

Wellcome files 8991-3, childhood to youth (pre-Crimea), 1827-53, 710 pages

Bold numbers in square brackets indicate the volume and page number in the *Collected Works of Florence Nightingale* where the item appears.

Wellcome, Claydon copies Ms 8991, microfilm

8991/1 4ff, signed letter, child's printing [1:410]

Mrs William Shore
Tapton
Yorkshire

1:2 [Bundle 112]

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 Boulti-
brooke 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 an-
swer me my letter I teach Agathe
the French girl English Good bye
and believe your affectionate Gran-
daughter 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]

8991/4 4ff, dated 25 Oct 1827, signed letter [Claydon 112/14]

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-
lia. 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
 October 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 plut 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

8991/6 3ff, signed letter, arch: copied

[1:412]

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-
ming. I am very sorry for it. My cousins Hibberts are [end 1:412]

coming on Saturday. I found a Tom-tit
 dead & I've buried him on the lawn. I in-
 vited 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."

[1:412]

"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."

"Epitaph on a Tomtit."

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 affecte. FN

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
 Blanche 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 Thursday. 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, Alf, 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'aimez vous?" "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 Blanche here? I have my head washed by Rebecca every Sunday. Annie puts me to bed, now Nancy is gone. She is old nurse Wilmore's grand-daughter. I have made 4 housewives, 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

8991/10 4ff, journal entry/letter to Miss Christie, unsigned letter, child's printing [Claydon 112/10]

Friday Tapton 1828

Journal

Dear Miss Christie

We passed Rosely & Mama saw your servant's house. We saw Lady 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

8991/9 4ff, signed letter, child's printing [112/5 Claydon]

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 cocka-

[1:411]

atoos, 3 squirrells, 4 kanguroos,
6 monkies, (3 in a cage, 3 chained
to a pole with a little house
at the top). 1 rattel, (a very
fierce creature). several Esqui-
maux dogs, Captain's Parry's Es-
quimaux 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 2/twice
Good-bye. Florence_

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

Dear Grandmama

[1:411]

Aunt Mai calls her baby, The thing. Is not that very dis-
respectful? I've been to see Aunt Mai 3 times. I've had the baby on my knee.
I't'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.

8991/12 1f, dated ca. after 11 Aug 1828, child's printing [Claydon 112/9
arch: 11 August 1828] [1:104-05]

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 qonkey¹; 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,

8991/13 2ff, dated ca. after 11 Aug 1828 child's printing [1:104]

{folio written around the edges of page, with Miss Christie's writing filling the middle

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 {letter continues over top of other writing, along left margin, cc.90d} 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

8991/14 2ff, undated, child's printing [Claydon 112/16] [1828]

Thursday morning. Embley about 1/2 past 10 o'clock
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, k [?] 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" & 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~~ the fire. This is a very rainy day. Is it rainy at ~~(illeg.)~~Fair-Oak, or wherever you ~~are~~ are.

8991/15 4ff, dated ca. after 17 Oct 1828, signed, child's printing
[1:106]

15:1 Mrs. Nightingale {upside down} [Claydon 112/8]

15:2

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 go
 ing 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 plun-
 ged 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. **[end 1:107]**

Dear Pop

I am going to polish my shells with **[1:281]**
 Oxalic Acid. We have nearly taken out an ink
 mark on the leather table-cloth in the mu-
 sic-room with it. I have drawn the ca
 terpillar, 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 an other
 F.N. Tuesday

8991/16 3ff dated ca. 1828, signed, others write on folios as well [Claydon 112/12]
 [1:105]

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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
~~Thurs~~Friday.

Bill

d

Buns	2	1 each
Biscuits	3	1 each
Little do	1	$\frac{1}{2}$ 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}

8991/17 4ff, dated c1828, signed letter, postmark stamp?: Romsey (but with no date), child's printing [is letter 13 in Bundle 112]

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}

8991/18 4ff, signed letter, child's printing [Claydon 112/17]

Decber. 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

Monday Decber. 15th. Fair-Oak. 1828. 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

8991/19 3ff dated ca. 1828, unsigned letter, child's printing [Claydon 112/15]

Wednesday. Fair-Oak.
In the Drawing-room.
Just 1½ 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. ha[s] been very well, I think.
(I hope you will forgive me a lob-
ster 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
~~sleepi~~ dressing-room opposite. We
breakfast and dine in the dining-room,
and sup up-stairs

8991/20 4ff, dated ca. 1828, signed letter, arch: copied, child's printing

20:1

Mrs. Nightingale {not in FN hand}

{upside down on folio, at bottom}

Mrs. Eyre called yester-
day, and sent her love
general, and Miss Gubbens [Gubbers?]
called, but did not come in **[end 1:106]**

20:2 [1828?] [Claydon 112/7]

Sunday

Dear Mama

[1:106]

We have got a
most beautiful caterpil-
lar. We caught it at one o'clock
yesterday. We tried every-
thing 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

8991/12 4ff, dated ca. 1828, signed letter, child's printing

21:1 Mrs Nightingale {in centre of page, upside-down} Claydon 112/6 [1:106-07]

21:2

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 pray-
ers, 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.

8991/22 copy of letter, 4ff dated ca. 1828, postmark stamp?: Romsey (but no date), child's printing

22:1

{in middle of page, upside down}

mrs. Nightingale

at mrs le Fevre

Heckfield

Reading {not FN's writing} Hants

22:2 [Claydon 112/11]

Thursday. Embley [1828?]

Dear Mama

Gale is going to have leech-
es. 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 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 poe-
try, 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 house-wife, 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

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?

8991/24 2ff, to mother and sister, partly to Bon and Aunt Mai, signed letter, postmarked [Claydon 112/20] {with Miss Christie writing between lines}

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 b[ye]

I want to know, if you said, I might read anything to Miss Christie, o{cut off} 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

{letter continues at bottom of page}

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

{letter continues at top of page}

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. Pragnell (who is about fourteen years old) who waits upon us) now Betsy is gone, is such a droll little thing Goodbye

Flo

{address in middle of page, along vertical, not in FN hand}

Mrs. Nightingale
 Saml. Smith Esqre
 16 Duke Street
 Westminster

8991/25 2ff, dated ca. after 19 Feb 1829, Claydon 112/21 [1:219]

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_____ [end 1:219]

Dear Mama_____ I have got a little cold, but it is so little, [1:107]
 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 secretly, 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 [?]

8991/26 4ff, dated ca. 22 May 1829, signed letter

26:1

Mrs. William Shore
Tapton

26:2 [Claydon 112/22]

Dear Grandmama

Willy, one of our little cousins is here
It rains, it rains, so hard, so hard. But they're cut-
ting the grass all the same, though Pop says they'll
catch cold. Today's Thursday May 22. My birth-
day'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 be-
fore, 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 look-
ing for a housemaid
FLORENCE

8991/27 2ff, unsigned, dated ca. 24 May 1829

Notes/{illeg.}/May/Sunday/16/Duke/Street/Mr./Knyvett/comes/every/day./he
is/such/a nice/man
{written across, along left margin of folio, under heading 'Notes' / indicate
different line}

{illeg.}/Notes/May 24/Hilary's/account/it is rai-/ning
fast/Miss/Mason/comes/occasi-/onally./Mrs. Kny-/vett is/such a/nice/woman
{written across, along right margin of folio, under heading 'Notes' / indicate
different line} [Claydon 112/23a]

Sunday

Dear Aunt Mai

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

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 delight-
ful. Our gardens
are full of Wall-

flowers, White [page torn]
Periwinkles, Labur-
nums, Monk-hoods
&c &c. Your affection-
ate grand-child
Florence N.P.S. We
are going to Plea{cut off}

8991/30 4ff dated ca. June 1829, part printed, part handwriting [1:428]
Claydon 112/25

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 do-
 ing a Embley. How are your Papa & Mama. Good-bye

8991/31 4ff, first part by Parthe, signed letter

31:1 { skip page: written by Parthe }

31:2 [Claydon 112/26] {mostly written by Parthe}

Friday. Embley. 3 o'clock, music-room

Dear Mama

The Pentons went to Southampton yesterday. Who

31:3

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. Millengen 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 cassimere 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

31:4

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.

8991/32 2ff letter to mother, child's printing pen by FN (but mostly Parthe), dated 6 Nov 1829, unsigned letter, but postmarked Nov. 4 1829

{begins at bottom of page after Parthe's letter} [Claydon 112/29]

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 {letter continues at bottom of page}

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

8991/33 3fff, dated ca. 15 Dec 1829 (postmarked 21 Dec '29), child's printing,

copied [Claydon 112/30]

[1:108-09]

Ma chère Maman,

Je suis bien triste sans vous aujourd'hui. J'ai couché Blanche, et je l'ai levé ce matin pour la première fois. elle a été très bonne, elle n'a presque pas pleuré. Après dîner, je suis allé avec ma tante Mai et Blanche à/chez Mde. Staples, elle était mieux portante qu'hier. Nous avons porté de la médecine, et de la Aanelle à Pope vis-à-vis. Il est bien malade. Après ce la, j'ai dessiné et peint. J'ai écrit mon sermon dans mon livre, et cette lettre. Je n'ai pas que-
rellé avec ma soeur, ni lu dans un livre. Le soir nous avons dansé avec Lucy Whitby, qui danse très bien. Mercredi. Nous avons déjeûné à neuf heures et demi dans le *bon-room*. Je suis allé à Onre Lodge à cheval et Clémence aussi. Nous avons porté à Humby un lapin que nous avons ramassé, et le choix d'une robe, ou d'une couverture. Elle a choisi une cou-

verture. De là, nous sommes allés à Tiller, à la fille, nous avons donné une chemise de Mlle. Coape, à la mère des chiffons pour ses yeux. De là, à Romsey, où j'ai acheté un pain de chocolat pour Maria Brent, et deux *pocket-books*. Un a une vilaine histoire, que nous allons couper, et jeter au feu, et que ma soeur va avoir, et un autre qui est plein de vilaines chansons que nous allons changer. Voulez-vous la bonté de marquer ce qui est bon dans ma lettre, et quand vous retournez de la rapporter. J'ai dessiné et peint. Je suis allé à mde. Staples avec ma tante Marie et ma soeur, et pendant qu'elles étaient à Pope, je suis entré à mde. Staples, et je lui ai lu Psaume vingt-troisième. Je lui aurais lu plus, mais ma tante voulait partir. Elle me disait qu'elle me comprenait très bien. bonsoir, ma chère maman. Je pensa à vous bien souvent, et toujours quand je dis mes prières. Je les dis tous les matins, et tous les soirs de tout mon coeur. Je suis permis d'être avec Blanche et Lucy, mais de ne pas parler à la dernière beaucoup, Je peux être dans la chambre avec qui que je veux. Mlle. Christie me prend plus d'intêret.

J'ai lu le Francois avec Clémence__

[copied]

Jeudi. Nous avons dejeuné à neuf heures
et puis, Gale, Kitty, Clémence, & moi sont
marchés à Romsey. Nous sommes
parties à onze heures, et revenues à cinq
heures. Nous avons été chez mde.
Withers (pauvre femme! elle a l'air

[hand printed]

si malade et si triste) où Gale a acheté une robe, chez mr. Godfrey, où Kitty
et Clémence en ont acheté, et pour changer mon pocket-book. Comment vous
portez-vous? Quand je suis revenu, comme c'était bien tard, je ne pou-
vais pas chercher une fleur, ainsi j'ai dessiné les mouchettes. Nous
avons dansé, et j'ai écrit cette lettre, je me suis couché, et j'ai dit mes
prière

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 aujou'rd'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.

[copied]

Je ne peux pas envoyer cette
lettre aujourd'hui, parce-qu'elle
n'est pas tout-à-fait remplie
Quand reviendrez vous?
J'ai joué aux quatres coins.
Votre tres affecte. enfant

Florence Nightingale

8991/34 1f, postmarked 21 Dec 1829, mostly by someone else as well as small
section by Parthe *nothing by FN*

8991/35, child's printing and copied 3ff, postmarked 23 Dec 1829, signed letter
[Claydon 112/31]

[copied]

Ma très chere Maman

Laquelle aimez-vous
mieux que je dessine des hommes du
livre dans le salon, ou des mouchettes
ou des fleurs. J'ai dessiné tous les
trois. Souvenéz-vous de m'apporter
une *copy-book* et un *copy* de Lea
Hurst. Je suis allé à mde. Bungy le
matin, et à Pope's le soir. Il y
à une grande balle de neige près de là. J'ai dessiné une fleur. J'ai travaillé

[printed]

à une pèlerine 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 pommes de terres, et qu'elle ne l'aimait pas autant 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 miettes 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 An-

glaise 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, £3:17[s], 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 conver-

sation 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 *lines* moi-même. mes engelures sont plus mal, mais je vais les frotter avec le Cajeput. Nous avons lu les prières aux domestiques. Lundi. J'ai fait un sac de l'étoffe de Bonny pour ma tante Maria après déjeuner, 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 soupé 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.

89911/36 copied and printed 2ff, postmarked 28 Dec 1829, signed letter [Claydon 112/32]

[copied]

Ma chère maman,

Mardi. Apres 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 lines, écrit ceci. j'ai dessiné et peint, soupé, dansé, couché, et dit mes prières. Nous avons un *bolster* dans notre lit. Mercredi. Avant déjeûné, et après, j'ai écrit de la vie de Clémence que ma soeur a écrit. Puis je suis allé chez Marie Brent avec Clémence porter du chocolat. Elle est bien malade. Jeannette et Mary ont des toux. Avant dîné, et après, j'ai écrit de la vie. Puis j'ai dessiné et peint. Puis, soupé, et nous avons dansé, couché, dit mes prières. Jeudi. Il neige toujours. Avant déjeûné, j'ai écrit de la vie. Après, j'ai pris une promenade avec ma tante, Lucy, Blanche, et Marthe. J'ai réglé mes lines, écrit ceci, dessiné et peint, travaillé, dîné, travaillé à un autre sac pour ma tante, et soupé.

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

Noël. Je vous souhaite un Noël gai dans vos montagnes. J'ai sorti avec Lucy, Blanche, et Marthe; ma tante m'a donné cinq schelins pour donner aux pauvres. J'en ai donné un schelin à Mary Noise aujourd'hui.

[printed]

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 miettes 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.

Samedi. J'ai sorti à Pope's. Il est plus malade, je lui ai donné du fromage, que ma tante vielle lui donne; ma tante jeune nous a acheté du papier comme ceci pour vous écrire, et deux petits *paint-brushes*, que nous avons perdus. Ainsi, j'ai acheté d'autres. J'ai lu. J'ai travaillé. J'ai arrangé mon ouvrage. J'ai dessiné et peint. J'ai écrit ceci. Voulez-vous dire à ma tante Julie, que si elle veut, elle peut donner un *sovereign* aux pauvres pour ma tante Maria, puisque ils sont en si grande *distress*. J'ai travaillé encore.
[copied]

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?
[printed]

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.

8991/37 alternately in child's printing and copied, 2ff, dated ca. 31 Dec 1829, signed letter [Claydon 112/33]

Dimanche

Ma chère maman

J'ai lu les Collectes &c dans le *Prayer-Book*, et un *Tract* à moi-même, et Q.Q. avec ma tante Marie. Nous n'avons pas pu aller à l'église, à cause que c'était si dangereux. j'ai dessiné et peint un homme pour ma tante maria. J'ai réfléchi. J'ai préparé et dit ma poésie. Je me suis couché, et dit mes prières.

Lundi. J'ai lu. J'ai travaillé. J'ai arrangé mon ouvrage. J'ai donné mes patches {box around 'patches'} à Betsy et Marthe. J'ai lu Q.Q, et fait ma musique avec ma tante Mai. Je n'ai pas dessiné et peint, parce que je n'avais pas de temps à cause de ma musique. J'ai travaillé encore. Le soir, au lieu de danser, nous avons joué pour nous échauffer, à

Quatres Coins, à la Savatte

&c, et puis je suis couché

Mardi. J'ai commence ma nouvelle plume aujourd'hui.

J'ai travaillé. J'ai dessiné et peint une femme pour ma tante Maria. J'ai lu Q.Q avec ma tante Mai, et fait ma musique par moi-même, parce qu'elle était occupée. J'ai écrit ceci. Le matin, j'ai sorti avec Clémence à Pope's

il est bien malade. Je lui ai envoyé un livre par la poste. Le soir, nous avons dansé et joué à la Savatte, et Colin-maillard. J'ai lu. Je me suis couché et dit mes prières.

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, q'il ne peut pas se

donner à manger lui-même. Clémence vous présente ses respects.

Je suis, ma chère Maman, toujours votre affectionnée

filie

Florence.

8991/38 2ff, dated ca. 1 Jan 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/35]

[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 là 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. {from 'more' in box} 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 réfléchi. 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
ne pouvaient pas venir. Puis nous avons
dit notre poésie.

JanuARy 4TH. J'ai travaillé, lu, dessi-
né 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

8991/39 2ff, unsigned, dated ca. 6 Jan 1830, postmarked 7 Jan 1830 [Claydon 112/35]

ma chère Maman

JANUARY 6th. J'ai fait ma musique. J'ai dessiné un livre, lu le François à Clémence, et Q.Q. à ma tante Marie. Je suis allé chez mde. Penton avec Clémence. J'ai donné du ris à Brent et Major. Le soir, j'ai regardé des tableaux. Mlles. Pentons sont revenus avec nous

et nous leur avons donné 2nd Vol of White's Selborne.

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

JanuARY 8th. J'ai travaillé, pincé mon doigt, sorti chez mr. Burnet lui demander s'il voulait une paire de lapins. Il dit, que oui. En revenant, nous avons trouvé un lièvre presque mort *sur la route*, sa tête était bien enflé, et les yeux tout blancs. Deux filles qui conduisaient une charette, l'ont vu au même temps que nous, et l'ont pris. J'ai fait ma musique, dessiné une fleur, joué avec Blanche, lu mr. Park, et travaillé. J'ai lu le François à Clémence, et j'ai pris une petite leçon de guitare d'elle.

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

8991/40 4ff, 2f by FN, dated/postmarked 14 Jan 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/36]

ma chère maman

SAMEDI. J'ai dessiné, promené travaillé, j'ai écrit une letter 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. Remember 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 poesie, 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 de Clémence, et dans mon Pocket-Book. J'ai travaillé. J'ai réglé me lines.

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 racommodé 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

8991/41 3ff, postmarked 20 Jan 1830, signed letter, portions written by others
[Claydon 112/37]

ma chère maman,

MERCREDI.

J'ai dessiné une rose. J'ai fait ma musique.

J'ai écrit du sermon. J'ai travaillé.

J'ai lu à ma tante Marie. J'ai lu le François à Clémence. J'ai joué le soir.

JEUDI. J'ai dessiné une rose. J'ai lu des Psaumes. J'ai déjeûné. J'ai écrit du sermon. J'ai fait ma musique. J'ai écrit de la VIE de Clémence. J'ai sorti avec 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, soupé, joué, me suis couché.

VENDREDI. J'ai dessiné une fleur. J'ai déjeûné. J'ai fait ma musique. J'ai sorti

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 François.

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.

SaMEDI. Nous sommes sorti.

J'ai fait ma musique, dessiné.

travaillé, lu à ma tante Marie, lu le François, 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 poësie. Lucy part demain matin à six heures. Maman, faut-il que je prends 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 cup-

board 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.)

Wellcome Ms 8991

41

Florence Nightingale

{after section by others, FN continues at bottom of page}

Dear Mama,

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

8991/42 2ff. Notes, handwritten, pen, by FN, dated ca. 7 Jan 1830, signed [Claydon 114/1] **[1:109]**

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

42:2

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.

8991/43 2ff, dated ca. 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/19]

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.

8991/444 pp, dated ca. 1830 or 1831?, signed letter, arch:copied [Claydon 112/371]

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. {little chart along left side}

Vegetable	Fruits		
Little Cones	Potatoes	Horse	Peach
	chestnuts	Pine-	
Long Cones	Cucumbers	different	apples
	kind of	Strawberries	
Kind of Dainties	Peas	Cones	Goose-berries
		Currants	

{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, 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.

44:4 {in middle of page, c.90d}

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

Hants

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'aimeras-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'aimeras-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'aimeras 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

March 11th.

shape of a Hog. We are	Dear Mama,
making another house with	I have made a house-wifes,
walls and a roof, and	3 bags, and 1 pincushion.
chairs	1 of the bags I have given
and tables. The other day	to Hilly. May I dispose
Hilpil was run-away-with	of some of the things I
by Tommy, but was not	make here? I don't
thrown, or much	read many story-books here,
frightened,	I assure you. The bag I
We have got some daf-	made out of Bonny's
fodils, snow-drops, and	stuff was finished long ago
fox-	and I have bought some
gloves, which we have put	
in our house.	

Your affecte. sister.
Flo.

pink ribbon for it. Every	
body is very kind to me,	
particularly Miss Wood, &	
my old friend Nancy, with	
whom I have begun again	
an	
acquaintance. I dress	egg-shells. We paint them,
myself,	like this,
she ties my best frock,	{small drawing on left}
and	This is a
helps me to go to bed.	very nice day.
Dear Pop,	I am in a great hurry,
We have begun a	for Aunt Joanna
manufactory of china with	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}

47:2 [Claydon 112/40]

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.

8991/48 1f, dated ca. 22 Mar 1830, signed letter, arch: copied [Claydon 112/40a]

Monday, the 22nd. Fair-Oak. 1830

Dear Mama,

Aunt C, Hil, and Nancy went to ~~London~~ Ham 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,

8991/51 1f letter to Parthe and mother, handwritten pen by FN, dated ca. 1830, signed letter

I have made a flag, with our four names done
in silk on it, and herring-boned round in different colours.
{small diagram of flag, its text is below left:}
FPN {JHBC?} like that I have done it all in silk, and
all against Gog Gog is done in black, to represent his wickedness
FN {FMBC?} 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. 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.

52:3

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.

52:4

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 they 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 Night-

ingale. 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 Un-

cle 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 subterraneous 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 subterraneous 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,

Je ne vous oublie pas, ni mon Francois.
Je parle quelquefois avec ma cousine. Je me lève à present de très bonne heure, à six heures. J'ai eu une lettre de mlle. {continued at bottom of page:}
Christie. Je suis bien contente de voir Blanche. Vous n'épellez pas Fair-oak bien; vous l'avez mis Férok.
Je crois que vous devez aimer beaucoup les petits serins.
AVRIL le 14 1830 Fair-oak. Votre affectionnée Flo.

8991/54 4ff, 3ff by FN, postmarked 9 July 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/42]

Friday. Duke Street.

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 ankles 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

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

8991/55 4ff, dated ca. 1830, postmarked 19 July 1837 [Claydon 112/43]
[7:605-06]

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 Elizabeth, 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

{letter continues at very bottom of page}
 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.
 {letter continues at top of page}

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.

{letter continues at bottom quarter of page}

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?

[end 7:606]

{in middle of page, cc.90d}

Mrs. Nightingale
 Lea Hurst
 Wirksworth

8991/56 4ff, dated ca. 10 July 1830, signed letter **[7:607]**

56:1 [Claydon 112/43a]

Mrs. Nightingale {written middle of page upside down} **56:2**

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]

8991/57 3ff, postmarked 2 Aug 1830, signed letter [Claydon 112/44

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.

57:3

Mrs. Nightingale

Lea Hurst

Wirksworth

8991/58 2ff, dated ca. 1831, unsigned letter, arch: FN copied [Claydon 113/1]
Claydon Bundle 113 [1:111]

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

[1:412-13]

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 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.

8991/60 Claydon Bundle 113/7 neat copy 2ff, dated ca. 1832 or 1833, (postmarked 30 July, year is illegible), signed letter, arch: copied

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.

8991/61 Neat hand copy [I think] Claydon Bundle 113/4] 61:2ff, dated ca. 1832, postmarked (illegible), signed letter

Lea Hurst. Sunday. August 12th

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.

8991/62 2ff, signed letter, arch: copied [Claydon 113/6]

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.

8991/63 4ff, dated ca. 1832, signed letter [1:410]

63:1

Mrs. Shore
Tapton

63:2 [Claydon 113/5]

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.

8991/64 4ff, 2ff by FN (with pp.3-4 by Parthe and someone else), postmarked 19 May 1832, signed letter [Claydon 113/3] **[1:111]**

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 Brydges'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. [1:112]

About 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. [end 1:112]

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. [1:112-13]

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

65:2

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 Alf, 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.

65:1 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing}

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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]

8991/66 4ff, to Aunt Mai and mother, dated ca. 1833, signed letter, arch:
copied F.N. [Claydon 113/12]

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. [7:618]

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
 {continues at top of page}
 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. Coltmann. 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

66:2 {letter continues along left margin of page, over top of other writing, cc.90d}

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. Coltmann, 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

66:3

{letter continues along right margin, over top of other writing at top quarter of page, c.90d}

He rode in it yesterday & 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]

66:4

Novber. 2nd. [7:618]

Dear Ma, Hilary and I have had such a nice bathe this mornng.
 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 [7:618]
 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 mornng.,
 feeling I suppose, something of the want. I was obliged
 to lie in bed till half-past seven this mornng. 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 {illeg.} 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?}

[end 1:282]

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.

[end 1:113]

68:2

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 {letter continues along left margin, over top of writing, cc.90d} answers to what she says in her letter, for I wrote the letter to her, before I got that. Dear little Robert goes to-morrow, 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

69:1

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 ankle 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.

{letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}
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~~ did 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

69:2

{letter continues at bottom quarter of page}

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.

{letter continues at top of page}

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

{in middle of page, cc.90d}

~~Mrs.~~ Mr. {written over Mrs.} Nightingale Esq.

Embley

nr. Romsey

Hants

8991/70 2ff, unsigned to Aunt Mai and Parthe, dated ca. 1833/1834?

70:1

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,

{letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}
 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 3d. 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

72:2

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.

8991/72 4ff, dated ca. 1834, signed, postmarked from Cowes. undated/or illeg. date [Claydon 114/] *not certain about order of folios*
 some corrections made at Claydon [7:619-20]

72:1

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.

72:2

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 [resumes]

72:3

using it & having my ancles 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we breakfast. Then we go out till $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 **[end 7:620]** 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 {continues at top of page, along right margin, c.90d} [see where I have it] 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 drol{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

72:3 {letter continues along left margin, over top of other writing, cc.90d}
 The walking on the beach is so very bad, there being no
 thing 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 entertain-
 ing. 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. **[end 7:620]**

72:4

Mrs. Nightingale
 Embley
 Romsey

8991/73 4ff, dated ca. 1834, signed letter, postmarked Cowes, undated, arch:
 copied Claydon 113/9 **[7:620-21]**

73:1

Dear Mama, Cowes. Saturday.
 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 **[5:331-32]**
 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 ~~and~~
 kept waking to find out what it was. I am so sorry,

73:2

we shall not see half so much of dear Papa and he will not be able to teach us as he did & ~~he~~ 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 ~~my~~ 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~~ 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

73:3

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 [end 5:332] went all over the Docksyards with a most agreeable man

73:2 [letter continues along right margin, crossed, cc.90d]

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 another 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

[end 7:621]

73:3 [letter continues along right margin, crossed cc.90d]

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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

73:4

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.

[end 7:621]

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

75:3

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

75:4

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

75:1 {letter continues at bottom of page}

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.bye
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.
[illeg] Ex cubile meo, ad cubilem
tuam

Friday 3 orto
Miss Nightingale
at Rev E. Lindsay's
Wimbledon

8991/77 4ff, dated ca 14 Aug 1836, signed letter

77:1 Bundle 113

Mrs. Shore

Claydon Bundle 113/18 77:2

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 & Blanche 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

8991/78 4ff, postmarked 4 Sept 1836, signed letter Bundle 113

78:1

Miss Nightingale
Lea Hurst
Derby

Claydon Bundle 113 78:2 [Claydon 113/19]

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 wh[ic]h shall duly come to hand We shd. most likely spend Monday mornng.
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 ~~bottom~~ porch, beautifully carved at bottom square bows on each side & flanked by [tiny sketch long low colonnades & splendid Dahlias of house in gardens. A bunch of high towers & chimnies 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 inconvenient 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.

8991/80 4ff, postmarked 12 Jan 1837, signed letter, pen

80:1

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 & leeches 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 Frenchys 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 retu[rn] 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 thorough cleaning. Primroses, violets & snow-drops are out, notwithstanding frosts. Jan 12th.

8991/81 Claydon Bundle 113/21b 3ff, postmarked 17 Jan 1837 signed
[1:283]

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, groa-
 nings & grumblings à la walrus
 mingle agreeably with my
 dreams. He is however astonish-
 ingly 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 fidgit!) 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 susceptibility of a tender feeling towards Dan most pathetically to me - is also ill. Elseys, Humbys &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 & Thérèse again - sent her duty to you - She is to write to us_ I made her up a handsome present a sort of conglomerated miscellany

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

[1:284-85]

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

[letter continues along right margin of top half of page, crossed], c.90d}

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 Thérèse
Your affecte Bo
Mama is pretty well

{letter continues along right margin of bottom half of page, c.90d}
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 gossiping Mr. B.!!!

{cc.90d}
Miss Nightingale
Waverley Abbey
Farnham

8991/84 Claydon Bundle 113/22a co 2ff, dated 10 February 1837, signed letter pen, ref to in Leighton 102

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

{letter continues at bottom quarter of page}
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 top 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 ~~filleg~~ alight but him was afraid of the cold & his being shoved up the hills- arrived this mornng Love to all your party & so fare thee well

Pelenpeld Feby.
 ten 1837
 Miss Nightingale
 Waverley Abbey
 Farnham
 J Bonham Carter

8991/85 2ff, handwritten by FN's mother, postmarked 12 Feb 1837, signed letter {skipped, but interesting - mother mentions how hard FN worked for the health of her neighbours!}

8991/86 Claydon Bundle 113/23 3ff dated ca. 12 Feb 1837, signed **[1:285-87]** in Leighton 103

Dear Pop & Maryanne

Aware that your excellence in the epis-
 tolarly 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,
 men-

aces, warnings & entreaties to make her sit in one of the rooms
 up stairs 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 deter-
 mination, 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 pour-
 ing 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 mornng. 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{cut off. 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 hypo critical 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, ~~parish-priest~~ 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

86:1 {letter continues at top of page}
 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 entire-
 ly 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 anxiety 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 [~~ill~~] 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.

8991/88 4ff, postmarked 19 Feb 1837, signed letter [Claydon 113/25]
 [1:287-89]

88:1

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 auri-
 cular 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
 mornng.- 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

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

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 produced this gloomy turn. Mama & all the maids are gone to church this mornng. 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 assiduously. Au revoir my dear. your affecte. FN.
I think the *revoir* so often put off & planned is now *really* coming to pass-

8991/89 4ff, 2ff by FN, signed dated ca. 1837 [Claydon 113/28]

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

8991/90 4ff, dated ca. Mar 1837, signed letter [Claydon 114/]

90:1

Mrs. Shore

90:2

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 Grand
child 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 granddaughter Florence.

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

91:2

Mrs Shore
Tapton
Sheffield

copy of signed 8991/92 3ff (parts by Parthe) dated ca. 24 July 1837, postmarked 26 July 1837, arch:: copied

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

8991/93 Claydon Bundle 113/30 4ff, to Marianne, postmarked 29 Dec 1837, signed

93:1

Nice. Dec 20

[7:11-13]

Dear Marianne In these our remote *Nissard* gaities our thoughts often turn to the Waverley Xmas doings which I suppose are now preparing minus us & on which we ruminates with sobs & cries the live long night. But I must tell you of our humble imitation of you here. We have not heard one 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 [~~ille~~] 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 Pro-

testante, 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

8991/94 4ff, signed, dated ca. 1837 [Claydon 113/43]

94:1

Miss Nightingale

94:2

Dear Pop. I have nothing new but the
old saw. All here go on well.
Gale wonderful. Was moved up-
stairs 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 & ~~she~~ 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 appro-
 priate hems, has, go tos &

in good sooths' Papa writes
 word to day that he leaves
 Lea Hurst on Wednesday or Thurs-
 day for London!! he did not in-
 tend 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 num-
 ber 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 ~~saw~~ 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 expected
 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 *carritle*. 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 penetrated 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 Trintà 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~~ October

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 ~~filled~~ 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

8991/97 4ff, postmarked 8 Oct 1838 and 10 Oct 1838, signed [Claydon 113/34]

Fontainebleau. October 6th. [7:42-44]

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
Tapton
Sheffield

years, feared
that they
should be
excluded

Angleterre
{address cc.90d}

even from

this *general*

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 Ambassadors 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

8991/98 4ff, to Aunt Pat, dated 1838, signed letter [Claydon 113/35]

Dec 13 - 22 Place Vendôme [7:51-52]

Dear Aunt Pat We met your friend Miss Clarke at the Garnetts & 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 emigration 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.

98:2 {letter continues at top of page}
 We have not been able to meet Mrs Marley yet.
 Your affecte. Flo.

8991/99 4ff, to Hilary, dated ca. 1838, unsigned [Claydon 113/38]

99:1

For Hilary {upside down}

[7:53-56]

99:2

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.

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 ~~filled~~ ~~waters?~~

runs between all the houses, & we go about every where 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 had 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 & Balogna 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

8991/100 2ff, signed, to Aunt Pat, postmarked 21 Jan 1839 [Claydon 113/36]

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 ~~filled~~ 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 desperately, & 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. *Hoches*, 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 {letter continues at bottom quarter of page} 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-

your affecte. Flo-

{in middle of page, cc.90d}

Miss Smith
5 Blandford
Marylebone

8991/101 4ff, signed, [Claydon 113/37] [7:58-59]

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 so 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 wether 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 Mama and I are going to the queen's birth-day drawing-room on the 19th. I was presented at the last Drawing-room

[end 1:413]

[1:413]

[end 1:413]

[1:413-14]

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

8991/103 2ff, signed, postmarked 23 May 1839 Claydon 113/39

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. To night 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

{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 for-
gotten." Matters got worser he
said that he had passed the
happiest years of his life there

104:i [this is Claydon 113/59 dated 1842?]

~~filleg~~ 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)

104:g

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.
 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

[end 3:497]

[can't find in Claydon bundle]

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

{letter continues at bottom quarter of page}

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 ~~filleg~~ invasion has made a great diversion to our solitude but we shall have another fortnight of it to which however I accomo-

{letter continues at top of page}

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

8991/105 4ff, unsigned dated ca. Oct 1839 [1:289-90]

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 scummage 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 houshold 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 ~~you~~ 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 [1:290-91] 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

[end 1:290]

[1:290-91]

right-angled room now transferred to the E. side of the house, we must have one of that shape it seems, is mine. ~~This morning,~~ 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.

8991/106 unsigned to Parthe Claydon Bundle 113/40 4ff, dated ca. Oct 1839

My dearie Life is going on very quietly here, I hope it is [1:291-92] 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ p 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 repaint 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 cupboards 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 mattresses 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. [end 1:293]
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 Pau
line Garcia. ~~Came d~~ Saw Jack who arrived the morning after [1:293]
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 inhabi-
tants of a watery deep. The floods are up- the rain falling like Swit land

letter continues along right margin, bottom half of page, c.90d
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

106:1 {letter continues at top of page, cc.90d

We live in a
nonchalant
peaceable
way & I
find my
task pretty easy, ex-
cept indeed
when ~~at~~ I
was with
at. 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]

[end 1:293]

8991/107 5ff, unsigned dated ca. Oct 1839 Claydon 113/41

Thanks for the epistle just received, dear **[1:294-95]**
 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 Draw-
 ing-room floor, first Mr Duckworth then
 Mr. & Mrs. Trayett [?], then Mrs. Duckworth **[end 1:294]**
 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 **[1:294-95]**
 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* [3rd 1:295] certainly. I send you a nice Courtin [cousin?] [seems to end here abruptly]

[not sure where this starts in Claydon]
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 [1:295]
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. Teynmouth & 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 Southton to dine at Ad. Giffard's & see Baby ~~Giffard~~ Jervis or Johnny
as he is called (of whose virtues
& graces by the bye I ~~ha~~ do 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]

8991/108 2ff, postmarked 7 Nov 1839, signed letter

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

{letter continues in bottom quarter of page:}
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.

{letter continues at top of page:}
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

8991/109 3ff, to Parthe, dated ca. end of 1839, [Claydon 114/]

[1]

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 ~~filleg~~ 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.

{letter continues in bottom third of page}

[2]

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 ~~filleg~~ 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

{letter continues in middle section of page, at cc.90d.}

[3]

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

109:2 [letter continues in middle of page, as previous]

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 magnanimous 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 ~~filled~~ when we meet ~~filled~~ it certainly was famous Parry is ~~filled~~ 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.

Wellcome (Claydon copies) Ms 8992

8992/1 unsigned letter, 1f, pen, arch: ca. late 30s/early 40s

Mama
dearest Mum. You need not send
any fly now, because Hilary has got
Bavastro now ~~filleg~~ 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

d
meet 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

g
tionate & obliged grand
child F Nightingale

Embley. Jan 23rd. 1840

8992/3 [Claydon 113/48] 1f, pen, initialed letter postmarked 2 Feb 1840
[7:623-24]

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 [end 7:624]
 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 [illeg] 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 PEAR 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

e

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.

f

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

g

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.

k

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

l

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.

[end 7:623]

are going to have Hillie. Jack wrote to me the other day - bad acct of hisself. 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 mornng. & 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. hum _____
 hum _____ hum _____
 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 mornng. 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

8992/7 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen, arch: Jan/Feb 1840 [1:115]

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* tomorrow. All the Carters look deplorably. [end 1:115] Uncle Sam was examining vigorously all yesterday & this mornng 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 disappointment 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 suffe {cut off.suffering?} from an attack of pain so sharp as {cut off.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

[1:115]

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.

8992/8 [Claydon 113/49] 2ff, pen, signed letter arch: 10 Mar 1840
(postmarked)

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_

Thas Bank Tuesday

{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

8992/9 3ff, pen, initialed letter arch: Spring 1840

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,
sine 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.
~~to-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 1½ 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.

8992/10 4ff, pen, incomplete? unsigned letterM arch: spring 1840 [Claydon 113/461]

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 alright & 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.

8992/11 [Claydon 113/45] incomplete signed letter, 2ff, pen, arch: Spring 1840 or a little later

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 difft from Mr Grey's, has sadly unsettled their beautiful resignation & aggravated the circumstances in their minds. By his acct, Fred

[1:520-21]

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 mornng- 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* ret'd. in the mornng. 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 mornng. 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 mornng. 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 unu-
sually large train of passengers in
the dark, such article was of

[7:607-09]

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 unfortu-
 nately 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 Xtian
 name he calls me mother or
 Aunt Mai Sister_ The Carters
 go up to town tomorrow with
 the boys for their teeth who
 then go on to school but
 Tuesday night Aunt Joanna

[end 7:609]

& 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 [5:332] 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

~~& [illegible]~~ 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

8992/13 initialed letter, 1f, pen postmarked May 12 1840 [Claydon 113/50]

Baby flourishes exceedingly & looks better-

May 12 Thas Bank

At Jane is not quite so well this afternoon, if this weather continues we shall nt 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 im practicable now from Influenza, and knowing how the least proposition abt. Flora annoyed At. Jane.

Mrs. Nightingale

Embley

Romsey

8992/14 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 13 May 1840

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

{along left margin, crossed over other writing}
 brilliant account in which of beautiful
 Embley much encouraged At Jenny
 I do hope to bring her down safe after all

{along right margin}
 Do not let these letters
 of mine be made visible

{in middle of page}
 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.

8992/16 2ff, pen, signed letter arch: 1840 [Claydon 113/52]

Amble side. Sept. 18th.

[7:670-71]

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 Amble side. 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 Ulls-
water 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

[end 7:671]

Ever yrs. FN

{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

[7:669-70]

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, Butter-
 mere, 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 seques-
trated in 1715 estate. what a change
is there. but all Buttermere
Lows 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

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 [end 7:670]

8992/18 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Sept 1840

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

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. ~~We~~ 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 Vignolles & 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 better & ver
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 Interferences, 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 ~~fillig~~ 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 Nichol-
son 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 excitement of the chase. Uncle Nicholson saw Uncle Oc yesterday & 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. mornng. 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 creditable 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

{at top of page, above salutation}
 mognified 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 mornng. 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 ~~tho'~~ 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 pockethandkf 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 mornng. 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 ~~she~~ 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

{at bottom of page

Goodnight, dear Mum,
I shall soon be with
you for good again but
in the mean time feel

{at top of page}

I must not see much
of you tho' At Jane is so
much better to night
that you may be quite
easy about her. Tho' you
do not see us tomorrow-

{direction:}

Paid 8 o'clock p-

{Postmark:} Pimlico, W.O
2D. PAID

Mrs. Nightingale
Carlton Hotel
Regent St.

8992/23 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1840 [7:622]

a

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 Verrirung I
can talk nothing but ~~filleg~~
(pardon me, I have been inter-
rupted by catching a *flake* in the
cleverest manner I ever remem-
ber 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 ago with
poor Julia Wells, & I can see
him climbing out of the nursery
window upon the ~~tilleg~~ 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

c

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

[end 7:622]

d
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

a {at top of page}
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

a
Monday mornng.
Dear Mummie I should
have come & seen you this
mornng. but thot. I shd. not
be back till late. Aunt
Jane pretty well this
mornng. I hope you will
think it right to write
to Hilary by the very first

b
post as Aunt Jane this
mornng. 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 mornng.
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 morng. 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

8992/25 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1840

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. 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.

8992/26 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: 1840 [Claydon 114/]

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

{at bottom of page}

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

{at top of page}

I have ~~no~~ 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
 {along right margin}

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.

{in middle of page}

Mrs. Nightingale

8992/27 incomplete letter, 2ff, pen [7:671-72]

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 ~~hdi~~ 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]

8992/28 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1840

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 Shakspeare's, the Merchant of Venice, Parthe painted the scenes, with the assistance of a Mr. Austen, and her scenery was generally admired.

[1:463]

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,
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

[1:463]

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 Examinn- 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 discomfiture 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. Krrroff [?] gave me a lesson & a most poetical one the last day. His declamation is beautiful_ 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 What exquisite
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~~ ~~filed~~ 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. Goulbrowne [?] 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 perceive - 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.

8992/34 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1841 [Claydon 113/57]

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 to-day, & 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

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 went 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 Thurlows - 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.

8992/36 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843

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 mornng.

{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 visitors. 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'Homme [illeg]

8992/38 initialed letter, 3ff, pen arch: 15 May 1843

a

Private_

Dearest mother You are very good
in writing & in writing such peace
ful 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

b

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

c

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 disappointed 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 Colnaghie's too, not the Opera one, as Colnaghie 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

d

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/ & ~~MM~~ 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

e

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

f

thro'; 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 -

8992/39 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1 Feb 1843 [8:755-58]

a

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 ~~filleg~~ reservoir- 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

b

those they had were so horridly dirty. 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 conclusion 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

[7:59]

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 stupendous *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 & excitable, 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 becoming 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

e

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

f

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 morng. came back in a cab_ Called at Colnaghie's on our way, the Parris lq 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

g

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

h

this mornng. 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.-

8992/40 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1843

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 Kirk lands, 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 [8:758-59]
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. & 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, & he is jut like a mother to her now. Poor little soul! one cannot think that any harm can happen to her with such a strong-hold & prop in heaven, but she is showing signs of teeth already, & 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, & it looks ~~very~~ rather dull at present," We shall go & call on Miss Hallam to-day without doubt, I believe, & 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 settlements, which rushed off this mornng. 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 wonderful ruck of news for you, and I cd. tell you, that Ly Northesk has £2000 a year settled upon her, & 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 **[end 7:610]**
 a very ardent message about her regret
 at not seeing you, when she was in Derby-
 shire 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-
 {crossed over other writing, near top of page:}
To be returned

8992/43 initialed letter, 4ff, pen arch: 6 Feb 1843 **[8:752-54]**

a
 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 busi-
 ness 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

d
 less cloddy & worldly for life. She will
 have such a heavy, ~~filleg~~ 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) ~~filleg~~
~~filleg~~ _ 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 \mp you can give her - for a long
 know what she suffered _ If Harry
 were going to stay to make *my* noise [any?]

time I did not

e
 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 ~~to~~ 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. comes 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

f

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
Sunday walk with Mr Richardson too
in the afternoon & saw the bab, who

[3:497]**g**

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,

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 Fludger St, & then it snows
 & sleets all the afternoon, Providence
 holding it up just while we are out
 in the mornng. & no more - Wise as ser-
 pents & *prudent* as doves we are -
 & the bab waked up this mornng. 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 mornng. "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

{in top margin)

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"

8992/45 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1843

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 morng.) 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 ~~filled~~ 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 wonderfully 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.

8992/46 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 10 Feb 1843

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. ~~filleg~~ 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 -

8992/47 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 11 Feb 1843 **[8:754-55]**

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 cd. 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 thot. 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, & Hovie 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.

8992/48 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843

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
 oppority. 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 til 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
 temerity & 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?}

8992/49 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843

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 ~~f~~ 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

{at top of page above salutation}
it- all. but what the Exr. says, is sufficient
ly amusing. about Sir R. Peel's defence of him.

8992/50 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1843

I am very sorry to hear my
dearest, of your misfortin - 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
Wed. 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
 hdkf, 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 [~~so~~]
 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 mornng., 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

8992/52 initialed letter, 2ff, pen [8:760]

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, un-
less 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.

8992/53 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ p- 11 o'clock, went into the little room down stairs sent for the baby & came away again, & were in by $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

8992/54 incomplete letter/note, 1f, pen, [after MN's marriage]

Yesterday morng. 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.

[end 3:497]

[3:497]

[end 3:497]

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

8992/55 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: March or April 1844?, from Waverley

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 conve-
 nient season - tho' indeed I think
 I must have quite out lived my throat.
 Miss Johnson takes Mrs. Hanford's
 death beautifully - & what a

[2]

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 - that of her doc-
 -trines? what ~~filleg~~ 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 -

8992/56 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Autumn 1844

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 drawings- 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 unceasing. but Wm is going ~~to~~ 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 b be_ & went

{at top of page above salutation}
 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?

{inner flap of envelope}
 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

{front of envelope}
 Mrs. Nightingale
 S. Smith's Esq
 Combe Hurst
 Kingston upon Thames

8992/59 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: Nov 1844, FN copied [1:118]

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-
ning 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. ~~filleg~~
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 ~~f~~ it would
make his stay at Sandhurst
impossible, if people were to
laugh at him about it - & there
is no one less indulgent than

8992/60 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Nov 1844, from Embley

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 gar-
den & 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 par-
cel 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}

8992/61 incomplete letter, 1f, pen arch: Nov. 1844, FN copied

[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.

8992/62 unsigned FN copy, 2ff, pen arch: Nov. 1844, from Embley

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 instruc-
tive. 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?}

8992/63 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: Nov 1844, copied

[2]

Mrs. Eyre has come back from Brighton with a fourth. We went to Romsey Church this mornng. & 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

[3:497]

[end 3:497]

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 mornng. 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 together at Combe - after Aunt Mai is gone, if she goes. Perhaps Aunt Ju does not shew the full extent 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
~~filleg.....~~
~~.....}~~

8992/65 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: end of 1844 [1:118-19]

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, ~~filleg~~ ~~filleg~~, & 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

{ at middle of page}

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.

8992/66 initialed letter, 1f, pen arch: 1844 [1:474]

Uncle Sam_

You have the reluctant per-
mission, 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

8992/67 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1844

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?}

8992/68 incomplete unsigned letter, 9ff, pen arch: 1844

a

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

b

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 [1:495-99]
 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

c

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

d

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

e

[2]

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_

f

& 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 _

[3]

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 regard *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. ~~filleg~~, 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 es schandert 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

[4]

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

[5]

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 & judgmentally 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 impression 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,

8992/69 initialed letter, 5ff, pen arch: 1844, from Lea Hurst [1:220-21

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

1aa

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

1b

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

1c

an one would answer, I suspect. "to have spent the night at the casement, watching its solemn procession & hearing the mysterious night-wind, ~~go by~~ 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,

1d

[2]

that the coffin of every hope is the
cradle of a good experience_ &
that nobody suffers in vain_ Other
wise, 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*

1e

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,

[end 1:221]**[1:221-22]**

1f

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

1g

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

1h

[3]

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 improve-
ment. They have left me no-
thing 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

1i

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~~ for I have made my talk ~~is~~ 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
FN.

[end 1:222]

8992/70 initialed letter, 2ff, pen, arch: 1841-? [Claydon 114/]

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.

8992/71 initialed letter, 3ff, pen arch: New Years, 1845 {or 1843?}

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 -

[7:610-11]

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 [break 7:611]

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
[illeg] 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 & **[end 7:611]**
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.

8992/72 initialled letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1843?

a

Friday.

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 precision 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* mathematics & 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

[1:494]

[1:494]

c

English at home, but I am obliged like Pellico when I come to certain Canticles, to substitute 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 constantly 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 Hildebrand'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, Bewegung,
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

[end 1:494]

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 -

8992/73 incomplete unsigned letter, 2ff, pen, arch: 19 Jan 1845

How sorry I am to hear no better
an account of my dear child Shore.

Dear mother mine I do not [1:119-20]
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, & remain-
ing 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 un-
earthed 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

8992/74 initialed letter, 1f, pen arch: Jan or Feb 1845,

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 martyring themselves for the world, when they are only martyring 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.

8992/75 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: Jan or Feb 1845, from Waverley,

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 dis-
 contents. I do next to nothing,
 being horribly idle. so I have
 even less to communicate

8992/76 incomplete, unsigned letter, 4ff, pen

Saturday Feb 8,
 1845.

My dearest Shore is come & **[1:499]**
 when I look at his pale thin face,
 I feel a little foreboding at my
 heart, but when I hear his cheer
 ful 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 **[end 1:499]**
 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. ~~filleg~~
~~filleg~~ 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 [1:297-98]
 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 mothers=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

[2]

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

[3]

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 [end 1:298]

8992/77 unsigned letter 2ff, pen arch: Feb 1845

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.
 wd. 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

b

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

c

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

d
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 prejudice 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

d

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

e

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 [1:295-97] 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

f

if it *is* so; what does it signify? for ~~the soul sometimes dies, but~~ is there not one who has said, he that believeth 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,

g

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 ~~fill~~ 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,

h

& 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 would n'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

[end 1:297]

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

[1:297]

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 ~~filled~~ 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.

[end 1:297]

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

8992/79 incomplete, unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: Feb-Mar 1845,

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 her-
self, my dear, I shall be so sorry
if she does not linger_ I think in-
deed 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,

8992/80 [Claydon 113/47] signed letter, 4ff, pen arch: 28 March or April 1845

a

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

b

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 every thing 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

c

at Embley to the improvement of themselves and every one 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

d
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 un
expected notice which he
received from head-quarters

e
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

f
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

[1:469]

there is no doubt was first-rate
 & all prosperous _ how came
 it you did not keep Henry _

[end 1:469]

You do not want news, do you _
 Of news I have little, of wits
 I have none - Diplomacy & I

[1:470]

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. [end 1:470]
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 remar-
kably 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 contradict' _ Mr Oates, Papa says, was a very entertaining compa: =nion 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

8992/83 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen & pencil arch: early 1845

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 mornng., 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 ~~filleg~~ able to go to Mrs. Hogg's to-day.
dear mum, your affecte child.

[in different handwriting on facing page]
 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 [blotted out] 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

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.
Saturny. Tapton

8992/86 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: July 1845

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

{along right margin}
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 mornng. 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 ~~I go~~ 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

[1:299]

b

in me to ask them & especially
 MN when they have such heads
 & hands ful 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 furni-
 ture 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

c {in right margin}

there
 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
 dearest. 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
 mornng., 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
never 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 --

[end 5:514]

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

8992/90 unsigned letter ff, pen arch: Jan or Feb 1844 or 1845, from Waverley

Wednesday

[1:222]

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 ~~is~~ of an independent
& unchangeable self _ she
should have said, I suppose_
'Here lies the difference between
strong minds & weak ones'

8992/91 initialed letter, 2ff, incomplete, pen arch: 1845

[5] {appears to be FN's number}
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

[6] {circled}

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. [illeg] I took the part of Lord Brougham, against [illeg], 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

[7]

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 deser-
 ving dog you know, always has
 its day - & so has my dugaracious
 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

[8:610]

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

[end 8:610]

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 -

[1:116-17]

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.

c
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 be-*
gan, ' Oh what was that about
Hagar & "Ishmael, you know,
how she found the cold water
& it cured the boy's fever, you

d
know" Was not that odd? es-
pecially 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 Mag-
dalene 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, &

e
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

f
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

g
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

h
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.

8992/94 unsigned letter, ff, pen arch: 1844-46

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 Neapolitan, 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 could speak a word of my tongue but the Bushman's tongue. Then we came 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 Richard-
son 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 inno-
cent 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

a

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 volun-
tarily 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**}

c

Now that rail-roads & religion are **[3:497-98]**
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 Cate-
chism what the spirit thinks on this
vital point, & whether we have duly
concentrated our energies in ~~filleg~~
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

d

materially she may otherwise im-
pair 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 princi-
ples ! what would be her self=

e

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
 FN. [end 3:498]

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.

g {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 painful 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 ridi-
 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!

8992/97 incomplete, initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845

a

Saturday.

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**}

c

5 pund, which you must acknowledge, 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

d

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 tomorrow 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.

8992/98 incomplete, unsigned letter 1f, pen arch: 1845 or before

a(1)

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

b(1)

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

8992/99 signed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1 Mar 1845

Embley March 1

[1:414-15]

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~~ 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

8992/100 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: 1845

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 mornng.,
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.

8992/101 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845, from Tapton

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 **[1:223]**
 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 **[end 1:223]**
 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*.

8992/102 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: 1845

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.

8992/103 signed letter, 1f, pen, handwritten by FN and someone else
arch: 1845

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 lovings
{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

8992/104 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: dated ca. 1845
[diagram on first page, looks like a floor plan for a house]

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
~~now~~ _ 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

8992/105 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: dated ca. 1845

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 *tremenduous* 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

8992/107 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845 [Claydon 114/]

Sunday

My dear. it was peculiarly 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). Shelley & 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.

8992/108 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845 [1:120-23]

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 remembering 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.

[end 1:121]

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.

f

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

g

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.

8992/112 initialed letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845, copied [Claydon 114/]

Friday

[1:121-22]

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 coming, 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 empresseé Parthe's abilities are tremendous in the kitchen line _ Ever, dolce madre,
your loving child FN

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

a

My dear mother How good you are to let me have such a quiet conscience 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

b

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 & ~~filling~~ 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

c

verge of some dreadful nervous attack. She had some fish from us which she liked. Thank Lothian for his note, by which ~~he~~ 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

d
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

a { at top of page}
minds her nouns denominative-

8992/114 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845

a
Friday
My dear, This comes hoping that
you are well, _ & will send on
Miss Barrett, which was left, by
Jack, _ & bring back Sir Olddooman
& 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

d

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.

8992/115 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: mid 1840s, from Combe [Claydon 114/]

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 Booth-
 iana _ 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 ~~it was~~ 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 ecstasy, 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

8992/116 unsigned letter, 6ff, pen arch: 1845/1846

Dear Papa Did you ever read a
play called Lost & Won, where a gen-
tleman 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 in-
-side 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 Harro-
gate on Saturday. The Tollets are still
here, drawing=mad, & I hear of nothing -.
(for they are in raptures with ye place,

[1:223-27]

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

2

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 ~~se~~ has ye care of the linen of the Asylum, sorts 160 pairs of stockings, AFTER *they have been to the wash 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

3

[2]

to think how ~~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, ~~fr~~ 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 - dusaristotokeia 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 h~~ & heir of *her* first husband - a curious connexion - The Sir Joshua of her is famous, *matre pulchra progenies?* *pulchrrior* -- 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

4

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 reconcile 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

5

[3]

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 mourning 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 ~~can~~ 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 anything 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 homage que le vice rend à la vertu, l'hy-pocrisie- 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

[1:226]

6

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]

8992/118 unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: mid-1840s

a

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.

b

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.

8992/119 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845

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

8992/120 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1845-7

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 mornng.

he gives warning from this day month. As it had happened once before, Papa would not recommend 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

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]

a

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-

b

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 - The

c

education of the faculties, & their sphere of action, were in harmony - & we hear consequently little, in poetry or fiction, of uneasiness or melancholy -

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,

d

& 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

e

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

f

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)_

g

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.

[end 1:229]

h

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

8992/123 4ff, pen, arch: 7 Feb 1846, initialed letter [1:299-300]

a

Saturday

My dear child I send your
frock &c- the book, I sup-
pose 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

b

Sundays_ and in a place,
 where sō 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

c

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 in-
 terested this time last year

d

have been lighted the way
 to dusty death - & their
 little world goes on just
 as if *they* had never been
 in it _
 Aunt Māi 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 operation. 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 Bartolomme's 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

b

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

c

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

d

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, & Alfie 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

e

meals, as you know. Then I recounted to Hugh all the wonders of Waverley 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,
my 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 any thing 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 examination) 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 ~~filling~~ 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 inter-
rupted by Mrs. Bracebridge making
me entertain Mr. Tremeneere, 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 Inspira=
 tion" to some purpose).
 have refused a living
 of Ld 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

[3:498]

[end 3:498]

8992/127 incomplete, unsigned letter, 6ff, pen arch: 1845/6

a
for a miniature, instead of a
Goliath - the less of its face you do
see & c - ~~filler~~ 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 pro-
perly brought up to the responses,

[8:712-16]

b
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 daught-
er, in her presence & in joke, on
her governess- but it ended tra-
gically _ then Vestiges, which she
says is by Combe - & here we ~~got~~
had just got

c

[2]

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 illma-
naged 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

d

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 ~~filleg~~
~~filleg~~ & behaved just like
so many soldiers on parade -
she did her very best, but was
finally overpowered by numbers,
gagged & her hands tied.

e

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" _

f

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

g

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

h

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

i

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

j

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 mornng. 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 shamefulnes adding insult
to injury & recalled the ambassador -
Ly Ashburton is the most unex-
clusive 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.

8992/128 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: April 1847

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 mornng. 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}

8992/130 unsigned letter 2ff, pen arch: after 1 May 1847

a

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 -

b

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

c

to hope, & death at
last, you cannot con=
ceive 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.

d

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

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

8992/131 unsigned letter, 4ff, pen arch: 1847

a

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 harness manufactured by Shore himself _ Geo. Booth drives

b

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

c

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.

d

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.

e
be a very nice thing to have
one here for a little time -
& wrote for the *least* eli=
gible 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

f
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, &

g

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,

h

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 "æsthetic
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 _

8992/132 incomplete, unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1847

a

April 18

[1:300-01]

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 atmo=
sphere of art _ & never
descend, like the rest of
us, to the busy scratching
rabbit=warren, where

b

the inhabitants are dig=
ging & 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

c

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 unrecognisable 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 _ _

[1:483]

[end 1:483]

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
 [illeg] 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

[2]

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}

[3]

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
 [illeg] a large ingredient of the evening's amusement
 & I read aloud for two hours without much
 [illeg] 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.

{iin right margin}

[4]

Your letters this mornng. 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 [illeg] Cardinal virtues &
 allotting an attribute to each persona
 & Company collectively & separately. till my old

8992/135 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen, undated [7:609]

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, Alfie & 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

[end 7:609]

Mr. Hopkins' pressing her to stay.
 [illeg] & the whole of Friday
 night was spent in tears. She
 is not at all [illeg] excited {illeg.}/[illeg] but
 in such a dreadful state of des-
 pondency. & 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)

ments. 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

c(2)

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 Southton
 where Mama will
 meet you *Friday*

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

a

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 every-
 thing he's not used to non
 sense?

I can't make ~~him~~ out which _
 I have tried him in
 paraphrasing viva voce,
 which Mr Dawes pronounces

b

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=

c

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

8992/139 incomplete, unsigned letter, 1f, pen arch: early 1840s

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 descending from windows by the same and ascending the plumbeous grades in like manner!!! This is the important *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 mornng. & extracted every noon_ not in a public way but, as you know, {prouchalament?} and jocusely. 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 /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 $\frac{1}{4}$ past seven
to day ~~filleg~~
~~filleg~~ are the only
excesses or irregularities
I have to complain of
~~We~~ I know you're saying,
"the climate's quite de different

{ iin right margin}

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

8992/141 unsigned note 6ff, pen arch: 1840, bundle 132]

[1]

[1:94-96]

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 unconsciousness_ 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 interes-
ting one. nothing is so interesting as
happiness. Her spirits are unva-
rying. She is like the Bird of Para-
dise, who floats over this world with-
out touching it, or sullyng 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

[2]

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 ~~wh~~ 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 2×2 , - 2×3 is not the square of 3 - neither did a demonstration give her the least pleasure - & yet, strange to say, her mind, imaginative 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

[3]

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,

8992/142 unsigned letter, ff, incomplete, pen arch: early 1840s

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 every body 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- ~~filed~~ ~~filed~~. 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. Plun=
kett 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

8992/145 unsigned letter, 2ff, pen arch: 1840s/after 1845?

Parthe

Many thanks, my love, for
a most satisfactory Epistola
Epistolarum _ I was greatly
comforted by the safe
deliverance 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 Ashsarothe, 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

f
 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]

g

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.

h

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 dear-
er 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 *Whitehall*) & 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 objection _ 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.

Wellcome Ms 8993

Wellcome (Claydon copies) Ms 8993, microfilm

8993/1 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 6 Oct. 1848}

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
mornng., & sent me on
with Mrs B's maid.
I joined Mama at Bir=
mingham - we staid till
1 o'cl. 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 *futur*
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]**

8993/2 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 7 Oct 1848} [1:301-02]

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

8993/3 4ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848} [3:358-60]

a

South Villa

Gt Malvern. Oct 12

Dear Papa, Our time being now
fully occupied between Aeolus & Nep=
tune - it is with difficulty I can
snatch a moment for the pen &
ink _ Conceive our dismay this
mornng. 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

b

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

c
itself dissevered 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 (τις 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 unsusceptible 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 - **[end 3:360]**

ever dear Papa your
loving child
love to Ly Sitwell & Miss Stovin

8993/4 4ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848-9} **[1:302-03]**

a

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, ~~let~~
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
thro' 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

f

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'

g

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

h

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 absen=
tees - & 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]**

8993/5 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848}

I very much sympathize in all you say about boys & boys' employments & prejudices, Malvern Oct 30.

present & past -

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

[7:319-21]

"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
rights, 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
sponges Lombardy for the Annual deficit of
Hungary _ those Magyars being too sharp to let
~~it~~ 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 "intraitable" 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 &
walks 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
either way [end 7:321]

8993/6 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 9 Nov 1848; 1851?} [7:677]

e

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 waist=
 coat 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

f

years _ & stood at the
 window like a child this
 mornng. 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

g

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 every body ought
 to see it _ ever thine
 Nov 9. _ the day of my
 first sight of St. Peter's by

h

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]**

8993/7 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Nov 1848} [7:322]

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 ~~th~~ its defenders" Oh no, what a day it is to see - It was a ~~an~~ [illeg] 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) - ~~sh~~ 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 E to keep up her spirit _ which cuts short this shabby note. thine ever

8993/8 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848}

a

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=

[7:321]

b

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

c

for anything. I'd rather have
been drowned in the Douche
before this came about _

And every body 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

8993/9 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: end 1848}

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

[8:654]

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 Paziienza, you're
 Metternich's own children_
 Σ has gone to Brighton to
 see him_ & has him all
 hot & hot from Ld. Alvanley

[end 7:322]

[end 7:322]

8993/10 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: end of 1848} [7:322-23]

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 mis- understood 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

[end 7:323]

8993/11 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848}

Dearest mother The enclosed
was written to you _ tho' 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~~ hers is- I shd.
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 _

8993/12 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1848} [1:123-24]

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.

c

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 -

d

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.

8993/13 4ff, pen, arch: 1848, unsigned letter

a

Wilton _ Friday _

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 tomorrow Saturday, by 2 o'clock train. If you happened to be in Romsey, you might fetch her. for I presume she

b

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.

c

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 vehe=
 mently 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

d

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 _

e

As to the High Church [3:336]
 & High State here, it beats
 all the wildest imagi=
 nation 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

f

these things, as our friends, who
 would stigmatize this as
 rank intolerance, would
 be, if possible, still more
 rankly intolerant *against*
 it themselves.

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

g

these things as he did the follies 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, manifestations of one & the same force,_ that heat & cold themselves are not two,

h

but only one & the same force going in or coming out, so we shall discover that all these different opinions are only manifestations 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 -

8993/14 2ff, pen, arch: 1848, unsigned letter

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 Sherborne -

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~~ 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 morn., & 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.

8993/15 1f, pen, undated, unsigned letter

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.

8993/16 2ff, pen, arch: 1848, unsigned letter

a 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

d

Another long & satisfac=
tory 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~~ rank of being 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.

8993/18 4ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: end of 1848}, small paper bundle 134

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=
ment's peace since I read it _
the best thanks.

You don't understand a word
about the Pope _ I *pities 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 acquaint
tance of a poor little
Esthonian exile here of
3 & 20, from the island
of Oesel (where's that,
stupid?) 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

8993/20 2ff, pen, arch: 1848, unsigned letter

a

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

b

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.

c

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 -

[Charité]

We have been to the Union house & found plenty of

d

candidates there for Emigration.
one is coming up to morrow -

I have had no letters
except one from the Tunzelinn.
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]**

8993/22 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1849 - early 1850's}

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 Sillence'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

d

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

8993/24 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1849}

a

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, never executed so wide a curve_

[7:323]

b

tis the bias inserted by a foreign hand" he says _ He thinks it is so disgraceful that he will take the paper no more [end 7:323]

We have thick mist today, no cold to speak of _

Mr Bracebridge agrees in all [5:167] 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
 sometimes. Just what you said.
 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 _

8993/25 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {postmarked 24 Aug 1849, cancelled one penny stamp}
[7:703]

Perth Aug 24.

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 mornng. upon the river. Ask for our rooms No 7

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
 Richardsons, 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. Mans

field does

not admit

ye Public_

Beggar!

{top of next page, left margin}

If you like to sleep
 & spend
 Sunday
 at Dunkeld
 come on
 here Monday
 mornng., &
 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 p⁹ -
 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'

{top of page, left margin}

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

{top of page, left margin}

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 toge
ther
(among
the ruins
of a sleeping
nation)
& order
it better.
God
bless
you, my

people

8993/27 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Autumn 1849}

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 Schälages [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

8993/28 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1849}

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 Remp-
 ston 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 fash 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

8993/31 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned copy/dictated letter {arch: ?1849; not FN hand}

The greatest delight of those child **[7:683]**
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 per
fect 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 ~~filled~~ 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]

8993/32 2ff, pen, unsigned letter [7:355-56]

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

b
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

c
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 per=
suade 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

d

(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]

8993/33 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: April 1850}

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 ~~you~~ 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 ~~you~~ 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 wd. 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 Alford's 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.

8993/34 1f, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: May 1850} [7:422-23]

x [3]
 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_ & mystery must always be earthy._ the solitude of the sea, which is deep but stormy. there is nothing divine in it _ [illeg]. I understand what St. John meant when he said "there shall be no

It is the eternity of human changes, not of Divine Unity {written b/w lines, not clear where it fits on}

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 citadal 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 exclu=
sively devotional & removed from
every day - a fault one would
not have expected among the Saxon [end 7:423]

8993/35 2ff, incomplete, unsigned letter {arch: 1850} [1:234-35]

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 "Kaisers=
 werth"__ 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 Aris=

totle & 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 ignoramus
 in *other* things, do harm
 I declare, if I had a daughter

8993/36 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1850, from Cromford Bridge?}

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 mornng. & 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

8993/37 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: end of 1850}

a

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,

b

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

c

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 E'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

8993/38 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1850} Bundle 123

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 _

8993/39 2ff, pen and pencil, incomplete unsigned letter/draft/copy {arch: ca. 1850}

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 _

8993/40 2ff, pen, with envelope?, signed letter {arch: 1851, postmarked Mar 7 1851}
[1:804]

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 [5:334-35]
are just out of a political "row," which
has ended in Lord John Russell & all
his men coming back again. & every
body shaking hands with every body,
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

8993/41 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {postmarked 14 Apr 1852, cancelled stamp}

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

8993/42 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 8 May 1851}

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~~ are_ & 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

8993/43 2ff, pen, incomplete, unsigned letter {arch: 1851}

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 -
~~Gr~~ 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

8993/44 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851} [1:303-04]

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, yesterday 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 Xt'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

8993/45 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851} [1:305-06]

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 ~~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-

8993/46 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {to father; arch: summer 1851}

[2]

ultimate form of all

Human Governments -

But one would think **[3:360-61]**

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

8993/47 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851} [1:309-10]

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 ~~lik~~ 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 & Σ 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_

8993/48 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1851}

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 Coltmans & 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 Coltmans 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.

8993/49 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Nov 1851, Cromford Bridge}

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 Coltmans
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

8993/50 2ff, pen, unsigned letter [1:235]

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.

8993/51 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1851}

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 mornng. & 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.

8993/52 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1850}

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 *ulti-*
mately. 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.

8993/53 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851}

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 mornng. 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 mornng. _
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

b

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

c

Institution of the kind
I had ever seen in
England, which I could
at all liken to Kaisers=
werth. 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

e

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

f

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

g

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 Xtian & 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

h

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.

8993/55 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851} [1:311-12]

Dearest I was most
thankful to hear that
you had accomp. 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 Conse=
cration. 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 magnifi=
 cently 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

8993/56 7ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851} [7:684-87]

[2]

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

[3 _]

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 differ-
ence 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
trains 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

[4]

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 affecte & glad to see me - she says you are very kind to let me come_ she sends Papa her "love= many of them". She says,

[5]

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.
 Every thing 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 cd. 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 - **[end 7:687]**
 ever dear Mum
 your loving child.

I hope you will tell me
 truly how Parthe is.
 Σ says if you go to Schwal=
 bach, that wd. decide *them* to
 go too- I think this wd. be a great
 thing for Papa

8993/57 1f, pen, undated, unsigned letter/note

We go tomorrow to Birmingham, sleep at the Hen & Chickens, & arrive at the Hurst Friday - Whatever directions you have about Futchers & 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 -

8993/58 1f, pencil, unsigned letter/draft/copy {arch: 1851}

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

8993/59 2ff, pencil?, lesson plan {arch: ?1851}

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 _

8993/60 2ff, handwritten by FN, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ca 1852}

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

8993/63 1f, pen, unsigned letter/draft {arch: 1850 or 51}

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

8993/64 2ff, pen, endnote in pencil, unsigned letter/draft [7:584-85]

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

8993/66 2ff, pen, attached printed document, unsigned letter {arch: not 1864, earlier} [1:803]

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}

8993/67 1f, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

[4]

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
~~filleg~~ 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

8993/68 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1851}

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 ~~is~~
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

8993/69 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} [7:678-79]

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 hesitate her haitches _ 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

8993/70 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} **[7:680]**

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-

8993/72 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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

8993/73 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 15 Jan 1852}

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 intel=
lectual amusements for writing _
{illeg}

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ p 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__

8993/74 1f, incomplete?, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Jan 1852, Malvern; 1853}

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 be ~~en~~ 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

8993/75 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 Birming-
ham some Sunday to hear Dawson
They say Bm. is now divided between
Catholics & Dawsonites.

Please ask Hogg ~~to sa~~ 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 _

8993/76 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: March 21, 1852}

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 -

[8:653]

That bothering Miss Boyle has written me the

[end 8:653]

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

8993/77 1f, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter

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

8993/78 2ff, pencil?, unsigned letter {arch: March 1852}

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 mornng.

before 9 o'clock
which is the explanation
of the post.

8993/79 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852; death of Lord Dunsany}

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
deference 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 Futchers)

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

8993/81 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: April 1852}

Cromford Bridge

[7:687-89]

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 conso=
lidated 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

clause to him _

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]

8993/82 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: April 1852}

Cromford Bridge

~~Wednesday~~ Monday

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 ~~member~~ 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.

8993/83 3ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: April 1852}

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 Beardale'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 Futchter 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 news papers -

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

8993/85 2ff, not in FN hand, initialled {not by FN} letter/copy [1:236]

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 sy-
 nonimously 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 impal=
pable 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 f 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 ~~the~~
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
mornng. 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 ~~fillig~~ 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 mornng. _

Miss Hall is just gone _
ever dear people yours _

8993/89 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852

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 Collettertes in London -
I saved them from Milly Elliot
to be got up here, where, of
course, I thought there was
an Artiste, who did things in
the first style of fashion, but
lo! they turn out like night caps -

I must therefore leave the
said Colletteres 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 ~~filleg~~ 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 awk=
ward 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

b

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 stolid appear to be doing nothing, not even driving carts- but on the
 very

c

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

d

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

e

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

f

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 conse=
 quence 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

g

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

h

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 ~~ra~~ 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

i

[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=

j

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 ~~filleg~~ comprehensible way of putting the matter _ I say to God

k

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 - ~~filleg~~ 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 Councyle (& some=thing about) the Admiraltye 1594. At the four corners are emblazoned her arms _ This seems to me very much

1
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
Admiraltye _ But that, I suppose
is talking to *us* - What she
is saying to *God* appears by
a scroll, "I have kept thy
comandments & thy jugements
are ever before mee". 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

m

[4]

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 manufac=
turing ~~ela~~ large towns of the

n

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 stolid 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

o
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
{illeg} was built
before the Romans entered York _
This took us to Castle Howard _
The dulness of the place is _
beyond all praise - an irre=
proachable 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

q

[5]

that was the reason why
people raved about Shaks=
peare's house _ But Ld. 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_

r

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

s
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~~ 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

t

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 impassioned woe
of a horror= stricken despairing

u

[6]

woman, who has lost every thing ? If this countenance is so inspiring to *us*, why was it not so to ~~better~~ *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_

v

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~~ 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,

W

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,

x
but now I shall see him
again on Monday _ he told
~~filled~~ 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

8993/90 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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

8993/93 2ff, pen, signed letter {arch: 1852}

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

b

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.

c

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

8993/95 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: summer 1852?}

e

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

f
 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

g
 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 satisfac=
 tion of his highest nature.

Relentlessly will Law
 hold its course_ mankind,
 in ignorance of its significance,
 suffering age after age __

h
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 ~~is~~ 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
never 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

8993/97 4ff, pen, initialled letter {arch: 1852} Bundle 123 [7:712-14]

1

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 ~~ch~~ baby
on his knee, which
asked him, where is
your black hat ? (he
wears a white one) &
in this guise we crossed
the famous Boyne.

2

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

3

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 intro=
 duction 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 _ **[end 7:714]**

Please write to me here.
 Love to your people _ I see
 your Queen is going to you.

8993/98 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} Bundle 123 [7:711-12]

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 breakfst
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 _ **[end 7:712]**
ever dear Mum your loving child.

I hear from Aunt Mai constant accounts of my dear Aunt

8993/99 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852?} Bundle 123 [7:714-15]

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]

8993/100 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} Bundle 123

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.

8993/101 7ff, pen, initialled letter {arch: ?Aug 1852} Bundle 123

Holyhead. Monday

[7:709-11]

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,
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 heighth 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, thro'
 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

[3]

& bridges & things, though
 of course it might be
 made to do so _ And it
 seems a pity it should
 not_ But material pro=
 gress 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

habitations but a few
wind mills _ though what
they are to grind I do

not know_ I hope they
 are not Protectionists,
 tho' 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

[4]

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,
 her 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 _ **[end 7:711]**
 ever dearest people
 your loving F.
 in haste

8993/102 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} Bundle 128

{along right margin}

Both to be returned
5 Royal Terrace
Belfast.

Saturday_

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

8993/104 5ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} [7:705-07]

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

b

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 repre=
 sent? 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 monu=
 ment 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?

c

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

d
dedicated to emperors) to
S. Paul_ to St. Charles Borromeo
I am not discussing here
whether S. Charles Borro=
meo 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 ~~do~~ without
any doubt, the repre=
sentation 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 spiri=
tualty & self= dedication
to a great object.
(idolaters are very bad
anywhere -)

e

[2]

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 ad=
vancement of Scotland _
that his poems filled the

f

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 +
represent? The principle
of loyalty_ Loyalty to what?

~~I spent~~ The passage over
the Firth to Burnt island
was beautiful, though

g

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
~~filleg~~ 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

h

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 arrières _

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 con=
 ciousness of the Sabbath
 or from this I don't know _
 But I hardly saw a boat _

i

[3]

thro' all that coast. while
~~but~~ the gay little Bay
of Dublin ~~which~~
& 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

j

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]

8993/106 4ff, pen, unsigned letter

Edinburgh

[1:134-36]

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 lament=
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 rail=road 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]**

8993/105 1f, pen, unsigned note {arch: 21.9.52} [1:132]

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

8993/107 3ff, pen, initialled letter {arch: Aug/Sept 1852} [1:133]

Birk Hall

Friday night

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 cushions
 & 2 hot bottles - we cannot want
 any thing 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.

8993/108 1f, pen, initialled note {arch: Sept 1852} [1:132-33]

Dearest mother

Your affectionate
child 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.

8993/109 1f, pen, unsigned note {arch: Sept 1852} bundle 124 [1:130]

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

8993/110 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: September 1852} [1:131]

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 -

8993/111 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Sept 1852} [1:133-34]

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 depar=
ture,-- 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 _ resting

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_

8993/112 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Sept 1852} [1:131-32]

Monday.

Dearest mother

All going on well here,
tho' 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 ~~filleg~~ says
she is able to move homewards now_
~~filleg~~
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 _ tho' 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 inde=
fatigable 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".

8993/113 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Sept 1852} **[1:136]**

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 Wot =
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

8993/114 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852, Cromford Bridge}

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 uncom=
fortable, & 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 corres=
pondents 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

8993/115 2ff, incomplete, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852} bundle 134

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 _ the dis-
ease 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

8993/116 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: after Birk Hall & Parthe's illness}

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 ~~filleg~~ 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 ~~desired~~ 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 expe=
rience 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 -

8993/117 1f, pen, stamp cancelled, unsigned letter {arch: Nov 1852; illeg. postmark}

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 mornng. &

eveng. - on rising & going to bed - I mix

it in a large Quart bottle in these proportions -

I have also ~~filled~~ 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 fog. 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

8993/118 3ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: after 29 Nov 1852} bundle 134

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

8993/119 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: Autumn 1852}

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 - togged 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 -

8993/121 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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 them=
selves 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]

[next five lines thoroughly crossed out]

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

8993/122 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?Dec 1852}

a
My dear _ Tèssier [?] 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

[2]

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).

8993/123 2ff, pen, initialled letter {arch: early 1852}

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

8993/124 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: ?1852} [7:690]

a

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

b

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 (~~filleg~~
~~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.

8993/127 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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

8993/128 1f, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

a

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

8993/129 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: end 1852}

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_
dearest 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

8993/130 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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~~ pitities, 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 dabbled
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

8993/131 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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 ~~go~~ 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

8993/132 2ff, pen, unsigned letter {arch: 1852}

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 "under=
standing 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

8993/133 1f, pen, initialled letter {arch: 1852}

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

8993/134 1f, incomplete, pen, initialled letter {arch: 1852??}

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

8993/135 1f, pen, unsigned note {arch: 1848? 1852??}

Dearest Many thanks
for letting me stay -
Mrs Herbert will send
me home to-night a little
after 10 -
ever thine