

[14-7-47]

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My dear Joseph  
Your friend Mr. Wall has been with us, and we were quite delighted with him though I regretted we had so little of his company. I was grieved to find he had been so unwell and ordered his bed and a bed before he came to us, I really felt as if I had been deprived of a right. Mr. Labor called upon him about 7 in the morning and took him to the museum, which is a most interesting object, being built on the site of St. Mary's Abbey, some magnificent remains of which ornament the beautiful grounds; he then brought them home to breakfast, where Mr. Coombs was ready to meet them, we invited our much respected superintendent Mr. Walton to join us but it was the morning of the opening of the District meeting, and therefore he was engaged. Mr. C. and Mr. W. soon got acquainted a subject of mutual interest was introduced, the lamented Mr. Summerfield. Mr. C. said he became

2. I promised his friend Mr. Holland to collect materials for his memoir, and Mr. W. replied and I was with him when <sup>the</sup> Spirit took its flight. All barriers between them thus seemed broken. I fear our want of hospitality to the late dear Dr. Feish has frightened your friends, but we are differently situated now, having enlarged our borders since then, our house will now accommodate a friend, and I trust our heart is larger still.

July 13<sup>th</sup> I had written thus far at least two months since, and now my visit to the fen is over; the first morning after my arrival we had a drive into the fen, but round that part which I think will not be very familiar to you: on Sunday I went to church but found it very difficult to fix my attention upon any thing, I was so occupied with recognizing old fens that I had not seen for 17 years; after service I went to look for the graves of our family, the <sup>stones</sup> had been removed on account of the alteration in the church, a new chancel having been built across the east end; after a fruitless search in the grave yard, I made several enquiries but to no purpose. I then returned to the church and looked for them there, where I found them,

the aisle being paved with them. I was <sup>5491</sup> much gratified at the discovery, as there were several old stones reared up against the wall as things of no value. on the following morning I drove round French Crove my first visit was to the old house, which is nearly down being supported by props on all sides, the garden is beautiful, and so much like what it originally was, that I should have supposed it the same. Mrs. Bailey however says that when she went the whole was a kitchen garden quite to the back door, the shrubbery remains the same, and I plucked a rose from ~~the shrubbery~~ some of the leaves of which I sent you, but the garden has been extended, there is now a pretty plot of flowers before the parlour window, and also before the store room window, that you know used to be the herb garden. I strolled through the shrubbery reminiscing on the changes that we had both experienced, since in the rambles of childhood we had gambolled there together. I felt a thrill of gratitude that in heart and spirit we were still united, and that new and endearing ties, had not severed the bond of union which almost in the days of infancy existed between

Now On the following day I went to Ginton and  
Northboro. Mrs Benjamin was gone to Timburland to  
see Emma, consequently I did not see her, and whilst  
waiting in the dining room for Benjamin, (who was  
not in the house when I arrived) I looked at the books  
on the table, amongst which I found some of Mrs  
Holdich's little publications, and one of them I  
really coveted; this was, "Aunt Clara's Tales," it would  
so have pleased my liberal Willie, who like the little  
girl in the tale receives as fact all that he reads.  
I found Ben much altered, and so deaf that it is  
quite painful to talk to him. The garden is really  
beautiful, and much improved since I last saw  
it, the house is much altered, and I should have  
much liked to have strolled over it, but as Mrs B  
was from home I thought my motive might be mis-  
construed if I did so: after spending about an hour  
there, we drove on to Northboro. I found much more  
as I left him, really looking but little older, he had  
not at first the slightest recollection of me, my  
hair having become so grey but of course altered  
my appearance very much. Benjamin came to  
Northboro to tea, and we returned to Thomey in the  
evening: on Friday we drove over to Crowland, I called

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upon Mrs Blundell, and like the rest of my friends  
she did not recognise me, but when I told her  
who I was, it was quite affecting to see the pleasure  
she manifested. I sat with her for a short time,  
and during those few minutes Miss Hambro  
walked in; she of course did not know me, but  
when told, she professed to have no recollection  
of such a person; this rather roused my indignity,  
and I asked her in a manner not to be mistaken,  
what could have come over her memory? This  
seemed to restore her to consciousness, and when  
I told her of the honor which had been showered  
upon her, <sup>namely</sup> <sup>concern</sup>, it seemed to occur to her that  
she would not disgrace herself by acknowledging  
me: the impression her appearance made upon  
me, was any thing but pleasing, but I asked no  
questions. I enjoyed a stroll round the magni-  
ficent ruins of the old abbey, but it is fast going  
to decay, and the barbarous Crowlanders appear  
to take little pains to prevent it: in the evening I  
left Thorney for Peterboro' on my way home. Mr  
Clapham formerly Miss S. Crane, returned with me,

to York, and is with me at present. On the whole  
my visit was one of deep interest, my husband  
went by a different route, having business to  
transact at Lincoln, and we met at Northboro; it is  
a little amusing that it was at my uncle's we met  
after our first separation, in our courting days,  
and he remarked he thought I looked as pleased  
as when I last met him at his house. I felt I  
had indeed reason for thankfulness, that during  
thou 17 years, not a shadow had been cast over my  
path, as far as the person in question was concerned.  
Though pleased with my visit I find my own  
home more delightful than ever. Oh! what a mercy  
it was, that my lot was not cast in Thorney,  
for the place seems enveloped in moral darkness,  
scarcely a glimmering ray of spiritual light. I  
never felt so thankful for methodism, as when  
feeling the want of it there. Since my return we  
have had a chryzomian's lady and her niece  
stopping with us for a few days, she was a friend  
of my husband before our marriage: her husband  
(Mr Crosby) was then considered a truly evangelical  
man, now he is a high Wesleyite. I had a horror

of Wesleyism before, but that is now increased ten-  
fold; it is only modified Popery: the qualifications and  
almost justifies all the usages of Popery, the cross  
is emblazoned on all their books, and from her  
conversation I should not be surprised at any  
time to hear of her going over to Romanism:  
on Sunday last which was the Misses Sunday, we  
accompanied her to the Minister, I was never there  
before on the Sabbath morning, and before the sermon,  
the minister closed his prayer with, "Finally  
blessed pray for all those who have departed  
this life." "He is not this Popery" Mrs C. thinks  
it quite possible that a minister may be a con-  
victed man, and yet see no harm in attending  
balls, theatres, races &c, and from being accus-  
tomed to such times, retire to his devotions with-  
out his thoughts being dissipated by the pleasures  
he has left, and is this a specimen of the  
opinions of the high church party in point of  
intellectual elevation. The lady in question  
stands head and shoulders above the mass -  
I fear I shall tire you with this scrawl but this  
I thought, as I could not tell you all I had seen

<sup>0</sup> you might be amused with my scribbling. I must not forget to tell you that whilst at Thorny we drove over to Whittlesea, and saw Sir Harry Smith the hero of Aliverat enter his native town, this you know was an imposing sight for the neighbourhood of Thorny. We have had letters from my sister and they talk of returning in 1849 if spared. I believe our Government is going to make some alterations as regards the female prisoners, and I think the change may be to their advantage, but of course at present all is uncertain.

With love my dear cousin I think you have got your full complement of news, and I shall expect a long letter in reply. My father, husband, and children all unite in love, I need not say how sincerely. I join them believe me

To Dr Joseph Aldrich  
Wesleyan University  
Middletown  
Connecticut.

Your ever affectionate cousin

H. Sabine

P.S. This letter has been sent to the Gen<sup>l</sup> Post office opened and returned in consequence of our boy neglecting to pay the postage. This will account for the marks upon it. I intend to get some seeds from the fern garden which I will send you

Fawcett Library  
27 Wilfred Street  
London S.W.1

8013

Grove School

July 11<sup>th</sup> 1847

Garden which I will send you