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The Hollies, June 18th/85.

My dear Husband,

be so on much as usual here, so that I have not anything of fresh interest to tell you. Just now Mabel has gone with her Aunt Catherine to gather roseberries and then I shall bottle them, and perhaps you will eat them, as they will be ready for use at Christmas. I also have it in my mind to make some ginger wine, to be ready when you come home. Last Saturday Kniffield came to take the photographs of the garden. He took seven views in all. I had only got into one of them as he had to go to a dictet meeting, but Mabel is in all. When we are all at home together next year, I should like him to come again and take two or three other groups in different parts of the garden, more for the portraits. There have been chiefly, as pictures of the garden itself. I had one view taken of being in the woods of

Mamma's bedroom. As the day was bright and warm, we set the window side open, and moved her bed close up to it, so that she might be seen in the picture. I hope it will turn out well, for even if it should not be much of a portrait, it will identify her with the picture. Esther is in the group too, standing at the entrance to the little bit of shrubbery. Besides this view, we took the front of the house, the shrubbery, which makes a very pretty bit, the lawn under the cherry tree, the orchard and summer house, the long creep walk, and an interior of the dining room, showing the old clock. They will be pleasant remembrances for the children in years to come. Mr Danson is in the green walk picture, and Jampett's six children in the orchard one. Mrs. Jampett is much out of health now, and when Jampett is at work here, I often let him bring the children to have tea, as it relieves her for a time. They are very quiet and obedient. I think Mamma has

failed somewhat, the last day or two. She complains of coldness, though the weather is so warm, and that indicates a feebler action of the heart. But she is perfectly quiet and has no pain. Our aunt, Mrs. Searnworth Mamma's youngest sister, a widow with no children, also went to Australia with Aunt Susan nearly forty years ago, is on her way home now, for a visit of a year or two to England. She should be here the first week in July, Aunt Susan will I suppose bring her over here as soon as possible. If Mamma should be spared until then, what a meeting it will be for them. Filian's time in Paris is wearing on now. He has only about six weeks longer to stay. I must begin to consider about her visit home. Perhaps Mr. Le Gallou would, at our cost, send some one with her to Calais, and I would send to meet her at Dover. About the percer ney, I think I had better leave it, for I do not quite match out your description, and if I mistook in sending the order, the papers might be useless to you.

It would be safer for you to have those
from Bombay, even though they are
more expensive. But there was a pair
belonging to your mother, which you
were to have had, but they never were
sent. When you come home, you
could have proper papers put into
the frames, and use them regularly.
It is not right that you and the chil-
dren should have nothing of per-
manent value, belonging to one
so worthy of remembrance. I re-
member it was said in the will
that the plate, glass, china, linen,
books and furniture, were to be
equally divided amongst you.

I do hope this change of ministry will
not interfere with the peace which
seemed just at crystallising point.
For myself, I cannot feel any interest
in parties, though at heart I am a
liberal. There seems much a want of
true patriotism on both sides. Let
the leaders yet their own way, that is the
great matter with them, not the true
abiding welfare of the country. I see
nothing ahead of me but to teach the
children to be honest and true and to be
content with simple pleasures.
Mamma sends her love to you.