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The Hollis. Aug. 28th 184.

My dear Husband,

The enclosed came for you this morning. I do not know anything about Miss Dickinson, so I have written to say that her letter has been forwarded. I have written to Appleard to order a pair of trousers, and I will send them out soon when they come. You will by now have had the other clothes. I hope they are all right. Yesterday as all that is I and the children, went to an afternoon party at Miss Douglas's, one of the pleasantest I have ever been at, old and young people mixed, about forty of us. We assembled in the drawing room, but then in the dining room, then went up to the school room, where we had music and a charade from the younger ones. The day was very wet, so I dare say we should have spent the time in the garden. This afternoon I shall go in for an hour to a garden party at Mrs. Joseph's. Many people are going and as the day promises to be wet, I dare say it will be convenient for some of the guests not to stay very long. Ned is occupying his time in repairing

just now. He has made some very pretty little sketches. I think his love of drawing will be a powerful influence on his life, and it leads him too, to a close observation of nature. When he came back from Eastern Park the other day, he made quite a good sketch from memory, in respect of a little bit of landscape which had struck him. I must tell you that at the end of yesterday, I was sitting next a lady, a stranger to me, Mabel was beside me and when she went away, the lady asked if she was my daughter, I said she was, and then the lady brightened up and said that a few weeks ago she met Eliza and Mabel in Malvern and asked them the way somewhere, and they went with her a little way to put her right. She went home and told her friends she had come across two of the nicest girls she had ever seen in her life. They were so simple she said, and self possessed and natural. You may be sure we both got on very well with each other after that. I really do like the children's manners very much, they are so unassuming of themselves. Mr Dawson was saying so too, the other day. I hope they will not get spoiled as they grow

older. They were all very much interested in your account of your travels amongst the tea plantations. And now it is settled about what you will do when you leave Darjeeling. I hope and pray you may pass in safety through the one last matter which is left, and then come home all right. Of course you will not set up housekeeping in Calcutta. It would be a needless trouble and anxiety. If you go to British Bazaar, you will be able to pick up something pretty. Mr Dent has sent Mamma an interesting book the "Thoughts" of Molinos, with an introduction by Mr. Shorttouse. I must not forget to tell you that tea week after next Mrs and Miss Broadhead are coming to us for a few days. They come from Hereford, where they are now staying with a cousin. On Tuesday last Mrs Ballet and her two children and Miss Ballet came to spend the day with us. Mrs B. is a pleasant simple woman. I have now seen the whole family. Mr B. goes back next week. Mrs Ballet follows in October. Eliza had her birthday party last Friday. It was a

fine day and they were able to spend all
the time out of doors. Mrs de Lane a change
in the weather, for which I am very
thankful. I had rather have a regular illness
and be done with it, than that horrible
sense of prostration, and yet being
obliged to go on with everything as
usual. After Mrs Brouchead's visit, I
am going to have Mamma's room
repapered and the carpet replaced by
Lindeman like the dining room. Mrs
de Lane almost lives in the room. I
want to make it pleasant and cheerful
for her. I wish you could see how much
the room is improved by all the pretty
things you sent from Calcutta. It
really is a pleasure to talk about it.
I keep true to my love for metal work,
and pottery, but those great vases you
sent last time are lovely; they give
quite an air of distinction to the room.
Mamma is about the same. She sends
her love to you. I am glad on her account
too, that this lot rather less has passed. It
was very trying. Mr Dawson afterwards
after you, and he and Mrs Joseph.
Ever your loving Sp.