we hate to be
"composed upon." so we,
packed up our things
in a rage & trundled out.
We went & took another
lodging, which was only
a guinea a week, to
please me _ but partly
because Aunt Mai (illeg
illeg) she's the world,
I'm the flesh & there's a little book we've got, which is the devil)
was so afraid of what you would say when you heard we were in a lodging at a guinea a week, & partly because there also they were beginning to paint, we bundled out again, & after hunting all Harrogate thro', High, Low & Middle, we have settled ourselves at a very superior lodging, Mrs. Wright's York Place where you may direct, or to the P.O., whichever you like __ but alas! it is £2.5 a week - very different from our last. And it is in Middle Harrogate, & we can't hear the ecclesiastical clock strike - We have got a window & two daughters __plus a widow - ever yours 8993/125 2ff, 1f by WEN, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

We have a complete change of weather & the snow is all gone - Today all the world went to church but us __ & I stayed at home & read to Papa __ Still his eyes are better, & he sometimes reads to himself __ Dr Johnson is absent today - for two nights. We are to begin to morrow with 3 baths. still the treatment is mild, compared to Gully. Poor Mrs. Eliot Warburton & poor Charles Murray - both of them old attachments. what a dreadful separation in both cases - One of the passengers
saved, Mr Glennie, had come here all the way from Mexico to consult Johnson, & was returning, after the stay of only a few days, by this
illfated Amazon, because he could not bear to be separated from his wife & children. What anxiety they will have. His rescue seems to have been little short of miraculous. Curious coincidences in the Darien you will see mentioned in the Examiner.

8993/126 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

There is a boy patient here, who has gained 4 lbs in the last week. We are all weighed every week.

Papa desires me to say that he is willing to stay on here a little before he goes to the Hurst, that he never was in a place where he was so perfectly satisfied that he is well pleased to hear of Rebecca, who will do capitally, & that she must hold herself ready at a day's notice.

We have had some lovely days—Today is frosty. We hope you are better, my poor people. Miss Coape is arrived at Combe. Papa is quite agreeable to returning here after the Hurst. He likes the smallness of the party here, which is likely to be still further diminished & the quietness of the place.

Farewell, my beloveds. Sunday.
York. Sunday
Dearest mother
Parthe is very anxious
that you should not lose/ drive, & desires me
to write & say that there
will be plenty of room
for all - if you will come
at 3:25 to Ambergate
tomorrow (Monday) to
meet her & if you will
bring a cloak for Mariette
to go behind. as she came
[illeg] a cloak without cloaks.
We have had a beautiful
day here at York & hope
without fail to be with
you tomorrow -
au revoir, please God -
ever, dear Mum,
your loving child
I wrote to Papa this morning

My dear love
About your hair I do
assure you there is nothing
but Pommade Tricbogène
Pharmacie Cuventon
Paris
to be well rubbed into the
skin_ Howell & James will
get it for you, if it is
ordered_ All that Johnson
could say would be, take
the Water Cure. of course _
I am very sorry you have
still headache, my dear
I did all that I could
with the Bracebridges -
But they are not coming
into Hampshire this winter_
I cannot help constantly
expecting to be called to Cromford Br
9 Carlton Terrace

Dearest mother,

I received this evening a telegraphic message from Cromford Br. that all was over. She died suddenly at 7 o'clock this morning. Aunt Mai was to come up by the first train tomorrow from Combe to know if there were any news. & I expect that she will go down by the ½ past 10 train to C.B. & I with her & Papa follow for the funeral.

I cannot describe to you my disappointment not to see you when I was so near. I did so long for it.

Dear, dear old soul! would I had been with her! I know it will be a pleasure to her to have At Mai & me & Papa at her funeral.

Will you send me by rail any mourning I may have at home? my old black merino, collars, cuffs & so forth. Tomorrow, if I have time, I will
have my old Carlsbad bonnet recovered with black by Mrs. Edwards & sent down to me — & my straw trimmed — I will buy a black merino & leave it at 22 Pall Mall (Miss Chaldecote's) with a coloured gown for the fit — Will you write to Mde Mulot, whose direction I don't know & tell her to fetch it there, make it up with a little crape & send it down to me — If
Parthe has any desires about the make, she will kindly put them into the note _I would have written to Mde Mulot myself__ but know not where - I will buy me a cloak, if I can, before I go _ tomorrow - 

We slept last night at the Bracebridges __ tonight I sleep here _

dear mother, so sorry not to see you - but oh! so sorry not to have seen her again _
dear, dear troubled soul at rest -

{top of page, above salutation}
I suppose you will have no party now -
ever, dearest 
Mother, your very loving child
Thursday
My dearest child
The gown & cloak were
greatly admired in London
& did wonders _ All the
world was in mourning for
the Duke, my grief was
somewhat abated, but still
I did great things -
By I hear of Lady Byron
no worse tidings - much
better one does not look
for at present.
I learn that Mr. Noel
is, after being at Embley on Friday,
to embark at Dover on
Sunday _ not returning to
London, when he leaves it
for Embley & the Holmwood.
I shall therefore write to
Mrs. Bracebridge today to
send the parcel immediately
to Embley _ As it is of some cost, it will be well worth while the couple of shillings it additional this may cost _ & it would be a thousand parties pities, should the parcel be too late - I trust it will not - My dear I have your letter now before me _ not a word about Whitehall nor when the parcel was to be sent I writing to Aunt Julia & in all [illeg] Mr. Bracebridge to Mr. Noel for advices It was not likely At Mai would write up to me, "Mr. Noel is going to Combe"_ she not knowing that I had any interest in him_ But she did not know he was going till I got back_ Accordingly the Bracebridges took the parcel down with them & wrote to him at the same time to ask him- It is just possible he may have been. As for the Milner's, my dear, do exactly as you like. you know I can have no likes nor dislikes in that matter _ I think you should do just as you please. I am sure they will be pleased at being asked _ & it would be a pretty thing to do _ I am very glad the Stanleys do not winter at Rome - I have asked Col Lewis all about the Charcoal Drawing _ you must buy the prepared paper at 41 Bryanston St Portman Sq Walkers, nowhere else.
as well as
the dubs, & other
utensils with which you
brush on, scrub on, & pat on the
charcoal - Nothing can be
prettier- But fingers is best. Also Walker will
give you a 12/6 lesson for
dabbing it on, which Col
Lewis says is well worth
while - Col. Lewis adds
colour, (but he is a first
rate artist), for his dis=
tances & foliages, which
Walker does not. Also, a
little apparatus for setting
them by steam you must
buy there - You may work
at it again after it is set.
& this sets them beautifully.
Nobody will ever do pencil
again who has once dabbed
at charcoal. Then you
have "fubsies" & pins to
scratch away at your lights_
all to be had there. Col. Lewis
made a handsome drawing for me in 10
minutes

Dearest mother  I do not
quite understand who is
the Kemmish who is to
have 2/6 _ Is it Richard?
or Matthew Humby?
Also who is the 2nd.
housemaid who is to
have 3/ ? there is Mary
Locke & Fanny _ which
of them is to have it?
I believe Fanny is not
going directly.
I am delighted to hear
of the good result of the
Inspection _ & that
Sterndall & Knellar
will have their certificates,
altho' I suppose there
are not 50 children__
Is Sterndall to move now
or to stay? I wish
you would tell him to
write to me __
Papa went to the
Holmwood today__ &
goes home Monday, I
believe. I should have
liked much to have been
at the Inspection
I am very glad that
Parthe wishes for perfect
quiet.
I hear that potatoes
are 10/ the sack at
Kingston & apples 10/
the bushel- But I will
make more particular
enquiries before you
publish this __
Aunt Mai takes no
care of her cold but I
hope the water cure
will do it __
Yesterday the poor
Barkis's parted__ Aunt
Mai & I walked to
Putney with them &
to bring B. back__ They
behaved like heroes __
I think they were
really great __ & she
has never flagged an
instant since - tho'
she looks ill -
Aunt Maria also
went yesterday to the
Hurst __

And Hilary went today
with Papa to the Holmwood
I send you 20 little
Sermons by Papa __
ever dearest mother
your loving child
Tapton  May 1

My dear mother

Many thanks for the first half of the five poundes, just received ___ I submit a sketch of a note to the Secretary - I am obliged to say "understanding as I do" as I do not know where your information that we are to have no Pupil Teacher comes from. & neither your note nor Halsted's tells me my "understanding" is therefore quite general Furthermore, it is not true that I understood (tho' I have put it in the note to please you) that I understood from Mr Warburton at Stockbridge that we were to have one - that not being his business at all, but merely to examine Pupil Teachers, whether they were fit in themselves. Till your own school is inspected in itself, I believe nothing can be done. But you see I do not know what Sterndall has heard, nor what you have been given to understand that you were to do or not to do therefore I can only write, as instructed __

With regard to John Sterndall not having the
additional salary, unless you have heard something you do not tell me, nothing has happened to disprove that he never would have had it till the School was inspected as Govt. pays, not those who have crammed a certain quantity, as decided by the London Examn., but those who teach well, as decided by the School's Inspection. I understood nothing at all about it at Stockbridge, as we did not touch upon that point, which was not the question with Mr. Warburton. I don't see that there is any mistake about John's allowance, unless you know something I do not.

I should be extremely sorry for Knellar to go home - of course however you cannot pay both him & Kemish, but I have every expectation that Knellar will be confirmed after the Inspection & paid. Indeed I can see no reason against it. (I am very much pleased at Mr. Corn's verdict). Should we fail in this application, I will write to the dean, but I cannot write to him till I know who says we shall have no Pupil Teacher. You know Gd.mama does not know anything about the Water Cure, nor even that Papa was there in the winter, so I could not read her your letters.
30 Old Burlington St _
   Saturday
I found the poor child
at Kensington bent upon
going _ I staid till
half past six, hoping that
there might be a change
& that you might come _
But unless you were_
more successful than I
was, after I went, the
poor thing is lost _ I have
seen legs cut off, & horrible
operations _ but that was
nothing to this _
Will you forgive me
for troubling you to go, if
it were in vain & tell
me what the result

was?
   Let me thank you
again for all your
kindness.
   FN
if one is not quite sure one
is right_
    I wonder at myself for
telling these things_ I have
never done so before_

It is a great deal to ask.
I scarcely dare hope that you
will have time for me to
venture to accept your offer.
about the science of Theology,
I mean - But if you should,
you would find a ready
heart -

You say you will tell me
all about the Synod _ But
when shall we meet
again?

FN

Dearest Many thanks
for letting me stay -
    Mrs Herbert will send
me home to-night a little
after 10 -
    ever thine